THE DAUPHIN
(LOUIS XVII)

G. LENÔTRE

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The Dauphin (Louis XVII) :
the riddle of the Temple

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THE DAUPHIN (Louis XVII)

THE RIDDLE OF THE TEMPLE

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The Dauphin: Louis XVII (*Translation*)
The Tribunal of the Terror

THE PRISONER OF THE TEMPLE
From a picture belonging to M. H. Foulon of Vaulx

THE DAUPHIN (LOUIS XVII)

(1785-1795)

THE RIDDLE OF THE TEMPLE

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FROM THE FRENCH OF

G. LENÔTRE pseud.
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BY

FREDERIC LEES

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PREFACE

The following narrative of the captivity of the little King of the Temple is to be distinguished from the numerous works treating the same subject, inasmuch as it is based entirely on official documents and authorised testimony, intentionally omitting the touching and doubtful legends under which the thread of this sorrowful story has too often disappeared. It does not follow that no deduction is allowable. The gaps in this confused chronicle are numerous and, in order to set forth the peripetia without too many interruptions, one must indeed sometimes have recourse to the subterfuge of argument; yet it has been made use of with reserve and through necessity, preferring, in the absence of certainty, an avowal of doubt to a rash affirmation. From the comparison of these presumptions and these indisputably authentic facts results a fresh solution of what Louis Blanc calls the Mystery of the Temple,—a partial but unexpected solution which will perhaps astonish my readers, which will shock some of them, and which, it is to be feared, will satisfy nobody completely, since it does not lead to the desired end. It presents, however, the advantage of a rigorous connection with what we know of the history of the Temple and it restores to the boyish figure of King Louis XVII the too unrecognised place which it unconsciously held in the politics of the Revolution.

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THE DAUPHIN (Louis XVII)

THE RIDDLE OF THE TEMPLE

THE DAUPHIN

I

THE TEMPLE

On leaving home, as usual, on the morning of August 10th, 1792, François Turgy certainly never imagined that he was setting out on a journey which would take him to Switzerland, Austria, Courland and England, and bring him back to Paris, after a quarter of a century, ennobled, grown into a personage who forever would have a place in history. Turgy was a waiter in the King's kitchens. Twenty-nine years old and by birth a Parisian, —consequently honest and clever,—he was most attached to his modest office, which he had obtained in 1784. As he did not live at the Château, which was too small, in spite of its huge proportions, to shelter the crowd of functionaries of all degrees who for more than a year had still gravitated around the dying monarchy, he walked as far as the Carrousel to seek information,—and there ascertained that the disaster was indeed great. The guard-houses and out-buildings of the Château were on fire; the mob, master of the residence of the Kings of France, was conducting itself without restraint, throwing the furniture out of the windows and hunting the servants of the Court and the Swiss of the King's guard through the suite of salons and galleries; whilst the royal family, renouncing the idea of facing the riot, had, since the morning, taken refuge at the Legislative Assembly, which was sitting in the vast building of the Riding-school, situated on the edge of the terrace of the Feuillants. Turgy

hastened there. A good royalist, he was most certainly impelled by fidelity to his masters; but it is very probable that he was also desirous not to lose his place; for, unless he was endowed with a prodigiously clear-sighted divination or with a singular presumption, he could not imagine that the King of France, still protected by so much moral prestige and so large a number of ardent defenders, would in a few hours find himself reduced to making an appeal to the devotion of one of the most humble employés of his "Bouche" (it was thus that the important department of the Royal Table was designated),—an employé whose name and existence were certainly unknown to His Majesty.[1]

The approaches to the Riding-school were the scene of a dreadful tumult. National guards, idlers, newsmongers, street-orators, deputies, functionaries of all classes, and wild enthusiasts of every shade of opinion crowded the neighbouring cafés, or jostled each other at the doors of the Assembly, striving to force their way into the huge shed whence came the noise of a mighty uproar. In the garden, the surging crowd, at the foot of the terrace, seized passers-by who were suspected of royalism and threw them down, bruised and bleeding. The fate of the Revolution was being decided in the midst of this formidable turmoil. In fact, the monarchy, driven from the palace, was not yet overthrown; the opposing parties were disputing about it; and as the Tuileries was uninhabitable the Assembly was engaged in seeking for a

[1]It appears that Turgy signalised himself in October, 1789, at the time when the Queen's apartments at Versailles were invaded by the women from Paris, by opening in the nick of time a door of communication which enabled Marie Antoinette to reach the Salle de l'œil de Bœuf by a private passage. But the part he played did not bring him into great prominence, for Madame de Tourzel knew his name but very imperfectly. She calls him *Targé* (*Mémoires*, 88, 235). Madame Royale wrote Thurgé (*Mémoire écrit par Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France sur la captivité des princes et princesses ses parents, depuis le 10 d'août 1792, jusqu'à la mort de son frère, arrivée le 9 de juin 1795*, published by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard in accordance with the original manuscript belonging to the Duchess of Madrid).

temporary habitation for the royal family, which it decided, in the meanwhile, to shelter in one of the narrow boxes[1] of the Assembly hall, in order to protect it from the popular anger. But the Legislative, which thus held the royalty in its power, was itself already coming under the yoke of another master: a new power, indeed, born during the night, was sitting at the Hôtel de Ville,—namely, the Assembly of Commissioners whom the Paris sections had elected by acclamation the day before, and who had formed themselves into an insurrectional Commune. The legal municipality had yielded its place to it from seven o'clock in the morning, and the new Commune, intoxicated with the success of the disturbance it had raised, was now calling for the King's arrest, demanding it "in the name of the interest of the Empire, of that of the capital, nay in the name of the safety of Louis XVI."[2] The Legislative was frightened: it decreed the "suspension" of the royal authority and ordered the departmental Administrative to prepare the Luxembourg Palace as a temporary residence for Louis XVI and his family. But this did not satisfy the Commune, which began to express certain fears. The Luxembourg possessed underground passages which might offer a means of escape, and it would prefer the Abbaye Saint Antoine.[3] The day was spent in these shuffling negotiations. And finally the King, Queen, their children and Madame Elizabeth were provisionally deposited at the convent of the Feuillants whose buildings were now being used as the offices of the Assembly.

Turgy tried to get in there in order to offer his services, but so great was the multitude of people and so compact

[1] The box of the *Lagographe* or *Logotachigraphe,* situated, it seems, at one of the ends of the hall. (See on this subject Armand Brette's *Histoire des Edifices où ont siégé les Assemblées parlementaires de la Révolution,* Vol. I, pp. 235-250.)

[2] *La Commune du 10 août 1792* by F. Braesch, Professeur agrégé-d'histoire, docteur ès lettres, p. 338.

[3] *Procès-verbaux de la Commune de Paris,* published by Maurice Tourneux, pp. 6 and 7.

was the crowd, to the very end of the passages, that he could not succeed.[1] A few devoted noblemen had formed themselves into a barrier against the stream of those taking part in the demonstration and the on-lookers. Among them were MM. de Choiseul, de Brézé, de Briges, de Poix, de Nantouillet, de Goguelat, d'Hervilly, de Tourzel,[2] de Narbonne, de la Rochefoucauld, de Saint-Pardoux, and de Rohan-Chabot. Madame de Tourzel, in her position as governess to the children of France, had not left the side of the royal family since its departure from the Tuileries. Her daughter Pauline was with her. The Princesse de Lamballe was also there. One after the other there arrived some of the Queen's attendants: Mesdames Thibaud, Campan, Auguié, Navarre, Basire, and Saint-Brice; in addition to the *valets de chambre* Hue, Thierry and Chamilly. All passed a sleepless night with the exception of the little Dauphin—aged seven years and four months—and his thirteen-year-old sister, both of whom, overpowered with fatigue, slept until morning.

For two days Turgy remained in the neighbourhood of the Feuillants and the Riding-school, still hoping that chance would enable him to find his way among the attendants who had grouped themselves around their unfortunate masters. Professional anxiety appears in his narrative. Lost in the crowd, he was uneasy as to what the royal family might be eating in such a state of disorder and as to the manner in which it was being waited upon, but was somewhat tranquillised on learning that a restaurant had supplied the meals. However, he remained where he was, feeling that it was there he would be the most accurately and most rapidly informed of the fate

[1]Some were more fortunate or more adroit than Turgy, as witness that unknown Dufour who, by chance, found himself to be the voluntary *fourrier* of the disarrayed Court and procured its bedding, linen and food. His narrative appeared in 1814 under the title: *Les quatre jours de la Terreur. Détail des quatre jours que Louis XVI roi de France et son auguste famille passèrent à l'Assemblée legislative.*

[2]These are named by Mme. de Tourzel. *Mémoires,* II, 230.

reserved for Louis XVI until the Château of the Tuileries was again ready to receive him. The duel between the Legislative and the Commune was indeed still going on. The latter refused to accept the Luxembourg as the provisional asylum of "its hostages." So the Assembly chose the Hôtel de la Chancellerie, Place Vendôme. Whereupon the Commune advocated the Temple or the Bishop's Palace. To this the deputies replied by referring the question to a commission for examination. As they did not appear to be on the point of agreement, those whose fate was thus made a shuttlecock passed a second night in the cells of the Feuillants. The struggle took shape as follows: the Legislative Body endeavoured to save the King's prestige by contriving to intern him in a palace; on the other hand, the municipal authorities demanded a veritable prison for him. On August 12th, the Commune, tired of these evasions and usurping the prerogatives of its rival, exerted its authority and "decreed" that Louis XVI and his family should be committed to the Temple. It was a sort of *coup d'état*, and it is curious to point out that the obscure history of this famous captivity opens with an illegality. On the morrow the Legislative gave way. Annulling the decree by which it had fixed its choice on the Hôtel de la Chancellerie, it decided that the King and his family should be intrusted "to the safekeeping and virtues of the citizens of Paris," and that the Commune should provide "without delay and under its responsibility for their temporary habitation." [1]

Hardly had he made certain as to the place where the wreck of the monarchy was to be relegated than Turgy hastened to the house of M. Ménard de Choussy, commissioner resident of the King's household, in order to seek a place on the domestic staff in his capacity as waiter. He was received with flattering words and the

[1] For the text of this decree and preceding ones, see the Marquis de Beaucourt's *Captivité et derniers moments de Louis XVI*, Vol. II. Official documents, under the various dates.

promise of a pass to the Temple for the following day, the 14th. Now, Turgy was mistrustful: he feared either that the place would be filled if he did not make haste, or that some difficulty would arise if he in any way procrastinated. Meeting two of his colleagues, Chrétien and Marchand, waiters like himself, he led them to the Temple (already surrounded by national guards), overruled the orders, crossed the threshold in company with his two companions who walked arm in arm with him, and was immediately guided to the "Bouche"—or kitchen staff—which occupied a huge place in the left wing of the Palace. This happened about six o'clock in the evening.[1]

The Temple was indeed a palace. The usual house of the Grand Prior and once occupied by the gallant Prince de Conti, but more recently by Comte d'Artois, the brother of Louis XVI,[2] it was well adapted for a vast and noble residence. Its plan was somewhat similar to that of the Hôtel Soubise, now the National Archives: a long courtyard, surrounded by arcades, terminating in a semicircle at the entrance end and closed at the other extremity by the principal front of the building. The difference between the two buildings lay in this, that in front of the façade of the Temple there was a row of clipped lime-trees which, forming a wall of greenery, hid the low buildings situated around the courtyard. The apartments of the Grand Prior were extensive and rich; they looked on to the courtyard and, on the other frontage, on to a deep garden planted with tall trees set in lines *à la française*. At the bottom of this garden and partly enclosed in parasitic buildings rose the enormous and robust square donjon of the Templars, more than fifty metres high, crowned with battlements standing out in relief on a slate roof and flanked with round towers at the corners,—a black, sinister-looking building for which

[1] Turgy left M. Ménard de Choussy at five o'clock.

[2] Comte d'Artois was not Grand Prior of the Temple, but his young son, the Duc d'Angoulême, born in 1775, bore that title since 1776.

Queen Marie Antoinette had often manifested so great an aversion "that she had begged Comte d'Artois a thousand times to have it pulled down."[1] In its relentless efforts to obtain the Temple as a place of detention for its royal hostages, the insurrectional Commune had this formidable tower—a veritable feudal jail—in view. The Legislative Assembly in giving way to its domineering rival had in mind only the palace of the Grand Prior. Moreover, were the deputies, the great majority of whom were provincials who had arrived in Paris only a few months before, even acquainted with the Temple? Neither the Assembly nor the Commune ran the risk, for fear of a conflict, in asking for or furnishing particulars. But the municipal authorities had come to the determination that now that the King, in whom the Assembly appeared to take no longer any interest, was in their possession it was in the Tower they would imprison him. The difference was worthy of note: in a palace the King would have remained the sovereign, momentarily dispossessed of his usual residence; in a prison he was nothing more than a criminal, already cut off from the world till the hour of punishment came.[2]

The palace of the Temple, uninhabitated since 1789 and placed under seals, sheltered a certain number of the old servants of Comte d'Artois, and these were tolerated there as guardians owing to the emigration of their master. On the left, on entering the Palace courtyard by the Rue

[1]Tourzel. *Mémoires*, II, 233.

[2]The Commune hid its plan with a skill bordering upon knavery. Proof of this is to be found in its reports. In that of the sitting of August 11th we read that the Commissioners chosen to study the question thought that "the King would be infinitely better (than at the Luxembourg) in the building situated *in* the garden of the Temple. . . ." In the report of the 12th we read: "The Temple offers hospitable accommodation that Louis Sixteenth, through his misfortunes, should count on from a people who wish to be severe only to be just." It was only after the decree of the Legislative handing over the royal family to the Commune that the latter, no longer fearing that it would be denied its prisoner, at last pulled off the mark and decreed that Louis Sixteenth and his family should be placed in the Tower of the Temple. (See Beaucourt, B II, 18 and following pages.)

du Temple portal, was the lodge of the former Swiss Gachet, who now sold drink. His wine-shop was kept by an old fellow who went by the name of Père Lefebvre, who was himself in the power of a servant, Mère Mathieu. Close by this common house of refreshment were the lodgings of the door-keeper, Darque, the ex-beadle of the Grand Priory; he had lived in the Temple since the distant days of the Prince de Conti, had seen many things and men, and considered himself a part of the house. On the right of the entrance, in the other rounded angle of the courtyard, lived Jubaud, the former porter of the Palace, and with him was a servant named Gourlet. Other functionaries of lesser importance, having also formerly worn the Grand Prior's livery, inhabited the out-houses: Mancel, the sweeper; Baron,[1] who was intrusted with the custody of the seals; Angot, the sawyer; dame Rokenstrohe, a needlewoman; and Picquet, the porter of the empty stables. In addition the Temple counted an inhabitant of superior rank: M. Berthélemy, the keeper of the archives of the Order of Templars, who lived in a building contiguous to the Tower and forming one body with it. This building, of much later construction than the donjon itself,[2] had been granted to M. Berthélemy in 1782 and he had arranged it in such a way as to form a comfortable and elegant residence of four stories. Below, almost in the basement, were a kitchen and the clerks' office; above were dining-room and study-library; a pretty drawing-room with a balcony overlooking the garden, and billiard-room on the first floor; and at the top a bedroom and adjoining accommodation. This building was called the Little Tower because of two corner turrets which mingled its silhouette with that of the massive donjon and partition wall.

When Turgy with his two comrades Chrétien and Mar-

[1] Or Le Baron.

[2] Henri de Curzon, docteur ès lettres, curator of the National Archives. *La maison du Temple de Paris.*

chand was inside the building he immediately set his wits to work to make himself indispensable. He asserts that he found "no provisions" there, and had to go out "as many as three times to procure what was necessary." However, since the morning the Commune was preparing the Temple to receive its guest it had decided to treat him royally one last time; a grand dinner was to be served, and with this object it had called in the assistance of one of the chefs of the "Bouche" of the Tuileries, Gagnié,[1] who most certainly brought with him his under-cooks, *rôtisseurs*, sauce-makers and scullions. In view of this solemn reception they had even hastily dusted and washed the wainscoting of the large rooms of the Palace[2] and arranged lamps to illuminate, when night came, all the buildings and the whole circumference of the garden. Now, as the order was that the King should leave the Feuillants at three in the afternoon,[3] it is very probable that these preparations were completed by six in the evening. They little agreed, however, with the firm intention to imprison the royal family in the Tower. It seems indeed that this plan was still kept secret. At the day sitting several members of the Commune had opposed it unsuccessfully.[4] However, Gagnié and his assistants had plenty of time to cook the meal, as also had Turgy and his colleagues to lay the table, for the procession bringing the captives was considerably delayed. Before leaving the Feuillants the list of attendants from whom Louis XVI hoped he would not be separated had to be discussed with Pétion,

[1] He signed his name *Gangnies.*

[2] *Bill for painting done at the Temple by Watin:* August 13th, for dusting, scouring, washing and making repairs in all the rooms on the ground-floor of the main building between court and garden." *National Archives,* F⁴, 1306.

[3] *Order of the provisional Commandant General Santerre.* Beaucourt, II, 29.

[4] Braesch's *La Commune du 10 août, 1793,* p. 405, note. One notices that, in the decree of the Commune communicated to the Legislative and worded as follows: "Louis Sixteenth shall be placed in the Tour of the Temple," the words *la Tour* are scratched out and replaced by *le.*

Mayor of Paris. He asked for twelve and obtained "by force of remonstrating" only two valets, Hue and Chamilly, and four women, Mmes. Thibaud, Auguié, Basire and Navarre.[1] Then they had to huddle into two large Court coaches, to each of which only two horses were harnessed. Coachmen and footmen no longer wore the royal livery; they were dressed in grey. In the first carriage were the King, the Queen, the Dauphin, his sister, Mme. Elizabeth, the Princesse de Lamballe, the Marquise de Tourzel, her daughter Pauline, Pétion, Manuel, Procurator of the Commune, and the municipal officer Colouge.[2] The four women and the two valets, as well as two other municipal officers chosen by the General Council of the Commune to accompany the prisoners (one was Etienne Michel,[3] a manufacturer of rouge, and the other a shoemaker working at home, Antoine Simon),[4] were in the second coach.

It took a long time to cover the distance they had to go. The journey was accomplished at walking pace and not without the horses stopping many times, and it was not until about half past seven that a great noise of shouting in the street announced that the procession was drawing near to the Temple.[5] Toward the end of the day the great courtyard had filled with members of the Commune, soldiers, and even unauthorised but privileged onlookers.

[1] *Souvenirs du baron Hue,* published by Baron de Maricourt, his great grandson, 63 and following pages.

[2] "The statement that two horses sufficed to drag a carriage containing eleven persons will perhaps be called in question, but I guarantee the authenticity of the fact." *Souvenirs due baron Hue,* p. 66. On this point Hue agrees with Mme. de Tourzel; but Pauline de Tourzel's narrative—*Souvenirs de quarante ans*—differs slightly.

[3] The decree bears the name of Laiguelot, who was replaced by Michel.

[4] *Procès-verbaux de la Commune de Paris,* published by Maurice Tourneux, p. 14.

[5] As regards the hour of arrival at the Temple the narratives of eye-witnesses disagree. "Seven o'clock," writes Madame Royale.—"A quarter past eight," according to Mme. de Tourzel.—"The day was beginning to decline," notes Pauline de Tourzel.—*La Chronique de Paris,* quoted by Beaucourt, I, 31 note, says "about three o'clock." As to Baron Hue, he inadvertently places the event on August 14th.

The commanding officer of the national guard was the first to appear, on horseback; and certain persons noticed that he made an interrogative sign to the municipal officers grouped on the steps: "Was the Tower ready?" The *municipaux* replied by another sign: "No, not yet." And as the coaches had stopped in the middle of the court-yard an order was given to open the doors. Whereupon some gunners began pushing and shoving, wishing to separate the King from his family and lead him away to the donjon immediately.[1] Pétion interposed; there was a great uproar; and among the crowd of municipal officers, all of whom had their hats on and wore the tricolour ribbon crosswise and the cockade,[2] the emblem of their new rank, the prisoners stepped out of the carriages and were led to the salons of the Palace. The Queen hoped to find some seclusion there, but was doomed to disappointment, for the anteroom, guard-room and billiard-room, which had to be passed through to reach the big central drawing-room, a vast room with ten windows, were filled with *municipaux*,—artisans or shopkeepers for the most part who had never before been in so sumptuous a house. Puffed up with their importance, they had made themselves entirely at home, but their good breeding was not on a level with the assurance which they made a point of showing. Either because they had not thought fit to change their everyday clothes, or because they had put on the best things they had, they were nevertheless so different from the men in whose company the Queen and her ladies were accustomed to live that the latter con-

[1]Memorial written by Marie Thérèse Charlotte of France regarding the captivity of the princes and princesses, her relatives, from August 10th, 1792, until her brother's death, on June 9th, 1795.

[2]Account from Mme. Michel, a dealer in ribbons, No. 50 Rue aux Fers, for goods supplied by her in accordance with orders given on August 11th and 12th, as follows: 351 ells of tricolour ribbon at 45 *sous;* 250 wool cockades at 6 *sous:* 871 *livres.* Statement of sums paid by the treasurer of the Paris Commune on behalf of the General Council. *Mémoires sur les journées de septembre* by Baudouin, 1823, p. 308. Another similar bill for goods supplied later, August 21st.

sidered them "clothed in the most dirty and most disgusting of costumes.[1]

The King retained his good nature and simplicity. These people spoke to him without uncovering, called him *Monsieur* affectedly, and asked him "a thousand questions each one more ridiculous than the last."[2] But nothing offended him, satisfied at having arrived and finding the residence to his taste. Convinced that he was going to inhabit it, he asked to be shown over the place, whereupon the municipal officers hastened to comply with his wish. He went through the whole house, taking a pleasure in allotting the various apartments beforehand. Nobody undeceived him. Perhaps no one dared to inform him that he would be imprisoned in the Tower which could be perceived over there, above the trees, gray and gigantic in the dusk; perhaps certain of them still hesitated and were secretly ashamed of the premeditated blackguardism. For the donjon was uninhabitable. Mayor Pétion was one of them. After having personally got a clear idea of this most inhuman piece of villainy, he refused to be a party to it. He left the Temple about ten o'clock at night,[3] proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, reported to the Commune the transfer of the royal family, and concluded by confessing that the Tower not being properly arranged "he had not considered it his duty to comply with the decree of the previous day and had authorized residence at the Palace." The Commune, implacable, replied

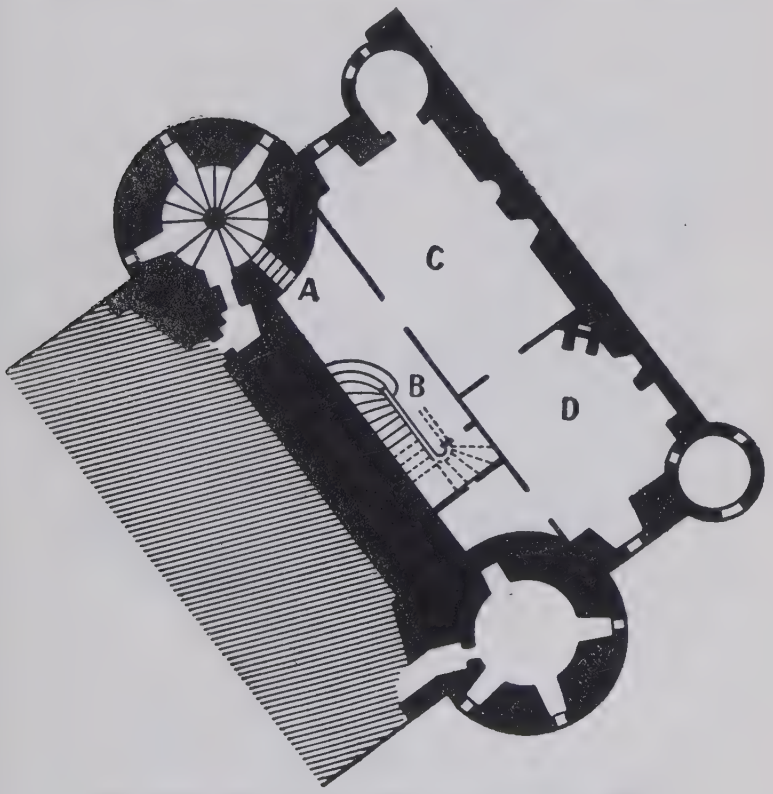
[1] Tourzel.

[2] Tourzel.

[3] "Pétion went away, Manuel remained." (Madame Royale.) However, the report of the night sitting of the Commune of August 13th says positively: "The mayor went to the General Council with the Procurator of the Commune." Manuel, then, accompanied Pétion to the Hôtel de Ville. However, he was back at the Temple for the King's dinner, which took place, it seems, about half past ten or eleven o'clock. We may conclude that it was Manuel who, after having accompanied the mayor to the Hôtel de Ville, carried back to the Temple the formal order to imprison the King in the Tower.

by ordering that the decision concerning the Tower be maintained."[1]

At that late hour, M. Berthélemy, the archivist of the Order of Malta, domiciled in the Little Tower, heard a



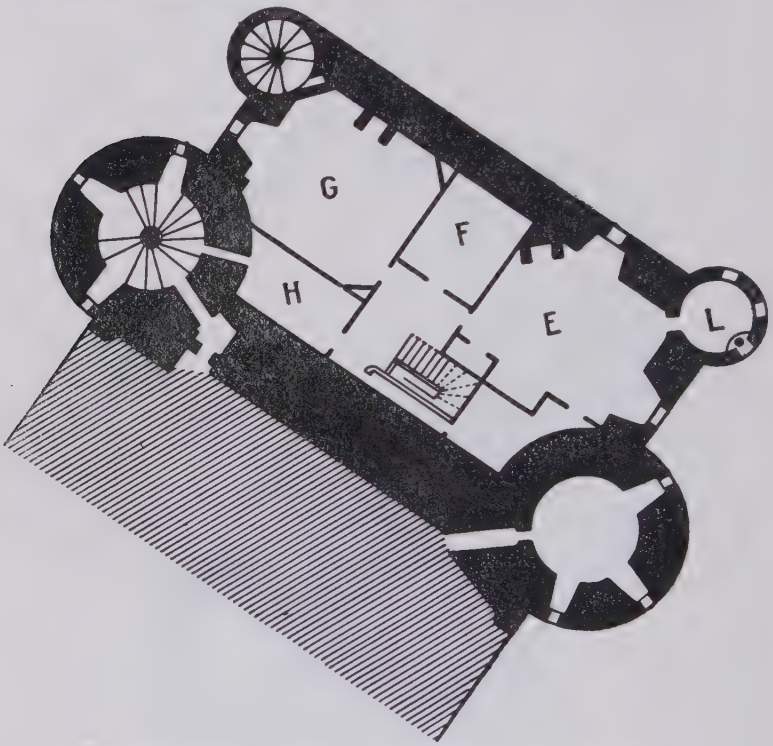
MEZZANINE FLOOR OF THE LITTLE TOWER OF THE TEMPLE
(Apartment of M. Berthélemy)

A. Part of the stone stairway, the only means of communication between the Big and the Little Tower. B. Wooden stairway connecting the three stories of the Little Tower. C. Former workroom of M. Berthélemy, now the dining-room of the royal family. D. Study of M. Berthélemy.

great noise in his staircase. An instant later his drawing-room was full of people. "What did they want?" he asked.—"He must remove," was the reply. "The King,

[1] Beaudouin, pp. 180-183.

Queen, their children, and suite,—— fourteen persons in all, without counting the guardians,—— were going to spend the night there. Everything must be evacuated in



FIRST STORY OF THE LITTLE TOWER OF THE TEMPLE
(Apartment of M. Berthélemy)

E. Billiard (or bedroom) of M. Berthélemy. It was here that The Dauphin and Mme. de Tourzel passed the night of the 13th of August, 1792. F. Room in which Mme. de Lamballe was placed. G. The Queen's chamber. It was here that the little prisoner died, June 8, 1795. (See below, Chapter VI, Outside the Temple.) H. Wardrobe. In this closet which had no opening except a loophole opening on the stone stairway Tison was placed in secret from November, 1793 to December, 1795. (See below, Chapter V, Enigmas.) L. Water-closet.

an hour's time." The distracted archivist implored and discussed, but nobody would pay heed to him. Labourers were already loading his furniture on their shoulders and disappearing down the stone staircase. Where was all

this to be put? Darque, the ex-beadle, who had the key of the neighbouring unused church, proposed that the furniture be housed there provisionally, so the dining-room table and chairs were transported there. Whilst Berthélemy was rushing from library to cellar, hesitating whether to save first of all his beautiful books or his old bottles, a counter-order came forbidding the continuation of the work.[1] Not only must no furniture be removed, but additional pieces must be brought in, and these were being carried out of the Palace of the Temple at that very moment. Soon two handcarts loaded with mattresses and forty coverlets arrived;[2] and in the midst of tumultuous disorder occasioned by this removal, complicated by the moving in of other articles, there was a constant passing to and fro of commissioners, workmen, and soldiers, who took possession of the building and forbade the enraged archivist to enter. Possessing but the clothes on his back, he wandered the whole night through the city, seeking a shelter, disconsolate and yet still incredulous of the misfortune which had befallen him.

Meanwhile, the "reception" at the Temple Palace was continued as a gala. Illumination-lamps were burning on the façade of all the buildings, on the donjon itself, and also on the embattled walls of the gardens.[3] In the salon called "the salon of the four mirrors," illuminated by "an infinite number of candles,"[4] the table had been laid for dinner. Awaiting the delayed meal, the crowd was still great, and the Queen, her daughter, the Princesse de Lamballe and Mme. de Tourzel were manifestly offended by promiscuousness with these rough-mannered revolutionaries. The little Dauphin, who the whole time whilst passing through the stormy and threatening streets of

[1]Papers of M. Berthélemy, communicated by Mme. Gustave Blavot. See also *La Petite Tour du Temple* by L. Chanoine-Dauranches, Rouen, 1904.

[2]Statement of sums, etc., Beaudouin.

[3]Hue's *Souvenirs de quarante ans.*

[4]Tourzel. This large salon is the one depicted in B. M. Ollivier's picture, "Le Thé à l'Anglaise," now in the Louvre.

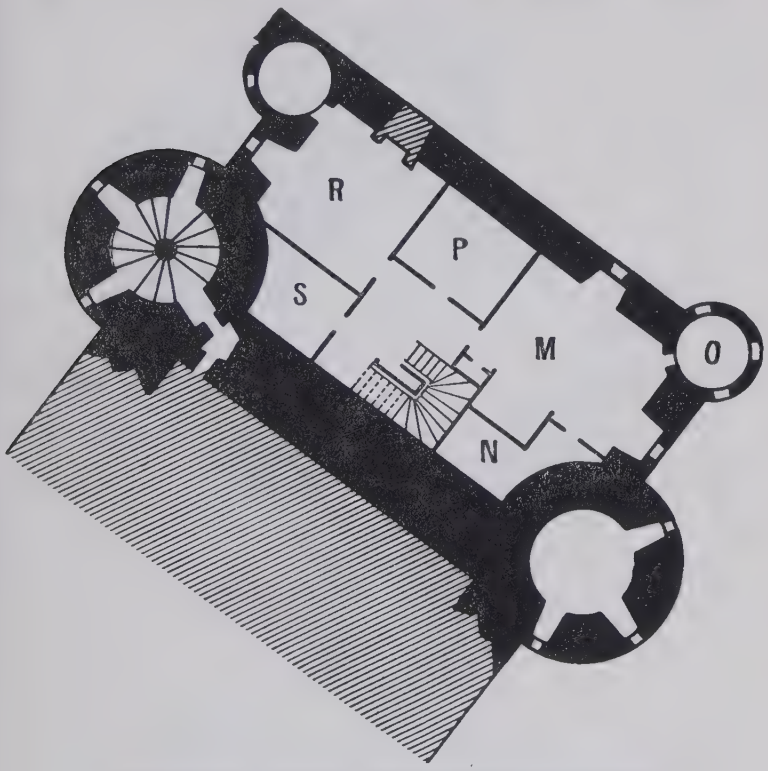
Paris "turned his eyes in all directions to see the innumerable people,"[1] was now exhausted and so very sleepy that he asked Mme. de Tourzel if they would not soon be going to bed. Several times she made enquiries and asked to be shown to the apartment reserved for the young prince, but received the reply that the room was not ready. So she laid the child on a sofa, where he fell asleep immediately. The King showed patience and readily conversed with the municipal officers who were there. One of them, lying on a sofa, "made the most strange remarks to him on the happiness of equality." Louis XVI listened and then asked: "What is your calling?"—"That of a shoemaker," replied the man. It was indeed Antoine Simon, who, elected on August 9th by the Théâtre-Français section, had been chosen by the newborn Commune to represent it in the royal procession and who had been seen to take his place in the *femmes de chambre's* coach. He was at the outset of his political career, which was to be short but notorious. Another man, very different in bearing, affected a most free and easy behaviour toward the King and in speaking to him continually repeated that title of *Monsieur*[2] which others, less polite, used with timidity. His name was Germain Truchon, one of the important leaders of the Gravilliers section. He called himself an advocate and man of letters, but he was usually designated by the nickname of the "Man with the Long Beard," on account of the abnormal hairy growth descending from his cheeks and chin to his thighs. He spoke well, however, expressed himself with propriety and "appeared to have received some education."[3]

[1] Letter from Corey to Dimitrio Lotos, *protopsalle* of Smyrna, pp. 164-166, quoted by Beaucourt, I, 39.

[2] Hue.

[3] Tourzel. Mme. de Tourzel adds: "Truchon was a bad character. He was accused of bigamy and had a sentence against him." We have not been able to find any record of the sentence; but as regards the accusation of bigamy, Mme. de Tourzel was well informed. The "Man with the Long Beard" was, in fact, the author of a pamphlet

At last, at ten o'clock at night, dinner was served.[1] Turgy, Marchand and Chrétien carried out their duties; whilst Manuel, the Procurator of the Commune, remained



SECOND STORY OF THE LITTLE TOWER OF THE TEMPLE
(Apartment of M. Berthélemy)

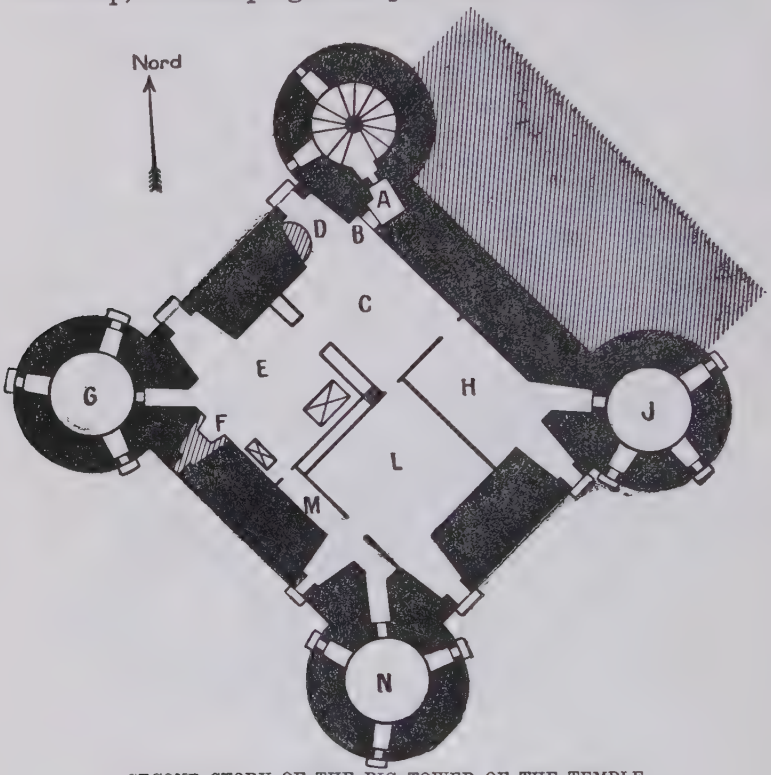
M. Room of Louis XVI. N. Bath room. O. Workroom. P. Room transformed into a guard-house during the first days of the captivity, after which Hue and Chamilly, *valets de chambre* of the King slept here. R. Kitchen where Mme. Elizabeth and Pauline de Tourzel were installed in primitive fashion. S. Closet.

standing by the side of the King's chair. The meal was a long and silent one. "They made a pretence of eating

in which he protested against that false charge. See Tourneux's *Bibliographie de l'histoire de Paris pendant le Révolution,* IV, No. 25617.

[1] Hue.

for form's sake"[1] and the Dauphin, whom they had had to wake up, fell asleep again so profoundly at the very first



SECOND STORY OF THE BIG TOWER OF THE TEMPLE
(Apartment of the King)

A. Wooden door. B. Iron door. C. Anteroom. D. Stove, now preserved in the donjon of Vincennes. E. Room of Louis XVI from Sept., 1792 to January, 1793. This was the room in which Simon and his wife stayed from July, 1793 to January, 1794. F. Chimney arranged in the embrasure of the window. G. Oratory. H. Dining-room separated from the anteroom by glazed partition. It was in this apartment that Louis received his family in the evening on the 20th of January, 1793. J. Woodhouse. L. Clery's room. M. Corridor leading to the water-closets. N. Water-closets.

spoonfuls of soup, that Mme. de Tourzel took him on her knees, where he continued his nocturnal repose. About eleven o'clock a *municipal*[2] informed the governess that the

[1] Tourzel.

[2] The members of the Commune are, ordinarily, so named in the majority of the narratives. Contemporaries do not seem to have made any distinction between these two terms which they use in-

heir apparent's room was ready for him, and immediately taking the child in his arms he carried him away so rapidly that the Marquise and Mme. de Saint-Brice had difficulty in following him. The man crossed three salons and entered a very long passage which Mme. de Tourzel, in her emotion, took to be an underground way, but which was nothing more than the long covered gallery of 35 *toises* (68 metres) joining the Palace to the Tower, and which had formerly served the Prince de Conti as library and museum. Half way down this passage it formed an angle and then continued narrower,[1] to the donjon. At last the *municipal* with the sleeping prince and the two anguish-stricken women entered a lofty Gothic room and immediately turned aside to enter a broad winding stone staircase, which, after a few steps, was followed by another staircase, also of stone, curved and narrow. Then came a landing and still another staircase, this time of wood, and at the top one was on the first floor of the Little Tower, in the billiard-room[2] of the Archivist Berthélemy. The room was four metres long by three metres broad and the ceiling was low. The furniture included some arm-chairs upholstered in blue and white Utrecht velvet, a circular sofa, a rose-wood chiffonier, and a large Boule desk. Hanging on the walls were a few gallant engravings, Van Loo's *Bain de Diane* and his *Coucher*,—in addition to others in gilt frames. Luxury in the eyes of a middle-class bachelor who liked comfort and was not lacking in taste, but destitution in the eyes of whoever was born at

differently, as well as that of "municipal officer." This distinction was, however, not without interest, but it was indeed a subtle one, and we shall not venture to take it into account in these pages. On this subject see Braesch, *op. cit.*

[1] Almost three metres broad in its first part, the gallery measured barely two metres in the neighbourhood of the Tower.—Curzon's *La Maison du Temple.* It is probable that, as happened to Hue, Mme. de Tourzel, following the Dauphin, went along this corridor by the light of a simple lantern, which explains her error.

[2] Madame Royale writes, in fact, "the billiard-room," but other narratives mention the room as having been the archivist's bedroom. It is certain that the billiard-room properly so called was elsewhere.

Versailles and had just left the Tuileries. Two folding beds had been put up: one for the Dauphin, the other for Mme. de Tourzel, who asked no questions, spoke not a word but at once put the prince to bed, after which she sat down by his side, wrapped in gloomy thought. About one o'clock in the morning[1] the Queen entered. Taking the governess' hands in hers, she said: "Did I not tell you?" Then she drew near to her son's small mean couch and for a long time gazed on the deeply slumbering child of the King of France. Tears came into the mother's eyes, but she quickly recovered herself, since it was necessary to see to the installation of fourteen people in that cramped residence. Some lady's-maids, sent by Pétion, presented themselves; but the Queen sent them away; "not able to support the presence of strangers she preferred to arrange everything herself." [2] She was to sleep in the salon next to the Dauphin's room; M. Berthélemy's bed had been carried there; and she had a camp-bed put up for her daughter. A small room without a window separated the two rooms, and there Mme. de Lamballe was lodged. The King installed himself on the upper floor, composed of a bedroom with an alcove which Hue and Chamilly had hastily prepared for him[3] and a kitchen, where Madame Elizabeth and Pauline de Tourzel were to find what room they could.

Louis XVI went to bed and slept peacefully. His two valets passed the night sitting by his bedside. Pauline and Princess Elizabeth never closed their eyes the whole night, the small airless room which separated their kitchen from the King's bedroom having been transformed into a guard-room, where the occupants talked and laughed until dawn.

The next day the prisoners devoted themselves to organisation. In the light of a summer day the apartment of the Little Tower assumed a less gloomy appearance.

[1] The hour given by Madame Royale in her narrative.
[2] Madame Royale.
[3] Hue.

Most of the rooms were elegantly decorated and furnished; on each floor was a wardrobe; and behind the King's room was a bath-room with mirrors and seats—a veritable boudoir, secluded and gallant.[1] The difficulty of living together in these cramped spaces devoid of back-staircases and adjoining accommodation remained, and all the more so because, apart from the royal family and suite, it had also been necessary to find room for the municipal guards and on the threshold of every door one encountered a sentinel. But this was only a temporary arrangement. Louis XVI was now aware that the Great Tower was to be his residence. And he wished to visit it. Everything there remained to be done, the four floors being entirely bare, with the exception of one of them, where, piled on the flagstones or arranged on shelves, were thousands upon thousands of boxes and bundles forming the archives of the Order of Malta. Apart from this accumulation of old parchments, nothing but bare walls; on each story a single room with an area of sixty-five metres and an arched Gothic ceiling springing from a massive central pillar; on each side two windows at the end of a large interior embrasure, which bore witness to the enormous thickness of the walls; and on a level with each of the rooms three circular cabinets enclosed in the corner turrets and lit by narrow loopholes. The fourth turret contained the staircase leading to the top of the building where there was a loft surrounded by a pathway around which was a crenellated parapet.[2] To make this feudal fortress habitable the Commune had chosen an experienced contractor, the "patriot" Palloy, then celebrated through the destruction of the Bastille, and who, by a singular change, after having pulled down the ancient symbolic prison, not without glory and profit, found himself called upon to arrange another whose fame was to be still more tragic.

[1]M. Berthélemy's papers, Carnavalet Museum, and information from Mme. Gustave Blavot. See also Chanoine-Davranches' *La Petite Tour du Temple.*

[2]H. de Curzon's *La Maison du Temple.*

Meanwhile, arrangements at the Little Tower proceeded. A bed for the Dauphin[1] was brought from an upholsterer's named Masson: a white wood couch with a high headboard and hangings of white cretonne patterned with pink roses.[2] Then utensils for the table or household, paper and cards, a bath for the little prince, had to be obtained. The Queen received a gold watch, supplied by Bréguet at a cost of 960 *livres*.[3] The royal family had arrived at the Temple destitute of everything.[4] They were in need of linen and clothes, and tradesmen flocked to the place. The King ordered a dark coloured dress-coat made of fine cloth, kerseymere breeches of various colours, some stitched dimity jackets, gray silk stockings, trousers of white dimity, buckled shoes,[5] and also "some of taffeta for the feet, a face sponge, a sponge for the teeth (call at Dubois', dentist), several skins for the legs (at Daille's, surgeon, Rue du Pot-de-Fer), six razors and toilet scissors, an instrument for lacing and unlacing brodekins, and some breeches linings."[6] Thirty dressmakers, milliners, sempstresses and embroiderers worked incessantly. They had to make *pierrots* of pink and white, blue and white cotton cambric; a *pierrot* of *toile de Jouy;* a chemise-frock with a collar; a frockcoat of Florence taffeta, of the colour called *boue de Paris,* fastened in front, and provided with a watch-pocket; white silk stockings; a taffeta neckerchief "which can be tied behind"; lawn caps trimmed with narrow lace; lawn sleeves and collars for the cotton dimity dresses; deep blue shoes, others in gray, and others again of puce-coloured, blue and gray taffeta;[7] and a pair of Chinese sabots. Hatters and mil-

[1] *National Archives,* F 4, 1036.

[2] This bed still exists; it belonged, some years ago, to Dr. P.....

[3] *Papiers du Temple. Nouvelle Revue,* April 1st, 1882.

[4] When the prisoners reached the Temple they had only the clothes in which they were standing." General Council of the Commune, October 1792, Beaucourt II, 126.

[5] Louis XVI's ordinary tailors were Bosquet & Darget; his shoemaker, Giot, Rue du Bac.

[6] *National Archives,* A.A. 53, 1486.

[7] Supplied to the Queen by Effling, shoemaker, for 84 *livres.*

liners were as busy as bees. Poupart, Eloffe and Mme. Bertin brought to the Tower *marmottes* (kerchiefs tied under the chin), *fanchons* (other head coverings), felt hats, and "a jockey-shaped hat of black castor." One of these millinery creations must have been particularly attractive, for Madame Elizabeth asked for "a hat similar to the Queen's."[1] There is an account for 1961 *livres* 17 *sols* for "silk materials supplied to the Temple by Barbier and Têtard, Rue des Bourdonnais";[2] whilst the bills of Prévost & Laboullée for scent amount to 551 *livres*. . . .[3] These accounts evoke less the idea of detention which was never to end than that of a fashionable lady reduced to spending a season in isolation and who means to give up not a single one of her habits of luxury. It seems as if, especially in the case of Marie Antoinette, there subsisted for some time a sort of incomprehension of the situation in which she stood; and is it astonishing that, having fallen from so great a height, she was not immediately conscious of the depth of the abyss? The repeated blows of relentless misfortune were necessary in order that dignity, resignation, greatness of soul should compose for the prisoner of the Temple an imperishable diadem more imposing than the crown she had just lost.

During two months these orders never ceased. We note in these accounts, pell-mell, a dining-room suite, tables, corner-buffets, dumb-waiters, a filter and various domestic objects; toys for the Dauphin, such as balloons "somewhat large," a whipping-top and its whip, a set of ninepins, two pairs of rackets, twelve kites, draughts and dominoes. One must also note the fourteen volumes of the *Missel et Bréviaire de Paris* for Louis XVI and the like number of prayer-books for Princess Elizabeth. Shop-keepers profited by this piece of good luck; there was nothing democratic in their prices, since each pair of

[1] *Papiers du Temple, loc. cit.* The price of a hat did not exceed 50 to 60 *livres*.

[2] F[4], 1310.

[3] F[4], 1310 and 1311.

silk stockings for the King cost 24 *livres*, those for the Queen 33 *livres*, whilst corsets were 84 to 120 *livres*,—and one pair even 148 *livres*. A small knife with a tortoise-shell handle and a gold blade was bought for the Dauphin for 160 *livres*.[1]

On August 12th the Legislative Assembly had voted that a sum of 500,000 *livres* be granted the King for the expenses of his household until the day on which the National Convention met, and it was from this half-a-million in expectation that the sums necessary for the installation of the royal family were deducted. But as this liberality was long in being realized and as certain purveyors demanded payment, Hue sacrificed 600 *livres* with which he was provided and Pétion personally advanced 2,000 *livres*[2] in order to appease the most impatient. Moreover, the claims of the prisoners appeared to the commissioners of the Commune to be excessive exigencies; these men of the people could not realise that the habits of the royal family made that which to them was a scandalous superfluity an absolute necessity. "A fine book is to be written," said Fiévée, "on the inequality of conditions." The municipal officers likewise took fright and became uneasy at the marks of respect shown to the prisoners by the faithful servants by whom they were still surrounded. Was not this an indication of some counter-revolutionary manifestation? The commissioners on duty on August 14th were a gardener of the Rue Plumet, named Dewaux, a boarding-house keeper, Oger, a wig-maker, Donnay, living in the Rue Saint-Charles, and a certain Ollivant whose calling is not mentioned.[3] One can understand that these inexperienced stewards were appalled at the re-

[1] *Papiers du Temple and Beaucourt* II, 127. The majority of the accounts are in the *National Archives*, F⁴, 1304 and 1314.

[2] General Council of the Commune, night sitting of November 5th, 1792. Beaucourt, II, 112.

[3] These are the names of the commissioners mentioned in the report of the August 13th evening sitting of the Commune; but at this same meeting, later, four other commissioners were appointed to be on duty at the Temple.

sponsibility incumbent upon them and embarrassed to approach as masters that King of France who, but the day before, was separated from their lowness by so incommensurable a distance. The impromptu part they had to play presented many risks. It was asserted that certain troubles had broken out in Paris in the course of the night;[1] it was perhaps to be feared that the royalists were plotting the abduction of the King and his family; the Temple was badly defended, invaded by a crowd of soldiers, onlookers, purveyors and workmen whom the anxious-minded commissioners suspected of being conspirators. It was necessary, too, that the prisoners should move about among this throng. They had, in fact, at meal times, to go from the Tower to the Palace; it had been arranged that every day their table should be laid in the central salon of the Grand Prior's residence;[2] and then, if the weather was fine, they walked in the garden the walls of which, already pierced with large gaps for the passage of rubbish-carts, Palloy, who worked ostentatiously but without method, was demolishing. All these movements made surveillance almost illusory, and all the more so since no regulations had yet been established.

Now, since the beginning of the Revolution, and especially since the Varennes event, the idea of the flight and abduction of the King, Queen and Dauphin had haunted every mind; it was the nightmare of revolutionaries and the secret consolation of royalists; a state of mind which was to persist after the death of Louis XVI and give rise to a number of fictions. As regards the young Prince, many people already whispered that, long before the imprisonment in the Temple, the real Dauphin had

[1]General Council of the Commune, sitting of August 14th.—"The sitting opened by . . . the account given by M. . Santerre of some events which took place during the night. . . ." Beaucourt II, 31.

[2]In spite of many contradictory indications, we must be satisfied here with Turgy's affirmation, well placed as he was to be informed on this point:—"the royal family continued to take its meals in this room until the Big Tower became their (*sic*) sole habitation." That is to say until October 25th.

been put by his parents in a place of safety and that a substituted child played his part at the Court. Whether these fables sprang up spontaneously in the popular imagination, ever eager for romance and mystery, or whether they are based upon vague abortive plans, a few traces of them subsist in certain writings of the period. Without wasting time over the version according to which the son of Louis XVI was, in 1790, taken to Canada under the care of a Scotch lawyer, Mr. Oack, whilst another child of his own age, named Laroche, a native of Toulouse, replaced him at the Tuileries[1]—an extravagant adventure which has been accepted as true by some credulous folk, it must be noted that, at the beginning of 1792, at the Démophile Society, "in the presence of three thousand enraged Jacobins," an occasional speaker revealed the fact that "the King exhibited daily a child who bore a striking resemblance to Monsieur le Dauphin, the object of this stratagem being to abduct the young Prince."[2] An echo of this is to be found in the *Correspondance secrète*, under the date June 18th, 1792. The writer relates that Louis XVI was sometimes subject to "absence of mind,"—— that "recently he did not recognize his son and on seeing him advance toward him asked who the child was."[3]

Another attestation appears perhaps a little less fantastic, although it comes from the most prolific of our novelists. In the preface to the *Fiancés de la Mort*, Vicomte d'Arlincourt relates that Marie Antoinette, "having constantly harboured the secret idea of saving her son from the cannibals who lay in wait for him," decided—in 1791—to get him abroad. It was agreed that Mme. d'Arlincourt, in retirement at the Château de Mérantais, near Versailles, should substitute for the Dauphin her own son,—the future author of *Solitaire*,—who, born on

[1]See *Louis XVII au Canada in the Nouvelle Revue,* Vol. VI, No. 24.

[2]*National Archives,* C 190. Papers of Collenot d'Angremont.

[3]*Correspondance secrète relating* to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, published by Lescure, II, 600.

January 31st, 1787, was, if not the same age, at least the same height as the heir apparent. She was then to leave immediately for the Pyrenean watering places, accompanied by the Dauphin, who would pass as her child and cross the Spanish frontier with her. The day of departure was fixed. The Queen herself was to bring the heir to the throne to Mérantais and enter the park by a door, called the Porte de Marmusson, which opened at a distance on to the country. Everything was prepared for the success of this enterprise, but at the last moment the Queen lacked courage.[1]. . . Nothing in all this is worthy of being commented upon, but it is not without utility to collect this gossip circulated at the dawn of the Revolution —gossip in which is to be found, perhaps, the origin of so many other still more clumsy falsehoods which for more than a century obscured the legend of the unfortunate child whose mysterious story has up to now baffled all attempts at elucidation.

Tormented by this charming tittle-tattle, the Commune was by no means reassured by the early reports of its delegates at the Temple, consequently it issued decree after decree, striving to cover its responsibility in case the prisoners should be snatched out of its hands. On the 13th it decided that all the persons in attendance on the King and his family should be dismissed, that the prisoners should no longer be surrounded by any other servants than those chosen by the Mayor and the Procurator of the Commune. This order was announced to the prisoners the next day during their dinner.[2] The King flew into a passion, protesting that if they persisted in depriving him of the only friends left him, he and his family would wait upon themselves. The municipal officers[3] withdrew without insisting.[4] The same day the Commune decreed that the door-keeper of the Temple, Jubaud, should be dis-

[1]Alfred Marquiset's *Le Vicomte d'Arlincourt.*
[2]*Récits de Madame Royale.*
[3]Michel and Simon.
[4]Baron Hue's *Souvenirs.*

missed; that the citizens placed on guard at the Tower, "should be chosen by the sections, which would make certain of their patriotism"; that those of its members appointed each day to go to the Temple "should make a daily report of their mission"; that two of these commissioners "should be specially attached to the person of Louis XVI and communicate with no other person than he"; and that there should be formed at the Temple "a committee to keep an eye on everything that happened and decide in cases that might occur."[1]

On the night of August 19th the King had retired to rest, and Hue and Chamilly had just stretched themselves side by side on the mattress which was their bed in common when the door of their narrow cell was thrown open and a voice demanded: "Are you the valets?" They replied in the affirmative. Thereupon they were ordered to come downstairs immediately. On reaching the little room preceding the Queen's bedroom, and where Mme. de Lamballe slept, they found the latter and Mme. de Tourzel already ready to depart. The Queen was holding them in her arms. In order not to leave the little sleeping Prince alone, they dragged his bed, without awakening him, into his mother's room. Meanwhile Madame Elizabeth arrived from the second story bringing with her Pauline de Tourzel, whom the commissioners also demanded. Then the three lady's-maids, lodged on the lower story, arrived. Only the King, whom the noise, however, had awakened, did not leave his room. Little Madame Royale was quite dumbfounded. Once more everybody embraced. It was time to depart. By the light of a few lanterns the expelled ones crossed the garden and reached the door of the Palace of the Temple. Cabs were waiting for them in the courtyard; and with *gendarmes* as an escort they set off for the Hôtel de Ville.[2]

[1] General Council of the Commune: sittings of August 13th, 14th and 17th. Beaucourt, II, pp. 30-33.

[2] Hue's *Souvenirs, Récits de Madame Royale,* and *Mémoires de Mme. de Tourzel.*

Hue returned to the Temple at nine o'clock in the morning and resumed his duties. The others, under lock and key at the Force prison, were never to appear again. This rigorous measure caused the royal prisoners great embarrassment. Louis XVI, in truth, appeared to take things cheerfully. He even summoned the architect Palloy, declaring that "now they were no longer incommoded," and as there were not "so many people there," it became useless to continue the fitting up of another apartment in the Big Tower. Palloy, little disposed to be deprived of his contract from which he was counting on deriving a big profit, haughtily replied "that he took orders only from the Commune."[1] This body, whose fears seemed to increase hourly, showed its anxiety by promulgating decrees incessantly. It exacted that the guard at the Temple be relieved daily; that not merely four but eight[2] members should watch over the prisoners, who were to be left neither during the day nor the night. They were to keep an exact account of the slightest incidents. Nobody was to enter the Temple without being provided with a card, on which was printed the word *Sûreté*, and a model of which was to be posted up in all sentry-boxes and guard-rooms. The card with which members of the Commune would be provided was to bear, in addition to two seals, the words *Officier municipal* printed diagonally, and nobody was to enter the prisoners' residence unless his card bore the special visé *Pour le Tour*.[3] But this was not all. "The Temple garden shall be closed to all persons whatsoever with the exception of the adjutant and the officer on duty." In addition, as they could not forbid the prisoners to take an airing, they thought it prudent to pen them up, at the hour for walking, "in a very limited enclosure made of

[1] Madame Royale.
[2] General Council of the Commune, sitting of August 20th.
[3] General Council of the Commune, sitting of August 28th.

planks,"[1] until Palloy had finished the high walls he was building. And when, after devoting a fortnight to the making of these most precautionary regulations the General Council of the Commune heard one of its members announce that conspirators "were forming a plan to abduct the family of the tyrant," it sought in vain for some new means of strengthening its surveillance and covering its responsibility.

The commissioners lived in perpetual alarm. "So guilty did they feel themselves," writes Madame Royale, "that they took fright at everything." One day, in the neighbourhood of the Tower, a soldier, to try his gun, discharged it in the air. He was arrested and put through a long interrogation.[2] Had he not made a signal? A report of the event was drawn up. On a certain evening, at dinner-time, a cry of "To arms!" was heard. This time it was "strangers who were approaching to deliver the tyrant." The turnkey of the Tower drew his sword and said to Louis XVI: "If they arrive I shall kill you." On an inquiry being made it was found that the whole thing was due to "a confusion on the part of a patrol." On another occasion, when Palloy's workmen set to work to remove the gate of the Rotonde, the municipal officers and the guard rushed up, thinking that the population was storming the place, and the workmen were dispersed. The prisoners' obsession equalled that of their jailers. The former feared separation, ever menacing, and especially that the Dauphin would be taken from them. Notwithstanding their repugnance, the King and Queen forced themselves to take part in the daily promenade, not daring to let their son go out in the garden alone, "for fear of giving the gunners the idea of seizing him."[3] Thus, on one side and on the other, among those who gave orders as among those who resigned themselves, at the Commune

[1] *Souvenirs de quarante ans,* by the Comtesse de Béarn (Pauline de Tourzel).

[2] Madame Royale.

[3] Tourzel.

as among the people of Paris, in the royalists' camp as well as in that of the revolutionary party, the idea of escape or abduction hovered over the Tower of the Temple from the first days, so inadmissible did it appear to the whole of France that her King could be a captive in his capital without any attempt being made to deliver him. Above all, the anxious interest of the country was centred on the fair head of the Dauphin, who had committed no fault, merited no reproach, whom no law condemned, and yet who was paying the penalty,—an apprehension already biting like remorse and which, prolonged for three years, was to multiply into painful perplexities for a century and more. For history, which was forbidden to speak of him, will take its revenge later; the life of this child will provoke in posterity more curiosity and will suscitate more chroniclers than that of great conquerors, powerful monarchs, or famous legislators.

To close these preliminary remarks, it is advisable to ascertain precisely what the composition of the Temple staff was toward the end of the first month of the captivity. Hue, arrested once and returned, as we have seen, by the Commune, continued his duties for only a few days: he left the Tower on September 2nd. On the other hand, Cléry, the valet attached to the Dauphin since the prince's birth, called, on August 24th, on Pétion and begged the favour of being allowed to resume his duties with his young imprisoned master. The request was granted and he returned to the Temple two days later. At that time Cléry was thirty-three years old. A few years before he had married Marie Elizabeth Duverger, a musician in the King's orchestra and at the Court oratorios. To assume his painful and perilous task Cléry abandoned his wife and several children. Sir Walter Scott, who knew him in England, relates that "Cléry's manners were easy and distinguished."[1]

[1] *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,* II, 162.

In the early days of his detention, Louis XVI had asked for "a man and a woman to do the rough work."[1] On August 19th Pétion sent the required help. The man was Pièrre Joseph Tison, formerly a clerk at the toll-houses, a native of Valenciennes, and fifty-seven years old; the woman was his wife, one year younger. A little later their daughter Pierrette was admitted to the Temple to assist them.[2] Tison was dressed in a sort of livery "of Savoyard shape and colour," and the couple were allowed a salary of 9,000 *livres*. They were attached more particularly to the service of the Queen, Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale.

The kitchen-staff—the premises were situated in the left wing of the great courtyard of the Palace, very far from the Tower—was composed of a *chef*, Gagnié, a first and second assistant, Rémy and Masson, a *rôtisseur*, Meunier, who came from the Tuileries kitchen, a pastry-cook, Nivet, a scullion, Pénaud, a pantry-boy, Guillot, a washer-up, Adrien, a kitchen help, Fontaine, a man to look after the plate, Mauduit, who was also in charge of the pantry, and three waiters, Marchand, Chrétien and Turgy, who, as we have related, had got into the Temple on their own initiative.

The doorkeeper of the Tower, holding the position of steward, was Jean François Mathey, aged twenty-eight. His salary was 6,000 *livres*, and he had under his orders two turnkeys, Risbey and Rochez, both of a forbidding appearance, with bear's skin caps on their heads and big swords at their waists. "Although they were useless and often absent," each received 6,000 francs.[3]

A decree of the Commune ordered all the former servants of Comte d'Artois to leave the Temple, but several succeeded in eluding this measure and even in getting employment with the guard or on the staff attending to

[1] Madame Royale.

[2] The Tisons also had a son, Pièrre Joseph. *Intermédiaire des chercheurs et curieux*, No. 757.

[3] Beaucourt, *op. cit.*

the prisoners' needs. Among these were the servant Gourlet, promoted to the position of turnkey, the man in charge of the plate, Angot, appointed as sawyer of wood, Mancel who retained his duties as sweeper, and Baron, an ex-floor-polisher who became the bailiff's man. The woman Rokenstrohe remained in charge of the linen-room; Darque, the ex-beadle, in the porter's lodge at the Palace, and Picquet in that of the stables. There were in addition two wood-carriers, an errand-man, Quenel, and a wig-maker, Danjout. Père Lefebvre and Mère Mathieu continued to keep the bar in the large entrance court. All these people necessarily moved about within the precinct of the Temple; they went into the city, returned at their own free will, and if it so pleased them crossed the garden among the crowd of national guards composing the daily garrison. Several even entered the Tower in pursuance of their duties and approached the royal family. Now, the majority of them were, by tradition, interest or sentiment, disposed to be moved to pity by the prisoners' lot, although fear of losing their situations made them prudent. It is singular that the Commune, so scrupulously suspicious, took neither care nor time to recruit, in order to contribute to the strict surveillance they pretended to exercise, a staff whose opinion was more in conformity with its designs and less susceptible of attachment to the fallen régime.

II

THE COMMUNE

The new intruding power which sat at the Hôtel de Ville bore in fact, if not in its ardently revolutionary intentions, at least in its aptitudes the defect of its recruitment. After having attempted to sketch the installation of the family of Louis XVI at the Temple and before penetrating into the narrative of the enigmatic peripetia of the captivity of the Dauphin, it is necessary to know the origin and composition of that Parisian Commune which, taking unfair advantage of the pusillanimity of the Legislative Body, arrogated to itself the custody of royal prisoners for whom it remains accountable in the eyes of History. It originated illegally in a popular movement in which the immense majority of Parisian electors took no part.

On the night of August 9th, the General Assembly of the forty-eight sections of the capital, sitting at the Salle des Enfants Trouvés, decided to appoint "three delegates per section in order to think of a prompt means of saving the common weal" by obtaining the King's deposition. A certain number of sections hastened to respond to this invitation and, a little after eleven o'clock at night, whilst the tocsin began to ring in the city, the first commissioners chosen "by acclamation" arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, where, in a large room on the first floor, the General Council constitutionally elected five months before and composed of one hundred and forty-four members[1] was sitting.

[1]By the terms of the Bill of May 21st, 1790, the General Council was composed of 16 administrators, 32 municipal officers and 96 notables.

The new comers entered the Maison Commune manifestly very perplexed regarding the way they were going to proceed "to save the common weal." Among the first arrivals were a carpenter, Boisseau, an ex-clerk of the city toll-houses, Huguenin, a working jeweller, Rossignol, sent by the Quinze-Vingt section; a haberdasher, Bonhomet, a wine merchant, David, and a lawyer, Lulier, representing the Mauconseil section; a controller at the Mont-de Piété, Concedieu, belonging to the Arsenal delegation; a literary man, Robert, and the shoe-maker Simon, sent by the turbulent Théâtre-Français section[1] Little by little this small group was strengthened, and by three o'clock in the morning of August 10th twenty of the Paris sections were represented there. But this was not yet the majority and the commissioners, feeling that they were not in force, and shut up, without doing or deciding anything, in a room adjoining that in which the General Council con-

[1]In addition to Robert and Simon, the Théâtre-Français section had chosen Billaud-Varenne, which completed the number of the three commissioners required. All three were chosen on the night of August 9. See Braesch's list in *La Commune insurrectionnelle du 10 août,* p. 245 and following pages. One cannot, therefore, explain how it is that Chaumette, who also belonged to the Théâtre-Français section, could write that "On the 9th, at ten o'clock at night, the section chose him to form part of the new Council." Moreover, one ascertains that Chaumette does not seem to have appeared at the Hôtel de Ville before the 10th, at noon. This is how he sets down the time-table of his movements during those two days:—"*On the 9th, at 10 o'clock at night, I was appointed to compose . . . the Revolutionary Council.* At 11 o'clock they carried me home, worn out with fatigue. I had passed five nights without closing my eyes. On the 10th, in the Rue St. Honoré, evil-disposed persons pointed me out as a priest. It was half past seven in the morning. At 8 o'clock I was at the Carrousel. . . I was dragged as far as the Rue St. Honoré. . . At noon I hastened to the Maison Commune. . ." *Papiers de Chaumette,* published by F. Braesch, pp. 136-137. Braesch, in his list of members of the Commune, mentions Chaumette as having been appointed, not on the night of the 9th, but only on the 10th, in the day time, and consequently with the supplementary commissioners intended to strengthen the new-born Council. It would be interesting to know, for the study of Chaumette's character, whether he appeared at the Hôtel de Ville *before* or *after* the victory. The name of M. F. Braesch appears three times in this note, and it will be frequently found again in our references. It is impossible, indeed, to study the Paris Commune and consequently the history of the captivity at the Temple without borrowing much from M. Braesch's work, so rich in its documentation and so meritorious in its impartiality.

tinued to sit, judged that it was urgent to send private messengers to their mandataries to demand the addition of three supplementary delegates per section, which would bring their total up to 288,—double that of the members of the legal Council. At the same time they hastily summoned the armed Parisian forces and soon 1,600 men,[1] replying to the appeal, were massed on the Place de Grève and surrounded the Maison Commune.

At dawn the commissioners numbered 82, representing 27 sections. The moment had come for action. Entering the General Council chamber, they expelled it and took its place. At seven o'clock in the morning the substitution had taken place, and it was at this same hour that the armed populace rushed toward the Tuileries. The first cannon shot was fired at half past nine. As long as the battle lasted the delegates of the sections never left the Hôtel de Ville; they sat there, under the presidency of Huguenin, as an *Assembly of the representatives of the majority of the sections*, making every effort to procure munitions for the assailants of the Château, giving orders to demolish it if necessary, summoning the patriots of the suburbs to their assistance. Ninety-six Swiss soldiers, defenders of the Tuileries, were led into the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville and immediately massacred. At last, at noon it was announced that the King's residence was in the people's possession. What joy! What a tumult! What shouts of triumph! We have an echo of them in the following lines from Chaumette's *Journal:* "At noon I hastened to the Maison Commune. They received me there with embraces; placed me at once on the standing committee. . . . The blood . . . the ninety-six Swiss . . . the thieves and a thousand others. . . . I felt a desire to weep. One of my friends with bandaged head and torn face stretched out

[1]Twenty-five men per section, save that of the Temple, which supplied 300, and that of Gravilliers, which sent 150. Braesch. *Commune du 10 août, 227*, No. 3.

his arms to me. 'I live,' he said, 'and we have gained the victory!' I threw myself on his breast, my heart was full to overflowing, my eyes filled with tears. Oh! how relieved I was! . . ."[1] Five abrupt lines, one might say breathless,—more eloquent than a report.

The Assembly of the representatives of the sections, intoxicated with success, congratulated by the frightened Legislative Body, acclaimed by all the hot-headed revolutionaries in Paris, set itself up as a government and without delay organised the Terror. Immediately it realised that it must profit by its victory, and it was then that, without intermission, in the course of a sitting which was not suspended for twenty-hours, it demanded the King's detention, chose the Temple as a jail, and assumed the custody of the captives, whilst stipulating that the public Treasury should meet the expenses. It rendered its decrees and dictated its conditions with so savage an energy that, in less than two days, it was sovereign "outside and even above the National Assembly."[2]

However, nothing is more confused than its origin. No report of the election of its members was drawn up; one can never even establish determined and authentic lists of them; even when it was formed and—not without hesitation—it had usurped the title of *General Council,* its composition remained uncertain. It was frequently modified. "Passers-by," of whom "one hardly caught a glimpse," sat on its benches and were replaced without delay by other short-lived persons. We shall thus have the opportunity, in this narrative of the Dauphin's captivity, of seeing personages spring up who, presented and acting as members of the Commune, filled their office with authority, yet whose names do not appear on any official register,—figures of unknown men entangled in this drama without anything justifying their part and whose inexplicable interference raises up insoluble hypotheses and

[1] *Papièrs de Chaumette* published by Braesch.
[2] Braesch. *Commune du 10 août,* 350.

singularly tenacious legends. The successive modifications in the composition of the Commune changed nothing in its ways; the disorder and demagogic carelessness of its inexperienced administrators, their contempt for the forms of justice and the suspicion of corruption which permitted the immorality of some of them, ever rebound in the shape of harrassing enigmas on the confused history of the Temple. It was in that way, however, that, from the early days, the Commune of August 10th gained a part of its astonishing prestige over the populace, amazed to be able to familiarise itself with this powerful governmental machine and fully satisfied to see it actively crush everything which up to then had been reputed intangible and sacred.

The revolutionary Commune held its meetings in the great council-chamber of the Hôtel de Ville which the legal General Council—no more to be heard of—had surrendered without resistance on the night of August 10th. This "huge"[1] room with seven windows looked on to the Place de Grève and occupied the whole of the first story of the central portion of the Hôtel de Ville. At each end was a monumental chimney-piece, one surmounted by a portrait of Louis XIV, the other by a picture of Louis XV returning to the City of Paris the letters of nobility which had been withdrawn from it. On the walls, above the doors, were other pictures representing the aldermen of the city prostrate at the feet of the King.[2] Busts of Louis XVI, Bailly, Necker, and La Fayette ornamented the room. At their very first sitting the representatives of the sections, acting as though they were in their own place, were filled with indignation at the sight of these provoking effigies. Without waiting for the workmen who were to take them down, "forty arms were immediately raised to cast down these false idols. They fell and were reduced to dust amidst acclamations from the Galleries."[3]

[1]Thierry's *Guide de l'Amateur et de l'Etranger*, 1787, I, 559.
[2]Thierry, *loc. cit.*, pp. 559-560.
[3]*Procès-verbaux de Chaumette.*

Nor were the paintings of "the subordinate despots of the old régime" respected.[1] A bust of Brutus advantageously replaced these evidences of the days of slavery; a few weeks later there would be placed on the pedestal left vacant by the bust of Louis XVI a drum and a gun taken from the enemy by Westermann's soldiers; they would suspend on the wall, as a trophy, the sash worn by colleague Le Meunier, the first municipal officer to die in the exercise of his duties[2] and place there wreaths of oak and laurel with the inscription: "They await the conquerors."[3]

A high platform bore the arm-chairs and the desks of the president, secretaries and procurator of the Commune; whilst opposite were two amphitheatres of seats, one reserved for the members of the Council, the other for the postulants and deputations from the sections whom a "Master of the Ceremonies" was charged to introduce. At the two ends of the room were the public galleries.[4] There was a refreshment room, kept by the door-keeper, where the members of the standing committee were supplied with refreshments free of charge; and a gallery had even been arranged in the room "for M. Marat," who was entrusted with the work of recording the debates of the Commune.

Such were the surroundings. At each of the sittings they were animated tumultuously. Almost continual from August 10th to September 8th, the settings were afterward held in the evening and continued late into the night. Long

[1] The same.

[2] "Carried away by a horse from the Louvre stables which he had had the imprudence to mount, this unfortunate man was passing near the Pont-au-Change when a sentinel cried out: 'Who goes there?' It was impossible for the municipal officer to stop his steed, whereupon the soldier fired and killed him." *Souvenirs du baron Hue,* pp. 98-99. According to other versions, Le Meunier was pierced by a pike thrust during a domiciliary visit.

[3] "One of the members of the Commune asked to what use the wreaths suspended in the room with the inscription 'they await the conquerors' were to be put. The president took one of them down and crowned a wounded man, named Waflard." *Courrier républicain,* 16 Pluviôse, year II.

[4] *Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet,* II, p. 64.

before the hour the galleries were crowded with spectators, the surplus of whom filled the vestibules and passages. The members of the Council arrived in their office, or working clothes, artisans in their jackets and aprons.[1] All wore the badge, the tricolour ribbon over the shoulders and the cockade over the heart. It was a rule that they should carry the cards delivered to them and sign an attendance sheet placed on the desk of one of the secretaries.[2] Then they took their seats and when the president or his substitute had installed himself on the platform, the sitting was opened amidst uproar.

We possess a few narratives by eye-witnesses who penetrated—very reluctantly, however—into that council-chamber where, according to one observer, "two to three thousand people"[3] were crowded together,—which appears to be an exaggeration. First of all, there was Hue, the valet of Louis XVI, who was taken there late at night on August 19th. Placed by the president's side, he commanded a view of the whole place with the big gathering of municipal representatives and the galleries filled with men of the people, women and even children. "Some of those in this strange assembly were lying on the benches, sleeping." The night had been passed there and it was six in the morning. At last the King's valet was called upon to declare his name and Christian names. He turned toward the deputy of the procurator of the Commune—it was Billaud-Varenne who was questioning him; but the latter "admonished him in a senatorial tone":—"Citizen, reply to the sovereign people." So Hue addressed his justification to the company, "the greater part of whom were asleep and paid no more attention to the questions than to the answers." Those who were not slumbering

[1] Lepître's *Quelques souvenirs ou notes fidèles sur mon service au Temple,* p. 11.
[2] *Courrier français,* No. 255, September 12, 1793, p. 95.
[3] Morellet, II, p. 87.

interrogated him all at the same time, so that he was at a loss to know to whom to listen.[1]

Pauline de Tourzel had appeared before Hue and like him had been invited to mount on the platform. The picture she draws must be correct, for it agrees in every point with the preceding description: "a huge crowd of people, —galleries filled with men and women,—Billaud-Varenne on his feet, questioning,—a secretary writing down the replies in a large register."—"I was in no way frightened; I asked in a very loud voice to be allowed to rejoin my mother and to leave her side no more. Several voices were raised to say: 'Yes! Yes!' Others murmured."[2]

A year later, in September 1793, the communal protocol was no more formal; on that point we are informed by the witty academician Morellet, who was desirous of obtaining a card of citizenship without which he could not receive his modest pension. He had deposited in the offices of the Commune the favourable certificate delivered by his section; the General Council was to decide in last resort. Morellet, then 67 years old, undertook many times, in the course of the summer, the journey to the Maison Commune. It was a long way from the Faubourg du Roule, where he lived, to the Hôtel de Ville. His insistence remained without effect; for "they could not find his papers; the offices had changed their premises; his turn had not come." They adjourned the matter for a week, then for a fortnight. Finally, on the morning of September 17th he received a summons to appear at the night sitting to undergo the examination preliminary to the delivery of the precious card.

He entered the room at six o'clock. The two amphitheatres were already filled with women of the people "of soldierly bearing," knitting, mending jackets and breeches, "paid to attend the spectacle and applaud at the right

[1] *Souvenirs du baron Hue,* p. 81 and following pages.
[2] *Souvenirs de quarante ans.* Mme. de Tourzel's narrative adds nothing to that of Pauline.

moments."[1] After waiting an hour the Council was formed; the president and secretary ascended the steps of their platform and installed themselves; and the report of the previous day's sitting was read. This was followed by a diatribe from Hébert, *le Père Duchesne*, protesting, in the name of republican austerity, against the young and pretty solicitresses who besieged the offices. Then came the entry of a delegation from a section desirous of presenting its contingent of conscripts. A second delegation followed; then a third, a fourth and a fifth; and each of these bodies of soldiers entered the room to a great beating of drums. One of them was preceded by a military band. They speechified and resolved "to clear the soil of liberty of the satellites of all despots," to which President Lubin, a painter and son of a butcher of the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, replied by singing the *Marseillaise* which the whole company repeated in chorus. After the *Marseillaise* it was the *Ça ira*, accompanied by clapping of hands and stamping of feet. When these two hymns had been heard five times, a wounded soldier appeared to make a present of his valour to the Paris Commune. He spoke as follows: "Citizens, I 'as been in the army and I 'as got this 'ere wound! . . ." After the wounded man, three Austrian deserters stepped forward to offer their services to the French Republic and were cheered. Lubin administered their oath and honoured them with his fraternal embrace. At last the petitioners' turn came. On their names being called out, they stood on the platform before the president's table, facing the public. Then Lubin demanded: "Is there anyone here who knows Citizen N—— and answers for his patriotism?" If no one replied, the word "Adjourned!" was uttered. But when one of the municipal representatives said: "I know the

[1]Lepître, who was a member of the Commune, writes similarly: ". . . That crowd of lazy women who came to earn their daily retribution by applauding after a given signal." *Quelques souvenirs.*

citizen and answer for him," the president pronounced the word "Granted!" Such was the prescribed form.

Morellet, that director of the French Academy led into this demagogic den, heard, as one may well imagine, the decision "Adjourned!" Three commissioners were instructed to make an enquiry into his patriotism. He retained their names carefully; they were Viallard, Bernard and Pâris. Descending from the platform he approached Viallard [1] humbly and begged him to name the hour at which it would be possible to confer with him. The municipal representative fixed as the date the following day, as the place for the conversation the same council-chamber, where he promised he would be, with his two colleagues, at noon precisely. Morellet was there to the minute. He arrived wet through with perspiration and the rain, accompanied by a servant carrying a bag containing eight to ten volumes of his works. The room was empty. He sat down, reflecting upon his speech, and he had plenty of time before him to do so, for he waited for more than two hours.

At last a man appeared. It was Viallard. The academician immediately opened his bag and naïvely began his demonstration. The whole of his work bore testimony to his patriotic opinions, his tolerance, his veneration for liberty. The municipal representative listened to him with a vacant air, turned over a few pages with the end of his finger, half-opened a second volume, cast it one side, and turned to a third. "Yes, yes, that is good," he said. However, as this examination visibly fatigued him, he cut it short. "But what you show me here does not bear on the matter. . . . You must prove your patriotism during the days of August 10th and May 31st. . . . All the academicians are enemies of the Republic." Morellet excused himself on the score of his age, which forced him to inaction; he strove to excite his judge to pity, pleading

[1] Jacques Viallard, wig-maker, 3 Porte Saint-Honoré. *Almanach national*, 1794.

that, his income being reduced from 30,000 *livres* to 300 écus, he had lost a little of his combative ardour. "Ah! yes, you have lost," sighed Viallard. "Everybody is in the same box. . . . Myself. . . . I was a ladies' hairdresser. I have always loved mechanics and have presented before the Academy of Sciences tops of my own invention. . . ." Morellet was already putting back the books into his bag. He took leave of Viallard, who held out no hope but advised him to see his colleague Bernard and arrange with him.

The next day the *immortel* set off again, turning his steps toward the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where Bernard lived. Morellet found a man "with an ignoble face, like that of an incendiary, and with him a little woman fairly young but very ugly and filthy." Whilst the latter was making her luncheon of a piece of cheese with a "big scoundrel" who appeared to be the friend of the house, Morellet conversed with the commissioner. Bernard compassionated the painful position of the ex-academician. "But I also have lost through the Revolution, for such as you see me I'm a priest, and a married priest,—and this is my wife. . . . Well, I've only a thousand francs like yourself and five hundred francs which they give me for being guardian of the church here. And we live very well, my wife and I; and we have also the wherewithal to invite our friends to luncheon. You must see Pâris," he concluded; and he promised to go that evening to the Commune to concert with his colleagues.

Morellet presented his compliments to the priest and priestess, as well as to the big rascal, who had joined in the conversation. At six in the evening he was at the Hôtel de Ville. Tired out by his continual running about, he settled himself, to be on the watch for the arrival of his commissioners, in the secretarial room, through which the municipal representatives passed on the way to their seats. There he heard the shouts and transports of joy of the Assembly, the *Ça ira* and the patriotic hymn, the

joyous clamour of the women in the galleries. Of the three personages for whom he was waiting, he perceived, however, only the hair-dresser Viallard, still warm from an oration which he had just delivered on the subject of the taxation of foodstuffs. At eleven at night, tired of waiting, the petitioner returned to Roule. The next day, at dawn, he was off again, searching for Pâris, chosen as the third judge. Pâris lived in the Rue de Carmes, near the Place Maubert. He, at least, was a lettered man; he was acquainted with Morellet's works and spoke to him very honestly about them; but no more than the others would he consent to pledge himself. He appeared to Morellet to be frightened.

In the evening the unfortunate solicitor was back at the Hôtel de Ville once more, stationed in the secretarial room with two hundred others who like him were in expectation of chance protectors. Songs, addresses from the sections and cheering never ceased in the large neighbouring room from seven until nine o'clock. The *Marseillaise* was followed by couplets from comic operas, for instance, on the air, *du Moineau qui t'a fait envie*, which Lubin sang with roulades and variations that delighted his auditors. "It is funny that they should spend the time of their assembly in singing," said a woman of the people sitting next to Morellet, and who was waiting in vain unresignedly. "Are they there for that purpose?" When he decided to enter the council-chamber a young citizen with black shining hair falling over his eyes was singing a patriotic hymn in twelve couplets in which, in halting verse, he advocated "the massacre of priests surfeited with crimes and the necessity of burying them under their bloody-stained altars." The women stamped their feet, hats were waved in the air, and the spectators approved without restriction: "He's got that off well! That's good! Excellent!" And everybody was so well pleased that it was decided the song should be printed at the ex-

pense of the Commune and distributed in the Departments.[1]

This lyrical interlude marked the end of Morellet's relations with the General Council. Tired of making so many vain applications, of waiting impatiently at such musical performances as the above, he gave up trying to obtain the certificate of citizenship and returned to his suburb, thoroughly decided to leave it as little as possible. Thanks to his discomfiture we possess the invaluable picture given here in little and which reveals the too rarely described appearance of the sittings of the Council, at the same time as the physiognomy of certain of its members. The three figures of Viallard, Pâris and Bernard form precisely a perfect synthesis of the whole of the municipal representatives. Although the composition of the Commune was modified several times during the Revolution,[2] its intellectual and moral level hardly changed; it was always full of artisans, shop-keepers, or small employers embittered by ill-fortune; of literary men without genius, doctors without patients, starving professors, erring priests, and *hommes de loi*,—a vague title which imposed on ordinary folk and under which there often lay hidden more cunning greediness than respect for law. The vulgarity of the greater number, the infatuation of a few, the cynicism of the more brazen—or more cowardly, the aversion of these mediocre people for superiority of birth, intelligence or education,—such are the important elements of the drama which was played daily at the Temple and of which these municipal representatives were the impresarios and chief actors. To hold in their possession and molest at leisure the King descended from so

[1] *Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet*, 1821, Vol. II, pp. 62 to 99.

[2] Between August, 1792, and July, 1794, there were three Communes: the insurrectional Commune, the provisional Commune of December 2nd, 1792, and the definite Commune of August 19th, 1793, which was itself "purified" and "regenerated." Many of the members of the first were in succeeding assemblies. They seem to have given them the tone, which remained uniform, despite the rejuvenation of the staff, until the 9th of Thermidor.

many kings and the beautiful Queen of the Trianon, what a voluptuous and depraved godsend to men naturally hateful of all beauty and nobility.

This judgment, which appears, perhaps, too general and too severe, finds justification, if there be need of it, in the choice of the leaders whose guidance the Commune accepted almost lovingly. It had two idols: Chaumette and Hébert, and though the rash mania for rehabilitation has been terribly rife during the past half-century, these are two names which nobody has yet attempted or will ever seriously attempt to impose on the admiration of posterity. The son of a Nevers shoe-maker, an unruly scholar expelled from college, a cabin-boy at thirteen, later a surgeon's apprentice, a student of physics, an usher, secretary to an English doctor, and finally an indefinite sort of gazetteer in Paris, Chaumette, at twenty-seven years of age, in 1790, was the perfect model of those adventurers—"wreckage from the struggle for life" —who, having never made a profound study of anything, talk audaciously on every subject and succeed in imposing themselves by their knowledge on the ignorant and by their assurance on men of instruction. The Revolution was a haven of salvation for many of these human wrecks. Chaumette, an ardent orator of the clubs, owed a rapid reputation to his eloquence, at once bombastic and "good-natured," with which the naïve patriots of his section were wonder-struck. Chosen by them, as we have seen, to be among the commissioners entrusted with the "saving of the commonwealth," he exerted himself so well, spoke so abundantly and with so sincere—or so well feigned—a conviction that, on December 12th, he was elected Public Prosecutor-in-Chief of the Commune. "Applause from the people, delirious joy on their part. I was overwhelmed with benedictions and applause," he wrote in the pocket-book in which he noted his impressions. And he added: "Louis Capet, Louis Capet, I defy you when you

were King to have experienced so much gratification as I did."[1]

He was a little man[2] with a broad heavy face, somewhat "astonished" blue eyes, big nose, heavy chin and sensual lips. He wore his flaxen hair long, a portrait depicts him with uncombed locks and a large crumpled collar tightened by a negligently tied cravat. As to his morals. . . .? That is a mystery,—or "chaos," as Henri Martin puts it. He was at one and the same time naïve and cunning, enthusiastic and base, hiding a solid substructure of cowardice under bursts of audacity, envious and jealous, yet compassionate and easily touched, modest and depraved.[3] To these contradictions he owed an undeniable talent as a dissembler, a very sure instinct of the tone it was necessary for him to assume according to the rank or disposition of his auditors. A sly and consummate humbug, he acted at one time with sympathetic straightforwardness, at another in a spirit of indignation; he was one after the other poetical, familiar, coarse, ironical, enraged, honeyed, mystic in the manner of Rousseau, or joking in imitation of Figaro, but with infinitely less wit, "Formerly I was called Pierre Gaspard Chaumette because my godfather believed in the saints," he said by way of an oration at the time of his installation as Public Prosecutor of the Commune; "but since the Revolution I have taken the name of a saint who was hanged for his republican principles. That is why I call myself to-day Anaxagoras Chaumette."[4] Such was his manner and people were delighted. As he often drank a drop too much and was, if not drunk, at least "inflamed" by wine, his voice was always veiled with a chronic hoarseness which forced attention and commanded silence; unless that

[1] *Papièrs de Chaumette,* p. 144.

[2] His height when 21 years old was 5 feet, or 1 m. 62.

[3] A few years ago there was discovered among the papers seized in the year II at his house a correspondence so revelatory of his vicious habits that it is not possible to make allusion to it. Regarding the moral character of the procurator of the Commune, see M. F. Braesch's introduction to the *Papièrs de Chaumette,* 1908.

[4] 1. *Moniteur,* December, 1792.

was an additional piece of cleverness, a trick on the part of a vain and free-and-easy orator, anxious to distinguish himself from his brawling colleagues. Such was the man who for more than a year was to be the absolute master of the Temple and who would govern the captivity of the royal family according to the changing exigencies of his popularity and interest.

Hébert, his deputy, before figuring in that quality in the *Almanach national*, has been inscribed in 1786 in the *Almanach des spectacles* as "box-keeper" at the Theatre des Variétés. Driven out of his native town, Alençon, a sorry and ill-dressed individual, he also had idled about Paris, searching for dinners on an empty stomach. Year after year, without a crown in his pocket and living on chance meetings, he accumulated against the rich and the fortunate so much bitterness and rancour that he had them "to sell again." And when the Revolution came he sold them. His scurrilous *Père Duchesne*, his marriage with a secularized nun and above all his dealings at the Ministry of War made him well off. He was violent, cold, master of himself, circumspect and insinuating; cramming his journal with oaths and obscenities, depicting himself on the frontispiece of his paper as a muscular boor with axe in hand, pipe in mouth, cocked hat on head and pistols in his belt, he was, in reality,[1] correct in deportment and puny in appearance. His straight nose, thin lips, distrustful eyes, his chin lost in a high cravat, his impenetrable and suspicious countenance gave him the air of a man on guard, scenting an enemy in every associate and in mortal fear of clear-sightedness. A business speculator, convinced that he was of a stature to combine big intrigues, ambitious of making money, hesitating before no ignominy to attain his goal, honeyed when he chose to be so and easily irritated, he personified calm duplicity and penetrating dissimulation. A terrible man. He also was to prowl about the Temple just as he liked,

[1]According to a sketch by Gabriel in the Carnavalet Museum.

but he did it prudently, not, like others, for the vain curiosity of approaching the prisoners and enjoying their humiliation; but only when one of his sinister combinations commanded it or when he anticipated a personal advantage from the visit.

It would be unjust to conclude from the portraits of these two noteworthy personages that all the members of the Commune—their adulators—were uniformly monsters. The sheepish allurement of some, the incapacity of others, the pleasure of playing a part, of being an important person, of holding an eminent position and profiting by it should an opportunity offer,—such were the motives of the ardour which the majority of them showed in carrying out their duties. But, side by side with these impenitent fanatics, there were many honest men who hid their good nature under austere manners. Even among those whose roughness was inborn and incorrigible were a number of artisans and Parisian shopkeepers who were neither better nor worse than those whom one might recruit nowadays in the same social classes. Greatly flattered by the honour of being the elect of the people, they also felt a sort of dread and embarrassment. At the Hôtel de Ville, amidst the hubbub of the sittings, the noise of drums and patriotic songs, under the fast downpour of Chaumette's orations, perhaps they took themselves seriously, and believed they had become the worthy successors of Brutus, Cocles Horatius and Cassius with whose names—with which they were barely acquainted—the others pestered them. But once left to themselves and face to face with their own conscience they discovered they were timorous and perplexed; when they were no longer under the eye of masters and comrades they felt themselves much less brave; the feelings, beliefs, even prejudices accumulated by atavism since childhood in their adult hearts were not suddenly obliterated by the fact that they wore the municipal scarf and bore the title of commissioner. And here we have an explana-

tion of the embarrassment many of them showed when in the presence of the royal family.

As early as its first sitting the insurrectional Commune had decided that every evening "the names of the commissioners charged with the custody of the King should be drawn by lot from an urn containing the names of all the members of the Council." [1] That was done, without the slightest doubt, at the beginning; but, either because this system did not give satisfaction to impatient ones, or because they regarded chance itself with suspicion, it appeared later prudent to follow, in choosing the commissioners, the alphabetic order of the list of members.[2] Ordinarily the sittings of the Commune began between six and seven in the evening. By granting an hour or two to preliminaries devoted, as Morellet relates, to delegations and patriotic songs, the choice of the commissioners for the Temple was not made before eight o'clock. Supposing that they had set off immediately, that they had called at home for their slippers or night-caps, or with the object of telling their housekeepers where they were going,[3] they would not have reached the prison before nine or ten at night, and this is indeed the time we find set down in all the narratives of municipal representatives who have reported their sentry-duty.[4] They had

[1] Report of the sitting of August 13th, 1792.

[2] As the authentication is of importance, we must explain here on what it is based. The National Archives preserve the daily powers of the Commissioners of the Temple from October 1st, 1793, until the 4th of Thermidor, year II. Now, on making a list of the names inscribed thereon, one notices that, with the exception of casual substitutions, the initials of these names are in alphabetic order:—October 17th, Commissioners: Avril, Arnauld, Berthelin, Deltroit. October 18th, Commissioners: Beaurieux, Beauvallet, Bernard, Bergot. October 19th, Commissioners: Barel, Binet, Cresson, Camus. October 20th, Commissioners: Charlemagne, Chrétien, Cordas, Cochefer. October 22nd, Commissioners: Cellier, Daubancourt, Daujon, Decaudin.

[3] "I had taken the precaution to carry my night-cap with me." Goret's narrative: *Mon témoignage.*

[4] "We arrived at nine o'clock at night. . ." Lepître. *Quelques souvenirs.*—"I reached the Temple a little after ten o'clock at night."

dinner with the eight colleagues they found installed there and, after the meal partaken in common, as they were to remain at the Temple two full days and were "relieved half at a time," the four municipal representatives who had arrived two days before returned home, the four others who had been on guard only twenty-four hours remaining with the new-comers. The uniting of the eight commissioners formed the *Council of the Temple*, and it was always the later arrivals who, about midnight, mounted guard over the prisoners.[1]

On October 25th the family of Louis XVI left M. Berthélemy's apartment and took possession of the big Tower.[2] The single large room on each of the stories had been hastily divided, on the second and third floors, into four rooms of almost equal dimensions, measuring about four metres fifty centimetres by four metres. On the second story ceilings of stretched canvas were improvised, in order to hide the height of the Gothic arches,[3] and as the Tower was without chimneys they had had to block up certain windows with warming apparatus the

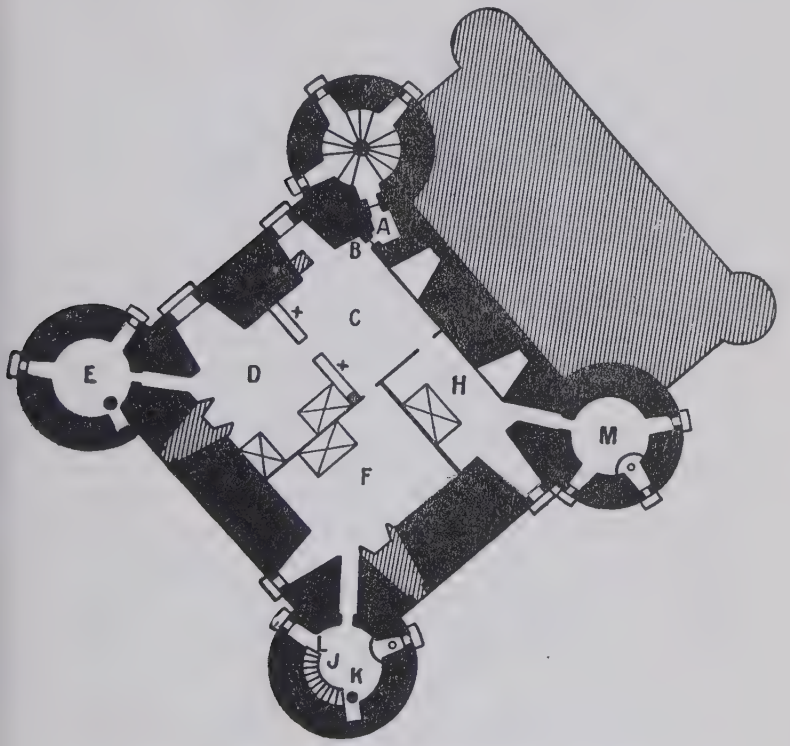
Moëlle. *Six journées passées au Temple.*—"There was a decree of January 14th (1793), confirmed on April 14th, which ordered the door to be closed at eleven o'clock and prohibited it being opened to any person whatsoever after that hour." *Papièrs du Temple* (LV).

[1]This was so at the time of the trial of Louis XVI, when the Council of the Temple was composed of eight commissioners, namely, four appointments a day. After January 21st the number was reduced to four. Afterward it was changed to six, then returned to eight again for a certain time. The composition of the Council, as far as it concerns the time of the incidents set down in this narrative, was regularly four commissioners, first of all relieved two by two. From October, 1793, to the 9th of Thermidor, the commissioners remained no longer than twenty-four hours at the Temple. Four were chosen daily to go in the evening and relieve the four colleagues appointed the day before.—"Duty at the Temple was so disagreeable and the responsibility so dreadful that some of the members fled from the Council when they saw the urn for the drawing of lots brought in, and this gave rise to a decree ordering the commander of the guards of the Commune to conduct to the Temple by force all those members who, having been selected, were not there later than ten o'clock at night. Several were thus taken there." Daujon's narrative, the manuscript of which was in Victorien Tardou's collection of autographs.

[2]The King was installed there alone as early as September 29th.

[3]Cléry.

smoke from which was got rid of outside by means of long sheet-iron pipes secured to the walls and rising to the roof of the donjon.[1]



THIRD STORY OF THE BIG TOWER OF THE TEMPLE
(Apartment of the Queen)

A. Wooden door. B. Iron door. C. Anteroom; wardrobes. D. The Queen's room. E. Toilette room. F. Chamber of Mme. Elizabeth. G. Chamber of the Tison household. J. Water-closets. K. Little stove. L. Stairway leading to the top of the turret. M. Woodhouse.

The second floor was reserved for the King. There were two doors: one of wood, with an iron knocker,[2] the other of iron, and each was furnished with a strong lock

[1] Account of stove-work done at the Temple by Marguerite & Firino, 13, Rue de Paradis. *National Archives,* F⁴, 1306.

[2] Account from Durand, lock-smith. *National Archives.* The same file.

and four bolts. In each, too, was pierced a sliding judas.[1] The anteroom on which they opened was covered with a wall-paper representing freestone. Immediately on the right of the entrance door was a space two metres in depth forming the embrasure of the window supplied with strong bars and an exterior shade. In this embrasure, placed against the wall on the left, was a large semi-circular china stove, the pipe of which passed under the casement.[2] Near the stove and fixed on the wall was an Argand lamp. Facing the window was a glazed partition with two doors, likewise glazed with clear glass.[3] One of these doors was that of the dining-room, a narrow and somewhat dark little room;[4] the other led to the room where Cléry slept. The anteroom was furnished with eight chairs upholstered in pink velvet, a desk and a card-table.[5] On the left of the door, posted up on the wall, was a large picture of the *Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen*, framed with a border in three colours.

The door of the bedroom faced this picture,—a double door with two broad panels opened the whole day and closed only at night. The fireplace, ornamented with a mirror,[6] a clock by Lepaute and two silver candlesticks, was in a line with the door. Bright yellow wall-paper covered the walls.[7] The bed was placed on the left, on entering the room,—a four-post bed with curtains and covers of green damask, a spring mattress, three mattresses covered with fustian, a bolster and its white taf-

[1] Idem.

[2] This stove still exists and is to be seen in the donjon of Vincennes.

[3] Account for painting work done at the Temple by Watin. *National Archives*, F⁴, 1306.

[4] The dining-room measured 4 m. 20 by 3 m. 50.

[5] Temple Commission. Receipt for furniture. October 25th, 1792. Beaucourt, II, 29.

[6] Measuring 48 inches by 38 = 1 m. 30 by 1 m. 12.

[7] "The door-keeper assures me that this colour was specially chosen in order to insult, by a coarse and stupid allusion, the man for whom the room was intended." *Letter on the Temple Prison and the two children of Louis XVI to serve as a supplement to the Memoirs of Cléry.*

feta slip.[1] A *bergère*, an arm-chair, four chairs, a screen,—all upholstered in damask of the same material as the bed curtains, a folding bed for the Dauphin, a chest-of-drawers with a marble top, a desk-table with a green morocco top and a few other objects for personal use[2] completed the furniture. A circular room about three metres in diameter, in the turret adjoining the bedroom, had been arranged as the King's study and contained a small "pedestal" stove with its china stand,[3] two straw-bottomed chairs, and a table.

A passage one metre broad led from the bedroom of Louis XVI to the water-closets *à l'anglaise* installed in the southern turret. The room reserved for Cléry communicated with this corridor by a door which the commissioners closed every night and the key of which they took away, so that if the King wanted his valet's assistance during the night Cléry had to pass through the anteroom to enter his master's bedroom.[4] The dining-room, furnished with a folding table with oak legs, five cane chairs painted gray, a dumb-waiter *à la Turque*, and two corner cupboards, was warmed only by the stove in the anteroom.[5] The glazed door which separated it from this room was without curtains and the eastern turret which prolonged it served as a woodhouse.

The arrangement of the rooms on the third floor, reserved for Marie Antoinette, her daughter and Madame

[1] The bed, like the other pieces of furniture mentioned in the aforementioned account, came from the Palace of the Temple; it had been used by the Captain of the Guards of Comte d'Artois. Cléry's *Journal*.

[2] A mahogany pot cupboard, a mahogany *bidet* with its china receptacle, etc.

[3] *Account for stove articles. National Archives*, F⁴, 1306.

[4] The furniture in Cléry's bedroom consisted of a four-post bed with striped green, red and yellow cover, a chintz-covered arm-chair, four chairs upholstered in blue and white velvet, a chest of drawers with a marble top, a double-doored oak wardrobe, etc. Temple Commission. Receipt for furniture. See also *Revue rétrospective*, 1837, 2nd series, Vol. IX, p. 251.

[5] "On the second floor, only the King's bedroom had a staircase." Lepître.

Elizabeth,[1] was almost the same. The Tison household inhabited the little room situated above the dining-room of the second story; the Queen and Madame Royale occupied the bedroom above that where Louis XVI and his son slept; only, on "the women's story" there was no corridor, and in order to reach the water-closets in the southern turret it was necessary to cross Madame Elizabeth's bedroom, the only doors of which opened on to these water-closets and the anteroom.[2] From these water-closets there ascended a small spiral staircase leading to the top of the turret whence, through narrow loopholes, one could look down on to the way of the rounds situated between the battlements and the slope of the pointed roof of the Tower.

This singularly dry and apparently exaggeratedly minute description is indispensable to whoever would follow intelligently the narratives left us by the actors in the Temple tragedy and would compare them with the documents preserved in our various archives. Topography is a sure criterion by which is to be discerned the more or less exactitude of an account or a report, and everything which does not agree with it may be considered to be imaginary or erroneous. It dissipates certain obscurities with which inevitable legend has surrounded the obligatorily common life led in the royal prison by the prisoners and their jailors.

We have seen the commissioners of the Commune, appointed about eight o'clock at night, dining with their colleagues in the Council Chamber on the ground-floor of the Tower. It was the custom that the last comers should take night sentry-duty in the King's anteroom and in that of the Queen. They drew lots as to who should occupy one or the other of these posts, to which they went about

[1] See the plans of the second and third stories of the big Tower, pp. 18 and 53.

[2] Madame Elizabeth's bedroom, like Cléry's on the lower floor, "was intensely dark." *Letter on the Temple Prison . . . and Cléry.*

midnight,[1] after the "new ones" had become acquainted with the regulations, which consisted "in never losing sight of the prisoners for a single instant, in speaking to them only when answering their questions, in never telling them anything of what was happening, in giving them only the title of *Monsieur* or *Madame*, but in saying nothing which might offend or disturb them, and in always keeping their hats on."[2]

On reaching the anteroom, they found there, on the second as well as on the third floor, a folding bed placed across the closed doorway of the bedroom. On this small mean couch, supplied with summary bedding,[3] the commissioner of the Commune, in all his clothes, stretched himself. He who was in the King's anteroom, heard, throughout the night, in spite of the two doors separating him from the sleeper, a sonorous and regular snore which fully reassured him as to the prisoner's presence;[4] but it was not before day-break that he was able to perceive him. Cléry left his room between six and seven in the morning; the commissioner's bed was folded up and placed in the wood-house;[5] and the valet, accompanied by the municipal representative, entered the King's bedroom. Louis XVI drew aside the curtains of his bed and his first look was at the commissioner on duty. He had a good memory for names and faces, recognizing at long intervals those he had already seen. If it were a stranger, he observed him attentively, without saying a word. Cléry lit the fire in the fire-place and the small stove in the neighboring study, then returned to the King who, sitting on the edge of his bed, was slipping on a dressing-gown. Cléry at once put on his shoes. Louis XVI shaved himself,

[1] See the report of Dorat-Cubières, secretary to the Commune. *Histoire parlementaire de la Révolution* by Buchez and Roux, Vol. XXII, p. 333.

[2] *Verdier's narration.* Beaucourt, Vol. I, p. 239.

[3] Lepître complains of it. *Quelques souvenirs,* etc.

[4] Goret's *Mon témoignage.* Verdier's *Tableau historique.*

[5] Cléry.

but the valet assisted him in his toilet, did his hair, and dressed him.

The dress which the King wore in the Temple was always the same: a pale maroon-coloured coat, lined with fine brown holland, with gilded metal buttons.[1] The municipal representative Moëlle, who sets down these details, reports that, on December 5th, 1792, the first day he was on guard, all this little commotion on rising did not awaken the Dauphin, sleeping soundly on a folding bed placed at the foot of his father's. When the King's toilet was completed, Cléry awakened the young prince whose diverting "prattle" and playful tricks filled the sad room with joy. Whilst Cléry occupied himself with the child, the King read by the fire-side; then, when his son had said his prayers, he withdrew to his study to spend a quarter of an hour reading his breviary or, on days of obligation, the Prayers of the Holy Spirit.

On the third floor, the levee of the Queen and princesses took place just as simply. The room, moreover, lent itself but little to ceremonial. When, about seven o'clock, the municipal representative on duty in the entrance room had, with Tison's assistance, folded up his bed, he waited until Marie Antoinette left her bedroom. She opened her door about eight o'clock and passed into Madame Elizabeth's room; but on crossing the anteroom she cast a "scrutinising" look at the guardian of the day, seeking to discover what the feelings and education of the new commissioner might be. A moment later young Madame Royale appeared on the threshold of the bedroom and also inspected the new-comer. Finally Madame Elizabeth, equally curious to know the man under whose guardianship she was to live until evening, approached in her turn, put a few commonplace questions to the delegate of the Commune, asking, for instance, if it was his first visit to the Temple, in what section he lived, what his

[1] Moëlle. *Six journées passées au Temple.*

trade was, and if he had any children. . . .[1] The three princesses wore a morning déshabillé, a *pierrot* or dressing-gown of white dimity, with a little linen cap or kerchief tied *en charlotte* over the hair. A little before nine o'clock they reappeared dressed in a very simple day gown of white muslin or dark flowered material. The woman Tison, obsequious and cunning, assisted them in their toilet, whilst Tison—very gloomy and acrimonious—was laying the breakfast table in the anteroom.[2] It was the hour at which the wood-carriers Hese and Petit-Ruffin replenished the wood-house, when the water-carrier refilled the jugs and filters, when the lamp-man trimmed the Argand lamps[3] and street-lamps,—a great commotion on the part of the whole staff, whose movement, accompanied by the noise of heavy locks and the metallic clanging of massive doors filled the sonorous spiral staircase with uproar.

At nine o'clock the King and the Dauphin, accompanied by their municipal jailor mounted to the third floor to breakfast with the princesses. The three waiters, Turgy, Marchand and Chrétien, accompanied by the commissioners who had spent the night on the ground floor of the Tower, carried the meal from the distant kitchens and placed on the table coffee, chocolate, a bowlful of warm thick cream, another of hot milk, a decanter of cold syrup, another of cold milk, a third of barley water and a fourth of lemonade, three pats of butter, a plate of fruit, six rolls, three loaves, a sugar basin of powdered sugar, another of lump, and a salt-cellar.[4] According to unanimous testimony, the prisoners were "very sober." The King, without sitting down, broke a piece of bread and drank a glass of lemonade.[5] Cléry served, whilst Turgy

[1] Lepître and Moëlle.

[2] Cléry and Moëlle.

[3] One hundred and seventy-six lamps burnt the whole night at the Temple. Later the number was reduced to 136. The cost was 10 *sols* (5d) per night per lamp. *National Archives*, F[4], 4392. Account from Briet, contractor for the illumination of the Temple.

[4] Verdier's report to the General Council of the Commune. Buchez and Roux, Vol. XXII, p. 355.

[5] Cléry and Moëlle.

and his colleagues stood near the entrance, waiting until the meal was over to carry back to the kitchens the abundant remains, intended for the servants. All the commissioners, also standing, but with their hats on, were on the watch, as were also Tison and his wife behind the glazed partition.

The meal at an end, everyone withdrew to his or her quarters. Louis XVI redescended with his son and, in his bedroom, gave the child a geography lesson. Cléry remained on the third floor to do the ladies' hair, after which he returned to the lower story to occupy himself with the Dauphin, whom he was teaching writing and grammar. The little Prince had a very alert mind and those exercise books of his which have been preserved show great application and constant progress. After studying he took his recreation in the anteroom, the King's door remaining open. From the corner of his fireplace, where he installed himself, Louis XVI watched his son at play. The municipal representative, ordinarily sitting near the stove in the embrasure of the window, continued his long duty, sleeping or reflecting. There is no need "to read between the lines" of the reports addressed by the commissioners of the Temple to the General Council of the Commune, or the narrations which a few of them have left behind, to discern their amazement at finding themselves there and at what they saw. The fact of being able to approach under such circumstances that King and Queen whom but a few months before they had regarded from below as idols they considered an event in their existence. Not one of them escaped from this impression, neither the mason Mercereau, nor the contemptible Dorat-Cubières, nor even the ignoble and knavish Hébert. In the case of the fanatics this feeling was betrayed by an affectation of coarseness or redoubled animosity;[1] but how many others—shop-keepers, employees

[1] Here is how Hébert, in the autumn of 1792, related to the readers of *Père Duchesne* his turn on guard at the Temple:—"My turn came

and people of the lower middle-classes—felt manifest confusion at the part they were clumsily playing, suddenly seized with unacknowledged contrition by the sight of that crushing misfortune supported with so simple a resignation and so rapid and natural an adaptation.

The fact is, the prisoners' attitude toward the commissioners of the Commune revealed itself as very different from that they expected. Historians of the drama of the Temple, through the necessity of synthetising perhaps, or blinded by a party spirit, have generally shown the

—*foutre!* to go, in the quality of municipal representative, and keep guard over the Temple menagerie. I took delight in examining the wild beasts. First of all, picture to yourself the Rhinoceros, foaming with rage at finding himself enchained and panting with the thirst for blood with which he is devoured. There you have, feature for feature, the resemblance to Louis the Traitor, snoring at night like a swine on its dung-heap, and during the day doing nothing but grumble, joyous only when he sees the stew coming, devouring a fattened pullet at a mouthful whilst saying to himself: 'If I could only do the same with a Jacobin, a *sans-culotte!*' As to the Austrian woman, she is no longer that tigress who swam in the torrents of blood she spilt on St. Lawrence's day. She has assumed the treacherous face of a cat; she has an air of mewing meekly; she has drawn in her claws the better to choose her time and still give a few scratches. The little monkeys engendered by this harridan frisk and gambol to amuse those who surround them, but, *foutre!* these hairy *bougres* will not allow themselves to be made fun of; they know he belongs to the monsters who can never be tamed. . . . I was forgetting M. Veto's sister. She's a tall strapping woman who appears to have a good appetite. It's a pity—*foutre!*—she was born of such a race. She has more the air of a big miller's wife than that of an ex-princess. She must have been made by some strong fellow of the markets or by a big lout. Instead of pretending to be proud because, so 'tis said, she sprang from the blood of kings, she ought on the contrary to disown that impure blood in order to marry a payer of arrears who would not make children for her on the sly. . . . As soon as he (Capet) perceived me near his bedside on awakening, he made me a friendly sign and wished to begin a conversation about the rain and the fine weather. But, *foutre!* I made him reserve his honeyed words by keeping silent. . . His wife made eyes at me without effect; she also was at the end of her resources; and they would have continued to think I had become dumb had they not heard me sing the Carmagnole and the song of the Marseillais. . . . What disgusted me whilst I was there was to see this wretched race leading as merry a life in prison as in the past. We must reduce these man-eaters to haricot beans and potatoes, otherwise—*foutre!*—equality is but an idle fancy. We must promptly bring Louis the Traitor to trial, in order not to keep so many people on foot and make such a show in guarding a measly pig. . . ." Le Père Duchesne, No. 173.

personages as stiff as the heroes of a tragedy and have painted them, as is said, "all of a piece": haughty endurance and impassable coldness on the part of the royal family; insolence without respite and base cruelty on the part of all its guardians; unless, for the requirements of a contrary thesis, the latter were not represented to us as models of republican austerity and uprightness and the prisoners as malevolent and impenitent knaves, ungrateful for the material well-being they owed to the generosity of the triumphant people. The truth is less clean-cut, as well as more consistent with the psychology of both. First of all, one would not have found daily, among the two hundred and eighty-eight members of the insurrectional Commune and the hundred and forty-four members of the municipal assemblies which followed it, so many torturers or so many Brutuses; then, the too excellent man that Louis XVI was did not seem to lay up against his guardians the slightest malice. Did not his duty as a King, his conscience as a great Christian, oblige him to consider them as his subjects, his children, to pardon them, willingly, for their momentary error? He sought for opportunities of holding familiar converse with them, and apologized if—as happened very rarely—he showed impatience. As to the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, whose more susceptible delicacy must have suffered more from the lack of education and continued presence of these annoying commissioners, they made efforts—sometimes selfishly—to find in their conversation momentary forgetfulness and profitable relaxation.—"I did not recognise the prisoners in the haughty tone Cléry attributes to them. . . .[1] On the contrary, I found them affable, simple and even gay . . ." writes the municipal representative Verdier; and numerous little facts confirm his assertion. It was Marie Antoinette who, on seeing an evidently embarrassed "fresh-arrival" enter, said to him kindly: "Draw near, sir; you will be able to see to read

[1]In his memoirs.

much better where we are."—It was Madame Elizabeth who came and leaned on the back of a chair occupied by a commissioner and began to sing an arietta.—Again it was the Queen who, having taken from a drawer "a few curl-papers," unfolded them before the commissioner to show him her children's hair. Then she rubbed her hands with a perfume and passed them in front of his face so that he could smell "the very sweet odour" of her favourite scent.[1] If the municipal officer had already been on guard at the Temple he was welcomed, on being recognised, with an amiable "we are very glad to see you." Later the old harpischord which was in Madame Elizabeth's bedroom was to give rise to little diverting gatherings. A representative of the Commune having struck a few notes on the instrument and found it to be horribly out of tune, it was repaired the same day, and when the commissioners on duty were "regular comers" little concerts were given there.[2]

The little Dauphin found grace in the eyes of the most arrogant. His prettiness, beauty, vivacity and intelligence charmed even those demagogues who were reputed to be the most irreducible. Hébert, when he was not writing for the subscribers of his ignoble journal, did not hide the interest which this son of Kings inspired in him. "I've seen the little child of the Tower," he said one day at a dinner at Pache's. "He is as beautiful as the day and as interesting as can be. He plays the king marvellously well. I'm fond of playing a game of draughts with him. The day before yesterday he asked me if the people were still unhappy. 'That's a great pity,' he replied

[1] Goret, *passim.*

[2] This harpsichord is not put down in the Temple inventories. Perhaps, like most of the other furniture of the Big Tower, it came from the Temple Palace, the former residence of the Prince de Conti. It would be curious if the harpsichord of the royal prison were found to be that which is depicted in Ollivier's picture in the Louvre, and on which Mozart played, at this very Temple, on the occasion of the chamber concerts of the gallant prince.

after I had answered in the affirmative." [1] In a pretty costume,—a grayish green kerseymere coat, a shirt collar that left the neck free and fell on to the shoulders, a frill of pleated lace, a waistcoat of white dimity, and trousers of similar cloth to that of the coat,—with his beautiful flaxen hair, laughing eyes, lively countenance and clear voice, the Dauphin ran about in the anteroom which, when they did not descend to the garden, served as his playground. There, unconcerned by the commissioners, he played at battledore and shuttlecock, or nine-pins; he seemed to understand the disarming power of his eight years, the touching prestige of his innocence. On posterity he exercises the same attraction and chroniclers have taken unfair advantage of this to attribute to him profound replies and attitudes of indomitable pride which have travestied his childish physiognomy. So many manifestly invented "sayings" of the unfortunate recluse of the Temple have been quoted that the historian must regard this too attractive chronicle with distrust. We shall set down here only those collected by contemporaries or witnesses of his lamentable existence. In truth, he was a child of singular precocity; "he knew quite well that he was in prison and watched by enemies." [2] But, for fear of afflicting his father or dear mamma, whom he adored, he made no allusion to anything unusual which had happened in his life," and never spoke of either the Tuileries or Versailles." He also was curious to know who the jailors of the day would be. When he recognised one of them to be among those who showed deference and pity toward the royal family, he ran to the Queen and announced the news to her: "Mamma, to-day it's Monsieur So-and-so. . . ." [3] He showed no fear of these men with tricoloured scarves, but approached them without timidity, hoping to

[1] *Correspondance de d'Antraignes,* quoted by M. A. Mathiez in *Conspiration de l'Etranger,* p. 204.
[2] Cléry.
[3] Cléry.

be able to make a favourable report to his parents of the welcome he had received. One day, having drawn near very quietly, he looked at the title of the volume which a commissioner seated in the anteroom was holding in his hand, and, overjoyed by his discovery, returned very rapidly to whisper in the ear of that great reader of Latin authors, the King: "Papa, that gentleman over there is reading Tacitus."[1]

Cléry reports a touching and certainly authentic anecdote. He used to put the young prince to bed about nine o'clock, then withdraw to make room for the Queen and princesses who came to kiss the child in his bed. Later he returned to prepare the King's bed. One evening, Madame Elizabeth, on wishing her nephew good-night, slipped into his hand a little box of lozenges, saved from the commissioners' searches, and asked him to give it to Cléry who had a cold. On that particular day Louis XVI sat up late, reading and praying in his turret, so that the valet did not open the King's bed until eleven o'clock. Whilst doing this he heard the Dauphin calling to him in a low voice. Uneasy at finding he was not yet asleep, Cléry expressed his surprise. "The fact is," explained the child, "my aunt gave me this box for you and I did not want to go to sleep until I had done so. . . . You were just in time . . . my eyes had already closed several times. . . ."

That act, which already foreshadowed a strength of will out of the ordinary, may be compared with another related by a gazetteer of the period who probably heard it from one of the commissioners on duty. On one occasion, at dinner, the Dauphin looked with a longing air at an apple, whereupon Madame Elizabeth said to him: "You appear to desire that apple, and yet you don't ask for it?"—"Aunt," he replied in a serious tone, "my character is frank and firm. Had I desired that apple I

[1] Moëlle.

should have asked for it at once."[1] It was not that he was not, like all children, fond of dessert. After his father's example he had a great fondness for *brioche.* On a certain day one was placed on the table and he received his share. When the remains of the cake were about to be removed from the table the Dauphin exclaimed: "If you like, Mamma, I will show you a cupboard where you can lock up the remains of the *brioche.*"—"And where is that cupboard?" asked the Queen.—"Here," replied the Dauphin, pointing to his mouth.[2]

These meals, which, at two o'clock, assembled the whole of the royal family in the small fireless dining-room on the second floor, were served luxuriously. The table—after the municipal representatives had explored underneath to make sure that no conspirator was hidden there[3]—was covered with fine table-linen from the linen-room of the Temple Palace;[4] the silver placed on it was sufficient;[5] and the menu, on ordinary days, included three soups and two courses consisting of four *entrées,* two roasts each of three pieces, and four *entremets.* On Fridays, ember-days or on the eve of feasts, they served four meatless *entrées,* three or four with meat, two roasts and four or five *entremets.*[6] As dessert there were "a plate of pastry," three compotes, three plates of fruits and three pats of butter. The King alone drank wine and very moderately, so there was placed within his

[1] *Courrier français,* December 28th, 1792.
[2] *Révolution de Paris,* December 26th, 1792.
[3] Turgy.
[4] "Two large damask tablecloths at 500 *livres* each . . .," etc. *National Archives,* AA 53, 1486. The linen was marked G.P. (Grand Priory).
[5] "A soup tureen, 18 double covers, 4 ragoût spoons, 1 soup-spoon, 8 tea-spoons, 1 for the powdered sugar, etc." *National Archives,* AA 53, 1486.
[6] Verdier's report. Buchez and Roux, XXII, p. 355. Madame Royale writes: "My aunt kept the whole of Lent (in 1794) strictly eating hardly enough to keep herself alive. She had no breakfast, at luncheon only a bowl of coffee, and at dinner some bread." Verdier in his report notes that the King was scrupulously abstinent on fast days, but not the Queen nor the two princesses.

reach a bottle of champagne and three decanters containing Bordeaux, Malmsey and Madeira wines. The other diners drank only water. The Queen was served with a certain water from Ville d'Avray which she preferred to all others.[1] Louis XVI cut up the meat and his skill was remarkable.[2] Pies and—as we have seen—*brioche* were his favourite viands. Cléry ordered them every week and they were served two days in succession.[3] During the meal the municipal representatives stood on guard and always with covered heads. The King conversed with them, "talking to the lawyers and doctors about Greek and Latin authors, and to the workmen about their calling."[4] Sometimes certain commissioners, through stupidity or fear, became annoying. One of them had the macaroons broken to see if a note were not hidden inside; whilst another ordered that the peaches be opened in his presence and the stones be cracked.[5]

When Louis XVI rose from table he took care that the dishes were placed very exactly in the stove in the anteroom for Cléry's luncheon and he pointed out to him "those which had seemed to him to be the best."[6] Then, standing near this stove,[7] he drank his coffee, the others playing

[1] Bill for Ville d'Avray water and ice supplied for use at the Temple by order of the canteen-keeper Gagnié, and brought by Guermont's carriage from Versailles to Paris. *National Archives*, F[7], 4392, document 266. Each transport cost 10 *livres;* there were from nine to ten per month.

[2] Moëlle.

[3] Cléry.

[4] Cléry.

[5] The same.

[6] The same. The royal family acted in the same manner toward all its servants. At the time when M. Hue was still at the Temple, the municipal representative Daujon wrote: "I was singularly surprised at the acts of courtesy and little attentions bestowed by Marie Antoinette on him (Hue). They would not have touched a tasty morsel without M. Hue having his share of it. 'You like this, so we have kept some of it for you.' Absent or present, he was ever the subject of their thoughts. 'He gives himself so much trouble! He is so obliging!' I believe she would have waited upon him had she dared."

[7] Cléry writes "near the large stove of the dining-room." Manifestly an error. There was neither stove nor fire-place in the dining-room. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth doubtless also took coffee. Ver-

a hand at piquet, a game of draughts or backgammon, whilst the children resumed their noisy frolics. If the commissioners were playing among themselves at dominoes the King would draw near, turn the game topsy-turvy, and amuse himself by raising fragile constructions, very adroitly built, by means of the little blocks of ivory and ebony.[1] Or else he walked backward and forward, from the end of his room to the door of the staircase; and raising his eyes toward the top of the window, obstructed outside by a chimney funnel made of boards, asked what the weather was like.[2] At four o'clock he withdrew to his room to rest, the little prince returned to his lessons, and the princesses ascended to their apartment until the dinner hour.

Under this innocent outward show, these regularly commonplace habits, were hidden a number of artifices. Notwithstanding their constantly anxious distrust, the commissioners were duped by their prisoners. Under the very eyes of their guardians, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth received news from the outside, exchanged communications and were kept accurately informed regarding political events. The waiter Turgy was the inventor of a telegraphic language, understandable only to initiates. Should it happen that, whilst carrying out his duties in the course of a meal, he rubbed his right eye,—that signified that the armies of the Republic were in retreat. When he passed his hand through his hair, this meant that the Convention was occupying itself with the royal family; and so on. . . . The right hand was reserved for favourable news, every gesture with the left hand signifying a bad one. Turgy even passed notes. As little white paper caps were used, instead of corks, over the tops of the milk of almonds decanters, an agreed-upon sign informed the princesses that one of these papers

dier's report mentions *four* cups served after each meal, one of them, evidently, for Cléry.

[1]Goret.

[2]The same.

bore some message or other traced with sympathetic ink —lemon juice or extract of gall-nut.—Either when passing the dishes or by other stratagems, he slipped notes into Madame Elizabeth's hand, or hid them in the hot-air grating of the stove.[1]

This correspondence never slacked from August, 1792 to September, 1793. The animated games of the Dauphin and his sister, romping about the anteroom, the prisoners' affability toward the municipal warders were so many means of diverting the latters' attention and exchanging some secret rapidly. Moreover, Cléry often received visits from his wife. Generally she was accompanied by one of her friends, Mme. Beaumont, whom she introduced as a relative. The only place where Cléry was allowed to speak to her was in the Council Chamber and in the presence of the warders, but in an agreed-upon language he entrusted the two women with commissions and received precious information from them. Through the agency of these two were engaged the services of "the hawker" who every day came to the environs of the Temple to shout in the silence of the night the news of the day.[2]

This Council Chamber was the headquarters of the superintendence of the Temple. First of all installed in the palace, it was transferred to the Tower at the beginning of December 1792. It occupied the sole room on the ground floor, a huge chamber with an area of about 60 metres and the Gothic arches of which descended to a massive central column. Placed there were four beds for the commissioners, their desk, the desk reserved for Cléry, and nine cupboards, including that in which were kept, under lock and key, the registers in which the municipal officers set down their deliberations and copied their correspondence with the Hôtel de Ville.[3] Bells

[1] Turgy.
[2] Cléry.
[3] "The commissioners on guard at the King's must keep an account diary of all that happens there."—*General Council of the Commune,*

connected the Council Chamber with the prisoners' apartments, as well as with the first floor of the Tower, occupied by the guard—some forty citizen-soldiers who slept on camp-beds.[1] It was also in the Council Chamber that the municipal representatives had their meal with the officers of the national guard on duty at the prison,—a total of ten or twelve covers.[2] At first they had resource to the services of an eating-house keeper who, for the sum of four *livres* a day, supplied breakfast, luncheon and dinner, with the addition of a small cup of coffee or a glass of brandy;[3] but there were complaints, so the Commune decided that the prisoners' kitchens should also cook for the Temple Council. This was a piece of rare good fortune for certain of these men, little accustomed to carefully prepared food.[4] Prudence dictated that a bottle of spirits for the whole company should be served only at the end of the meal, but the refusal of some was to the advantage of those fond of alcohol. On one occasion Lepître saw the municipal representative Léchenard[5] swallow a pint at a draught before ascending to mount guard in the Queen's anteroom. The next day his bed and the floor of the room "bore witness to his intemperance." When Marie Antoinette opened her door at eight in the morning

sitting of August 21st, 1792.—"The Council decrees that the Temple registers must be transcribed in the presence of the commissioners by a confidential clerk entrusted with this work, and that these registers be deposited in the Archives of the Commune."—Commune of Paris, sitting of the third day of the second month of the year II (October 24th, 1793). The Temple registers existed, then, in the form of *originals and copies.*

[1] "For the camp-beds of the guard on the first floor, six strong iron straps. . ., etc." Bill from Durant, locksmith. *National Archives,* F 4, 1306.—"A large cast-iron stove, square. . ." Bill from Marguerite & Firino, stove-dealers. *National Archives,* the same file.

[2] Lepître.

[3] Verdier's *Tableau historique.*—"In the beginning the food was so unwholesome that we always left the table with colic; it was only a few months later that it became the same as that served to the prisoners." Daujon's narrative.

[4] Lepître.

[5] Jean François Léchenard, tailor. Bon Conseil section. Thirty-five years old in 1792.

she recoiled in terror, crying to Madame Elizabeth: "Sister, don't leave your room!"

This was doubtless an isolated case, yet it was rumoured in Paris that they lived well at the commissioners' table and indulged in libations of a nature to compromise their dignity. In October, 1792, there was "the Orgy of the Temple" affair, on which we are not very well informed. It seems to be proved that, at the close of the dinner, the lights were put out and the punch lit; that the coffee-house keeper who supplied the brandy was there "with his wife"; that he "disguised his face," and that Citizen James, one of the commissioners, a geometrician and professor of English, being overjoyed by this little fête, wished to play leap-frog and passed over the head of his colleague Jérôme.[1] "The Orgy of the Temple" caused a big scandal, but Chaumette, already anxious at that time to maintain silence about everything which happened at the royal prison, proposed to the General Council "to bury the affair, which, according to him, was but a fresh means of sullying the Revolution." [2] Nevertheless, tradition establishes the fact that they ate copiously in the Temple Council Chamber, that they came there expressly to regale themselves. At the sitting of the Commune on November 28th, Marino [3] fulminated against "certain members of the Convention who, recently sent to the Temple, ventured to partake of cheer so good that it was insulting; amongst others Gorsas," he specified, "whom I myself have seen filling his paunch."[4] Already Manuel had

[1]Nicolas Jérôme, turner, 213 Rue Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie. Arcis section.

[2]Braesch's *Commune du 10 août,* p. 1101.

[3]Marino Jean Baptiste, pewter and china-dealer. No. 198 Maison Egalité, Montague section.

[4]*Courrier français* of November 30th, quoted by Braesch. "It was also necessary to forbid entering the Temple those parasitic ex-members of the Commune of August 10th who, without anything justifying their presence, and with no other title than the fear they inspired, were in the habit of coming to take their meals at the Council's table." Moëlle.

democratically proposed to replace the whole kitchen attached to the prison "by a single woman who, in a citizen-like manner, would have put on the *pot-au-fer* daily, as much for the prisoners as for their warders." [1] But with that low diet the Council Chamber would have lost its chief attraction, and nobody would have been found to consent to guard the "precious hostages."

For, in general, the members of the Commune, once the vanity of playing a part had been satisfied, did not show themselves very eager in the carrying out of their duties. There was a time when the General Council had to send gendarmes to fetch those of its members whom it had chosen to go to the Temple. Even the sittings of the Commune were deserted, as, for instance, on a certain evening when, out of two hundred and eighty-eight municipal representatives, only nineteen were sitting at the Hôtel de Ville.[2] These sorry people had quickly tired of their ephemeral glory, and that explains the sort of indifference with which, in the majority of cases, they carried out sentry-duty near the dethroned King. If we make an exception of certain fanatics, such as the stone-cutter Mercereau,[3] who, in a leather apron and "the filthiest clothes," settled himself on the Queen's sofa and monopolised the place opposite the King's fire-place, or Jacques Roux, an ex-priest, who, whilst on guard in the "women's" anteroom, sang at the top of his voice the whole night,[4] the others went there without curiosity, as without enthusiasm,—wearied by an unpleasant task from which they did not derive the hoped-for satisfaction. More lacking in ability than vicious, they were obedient to the impulsion they received. As one of them, Jean

[1]Verdier. *Tableau historique* and *Courrier français,* November 30th.

[2]Braesch's *Commune du 10 août,* p. 1104.

[3]Mercereau, René Charles, Rue des Armandiers, French Panthéon section. Regarding Mercereau, see Cléry and Lepître. Mercereau presided over the sitting of the General Council of the Commune on December 11th 1792. Beaucourt, CXXX.

[4]Lepître.

Chevalier, confessed: "We are an *omnium gatherum* of men, almost the majority of whom are inept. Some of these are honest men, others have no other principles than those of unbridled democracy, and a few are real scoundrels. One must, in general, speak their language. . . ." [1] Moëlle, referring specially to the Temple Council to which he belonged on various occasions, wrote: "I saw there hardly any other save honest but weak men, controlled by fear and events." [2] Unfortunately, when these pitiable demagogues were assembled at the Hôtel de Ville and subjected to the disorderly eloquence of Chaumette or the suspicious glance of Hébert they thought it their duty to show that "they were not behindhand," to rival them in cynicism, stupidity and meanness. They had their revenge then for the embarrassed, almost shamefaced attitude they maintained in the presence of the Temple prisoners, and inveighed at a distance against that unfortunate Queen and King whom, when near, they dared to annoy but timidly. The reading of the Temple reports at the Commune led every night to higher bidding in cowardly coarseness. They set their wits to work to designate Louis XVI under the most grotesque nicknames: "Louis the Last," "Louis the Traitor," "Louis of the Tower," "the royal individual". . . . The first person who applied to him the ridiculous appellation of "Monsieur Capet" was certainly understood by only a very small number; but it raised a laugh and scored the greatest success.[3] At one time it was Charbonnier, a hosier, who, doubtless having heard the Dauphin recite to his mother the Imprecations of Camille or some other passage from a classical poet, reported that the ex-Queen and her ex-sister-in-law "taught the child only the most bloody tragedies"; and he concluded: "they are so volup-

[1] Verdier. *Tableau historique.*
[2] *Six journées passées au Temple.*
[3] It was at the sitting of the General Council of the Commune of September 3rd. 1792, that this insult seems to have been used for the first time.

tuous that there is not a *fille* of the Rue Saint-Jean-Saint-Denis who can be compared to them." [1] At another it was a municipal representative who, perhaps unable to read, expressed indignation at the number of works in Latin asked for by the King. "He is assured of hardly a fortnight's existence and the books he demands would suffice to occupy the longest life. . . ." A third criticised the ancient authors whose works were placed in the hands of the little Capet.—"Authors whom we ought to cast far from us because of our new ideas." Let him be given rather "the life of Cromwell, that of Charles IX and the details of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day!" One evening the physician Leclerc, after reporting that the daughter of Louis XVI was afflicted with an eruption on her cheek, added: "It would be a pity if this eruption remained, for the girl Capet has a pretty face; it is a masterpiece of Nature. . . ." The president was furious and protested: "The serpent's skin is also a masterpiece of Nature." [2] And when the King was suffering and the bulletin drawn up by his doctors was read, Hébert demanded in the name of Equality "that they also read the bulletin of all the sick prisoners. . . ." One would like to know the name of the municipal representative who, feeling ashamed for Paris on account of so many absurdities and imbecilities, dared one night to say before the whole Commune: "Formerly there existed flatterers of Kings; but now that Kings are no more, there are flatterers of the people. I never belonged to the former and still less shall I be among the latter." [3]

Thus, each day brought, by the malignant instigation of the Commune, a fresh humiliation or a refinement of torture. On December 11th, as Louis XVI was giving

[1] In his stupidity the hosier went too far and was hooted. *Courrier français* of October 28th, 1792, sitting of the General Council of the 26th. The Journal notes: "By its murmurs the General Council disapproved of these last words which at one and the same time offend humanity and decency."

[2] *Courrier français* of November 22nd, 1792, quoted by Braesch.

[3] *Courrier français* of November 25th, 1792, quoted by Braesch.

his son a reading lesson—the last one!—two municipal representatives appeared and announced that they had come to fetch the young Louis to take him to his mother. The King embraced a long time the child whom he was to see no more before the heart-rending interview of January 20th. On that evening, whilst, in the little dining-room, all the royal family in tears pressed close against the condemned man; whilst, in the anteroom, the silent commissioners watched through the panes; whilst, in the turret adjoining the King's bedroom, the Abbé de Firmont absorbed himself in his prayers to endeavour not to hear the cries of sorrow which reached him; [1] whilst the little Dauphin, choking with tears, implored the commissioners to allow him to go and ask pardon, on his knees, of the gentlemen of the Paris sections "so that his father should not die;" [2] whilst, at the other side of Paris, men were digging a grave in a snow-covered garden,[3] the Commune, at last reaching the goal toward which all its efforts had been directed for five months, declared that it would hold permanent sittings the whole of the next day. Its triumph, however, was joyless. Although Chaumette presided, consternation reigned over the assembly. If we make an exception of the fanatics, who affected a swaggering attitude, the others, terrified at what they had done, hardly dared to look at each other. "Why put HIM to death"; they said, "why not send him to Austria? He will do no more harm than those of his family who are there." [4] Yet no one had the boldness to protest. What was the good? "They feared that a sad and dejected air would offend the defiant eye of the rascals."[5] When they proceeded to appoint commissioners to be on duty

[1]Account by the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont.

[2]*La Révolution de 92, journal de la Convention nationale,* January 21st, 1793.

[3]General Council of the Commune, sitting of January 20th. Report of the burial of Louis Capet. *National Archives,* CC. 853. The order to prepare the grave had been given on the 20th to M. Picavez, Curé of the Madeleine.

[4]Goret.

[5]Lepître.

at the Temple on the 21st, extreme repugnance was manifested."[1] It was much more than that when it was necessary to select two members of the Commune to attend the execution. The report bears traces of the movement of terror with which the motion was received; it was proposed that lots be drawn,—and this was adopted, but immediately they changed their minds. And so Bernard and Jacques Roux[2] "who offered themselves spontaneously," were appointed "by acclamation."[3] The next day, when, at dawn, after a rainy night resounding with the sinister beating of drums to arms, the permanent sittings began, "but a small number of municipal representatives, all in mournful silence,"[4] were on the benches. Perhaps, on that tragic morning, the most short-sighted realised, as Beaudrais wrote later, "that the Commune had not come off with honour during the whole of the time the prisoners at the Temple had been under supervision; it had failed to reconcile what it owed to humanity and adversity with the precautions necessitated by those committed to their keeping; up to the last moment they gave the *devout* Capet ground for believing himself to be a predestined martyr and for praising himself on account of the bad behaviour they never ceased to show toward him. . . ."[5] The impression of terror—perhaps remorse—was so general that, during the two hours of terribly anxious waiting which elapsed between the departure from the Temple and the fall of the royal head, and with courriers charged to inform the Council of the slightest incidents on the route continually arriving, the assembly beheld with stupefaction the crazy Hébert, giving way to his nerves, suddenly burst into sobs. And as an excuse for his weakness he said: "The tyrant was very fond of my dog; he often patted it. That comes to my mind now. . . ."[6]

[1] Moëlle.
[2] Report of January 20th.
[3] Goret.
[4] The same.
[5] *Les Révolutions de Paris,* No. 185.
[6] Buchez and Roux. *Histoire parlementaire,* XXIII, p. 313.

III

PLOTS

If that sombre day, January 21st [1] was lived by Paris in a state of stupor, it passed on the third story of the Tower in anguish and despair. At six in the morning the prisoners heard a knocking at their door. Someone had come to ask for "Mme. Tison's prayer-book for the King's mass." [2] Later they distinguished the noise of a great stir in the staircase and courtyards, and at half past ten distant volleys of artillery [3] and shouting in the streets dispelled their last illusions. We have some indication that at that solemn and terrible moment the suffocating Queen, raising her son who, in agonized prayer, was pressing against her knees, saluted him as King of France, according to ancient custom, and such, in that narrow chamber, echoing with sobs and cries of sorrow,[4] was the coronation of that child whose little fair head was never to wear the crown of France.[5] Outside France all

[1]Although certain journals contend that the event made no change whatever in the customary appearance of Paris and that "the people were on a level with their sovereignty," others confess the deep impression produced by the King's execution. "Silence and terror everywhere. . . ." *Semaine parisienne.*—"A mournful stupor reigned throughout the city. . . ." *Annales de la République français.*—"A frigid calm reigns to-day. . . ." *La Révolution de 92.*—"It is useless to hide the fact—Paris is plunged in stupor. . . ." *Journal français.*

[2]Madame Royale.

[3]Cléry.

[4]"The Queen was choking with sorrow, the young prince burst into tears, Madame Royale uttered piercing cries. . ." Turgy.

[5]Madame Royale says nothing about this scene, the reality of which can be inferred only from a phrase written by Turgy twenty-four years later. This was in 1817, when Mathurin Bruneau, one of the numerous pretenders to the quality of "the Dauphin who escaped from the Temple," was living in the prisons of Rouen. Turgy, who was then valet and usher of the boudoir to Madame Royale, who

governments welcomed him with the traditional cry: "The King is dead, long live the King!" and even in Paris a paper, *Le Véridique*, dared to print the following: "It is certain that the common wishes of the Nation and the majority of the people of Europe neither favour a French Republic nor believe in the possibility of a republic in France. They believe that the death of Louis XVI has made one saint more, and a new King. Some day we shall occupy ourselves with the saint; let us attend to the most pressing matter—the King. . . . This King is the son of Louis XVI; the only thing to do is to appoint a regent for him." Perhaps, from that day, the alluring perspective of such a regency began to fascinate some of the favourites of the Revolution who, intoxicated with their popularity, were already dreaming of fabulous destinies and foresaw the tutelage of the little King of the Temple as a goal accessible to their worth and renown.

After the King's departure for the scaffold, Cléry took refuge in his bedroom in tears. The Queen asked for him several times, but it was pointed out to her that Cléry

had become the Duchesse d'Angoulême, retained some doubt regarding the death of the son of Louis XVI, for he thought fit to put seven questions to the prisoner of Rouen. According to the more or less accurate manner in which Bruneau replied to them, Turgy, or those who had urged him to take this very imprudent step, took the right to base his opinion on the pretender. His first question was as follows: "What occurred on January 21st when they heard the guns being fired? What did your aunt say then and *what did they do for you out of the ordinary?*" *National Archives* F^{7}, 6979. If we refer to Turgy's narration, published only in 1818, that is one year after the Bruneau trial, we read: "The execrable January 21st arrived. About ten in the morning the Queen wished to persuade her children to take some food. . . ." We may conclude from this that Turgy had, as usual, brought in the breakfast and that, stationed in the anteroom waiting until the royal family in tears consented to approach the table, he witnessed a scene of which he does not speak in his *Recollections*. Moreover, we shall see that, from January 21st, young Louis XVII was treated as a King by his mother, aunt and sister, and such are the indications which allow one to suppose that "what was done, that morning, for the Dauphin *out of the ordinary*" was a sort of coronation of his new-born royalty.

being "in a terrible state" could not come before her.[1] However, about noon, he descended to the Council Chamber and declared to the commissioners that the King, on leaving his bedroom, had handed him several objects intended for the Queen. Cléry placed them on the commissioners' table. They consisted of Louis XVIth's wedding-ring,[2] a silver watch-seal and finally "a little packet" on which the condemned man had written "hair of my wife, sister and children." [3] At five in the evening the commissioners placed seals on the doors of the King's apartment,[4] but not without having first of all authorised Cléry to take the linen which belonged to him, as well as that of the Dauphin, from the cupboards. They then installed the valet, who found himself without a place to live in, in one of the rooms of the Little Tower.[5] Goret, one of the municipal representatives on guard that day,[6] after a short visit to the Queen who asked him for mourning "of the simplest kind," went, about nine at night, to request Cléry to come down to the Council Chamber for supper. Cléry consented but not without reluctance. General Santerre with a few officers of his staff had been invited to the commissioners' table, and he took a delight in relating the execution of the tyrant, going into details and flattering himself for his decisive beating of the drums.

[1]Goret.

[2]Inside this ring were engraved the initials M. A. A. A. (Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria) and the date 19th April, 1770.

[3]Temple papers.

[4]Seals of green wax with impress of a seal marked with the initials M. T. (*Maison du Temple*) and a Phrygian cap.

[5]Temple papers.

[6]In addition to Goret there were present the mason Mercereau,—Douce, Louis Charles, a working builder, 32 years, Croix-Rouge section,—Figuet, Claude, architect, Théâtre-Français section,—Beaudrais (or Baudrais), Jean Baptiste, man of letters, Bibliothèque section,—Pelletier, François, wine-shop keeper, 31 years, Poissonnière section,—Grouvelle, Jean François, jeweller-watchmaker, Nôtre-Dame section,—Minier, Alexandre, jeweller, Pont-Neuf section,—Jou, Alexandre, Jean Baptiste, Bon Conseil section,—Deschamps-Destournelles, Louis Grégoire, director general of registration, Bibliothèque section,—Pécoul, Nicolas, linen-draper, Halles section,—Bourdier, Joseph François, doctor, 34 years, Fontaine-Grenelle section.

Cléry rose from the table and left the room on receiving a sign from Goret, who rejoined him in his bedroom and passed the night with him.[1]

The only modifications made in the Temple regulations in consequence of the death of Louis XVI were the reduction of the number of commissioners [2] to six and the suppression of the walks in the garden, the Queen having refused to descend the staircase and pass in front of the door of the apartment her husband had inhabited. They did not return, then, to the little dining-room on the second floor, on which, moreover, seals had been placed; they continued to serve dinner and supper in the Queen's anteroom as they had done since all communication had been forbidden between the King and his family. The meals were as copious and as carefully prepared as before, but "less splendidly served." [3] The Queen and Madame Elizabeth "accorded the young prince the rank and pre-eminence" to which his "accession" gave him a right.[4] Tison and the commissioners did not interfere, either because they failed to see what was being done, or because the waiters—all three devoted, as we know, to the prisoners—carried out their duties with discretion. One of them, however, Pierre Bernard [5] sat down, one day, un-

[1] Goret.

[2] General Council of the Commune, sitting of January 21st.

[3] Goret.

[4] The same. *Le Courrier français* of April 4th, 1793, published a pseudo-letter from Marie Antoinette, discovered, it was said, at Chantilly and addressed to the Comte de Provence who had been proclaimed Regent of France. Manifestly the letter is a forgery. In it we read, amongst other absurdities: "Since I received your letter I have proclaimed the Dauphin King of the French. I regard him as though he had been appointed by the whole nation. When he rises in the morning I find out from those around me if the King has spent a good night and if he desires breakfast. At all his meals he eats alone, and I, as well as his sister and aunt, set to work to serve him, taking our meals only after he has finished. When evening comes I ask if the King desires to retire to rest. In brief, I regard him as his deceased father was regarded in all the splendour of the former court . . .," etc.

[5] A sworn priest, chaplain at the Hôpital de la Pitié, and who must not be confused with Jacques Claude Bernard, another priest who also took the oath to the Civil Constitution in 1790. Pierre Bernard, a married man, was one of the two commissioners sent

ceremoniously on the chair reserved for the little King—a seat higher than the others and provided with a cushion. Tison had to undertake to dislodge the municipal representative, which was no easy thing, the lout protesting "that he had never seen prisoners use chairs and that straw was good enough for them." [1]

Thus, of the two superposed apartments, at first intended as the residence for the royal family, only one remained for it, and this it never left except to take the air from time to time on the narrow embattled platform which ran around the roof of the Tower.[2] Eight persons lived in an uncomfortable and continual promiscuity in the four small rooms of the third floor. The Queen and her two children lived in one of the bedrooms, Madame Elizabeth occupied the other.[3] The Tisons kept house in the third, and the two commissioners on guard set up their beds in the anteroom, where they spent the whole night and the whole day. As to Cléry, he was to appear no more, notwithstanding the Queen's insistence; he remained confined in a bedroom in the Little Tower, taking his meals in the council room.[4] At the end of February he was ordered to leave the Temple and had to do so on

by the Commune to the King's execution and entrusted to draw up a report of it.

[1] Lepître, who records the fact, does *not* say that this seat had the appearance of a throne, but, on the contrary, that it had been arranged in such a manner that the child was better able to reach his plate.

[2] They ascended there for the first time "about twelve days after the King's death."—Moëlle.

[3] At least this appears to be so, judging by the following passage in the *Journal de Madame Royale:* "My brother had a very high fever in February, 1793. My aunt had the kindness to come and take my place in my brother's room, so that I need not sleep in the fever-ladened air; she used my bed and I went to sleep in her room." We may, it is true, interpret these lines in another manner and admit that the Queen and Madame Elizabeth lived together in one of the two bedrooms, the other being occupied by the Dauphin and his sister. But apart from the fact that this combination would have isolated the two children in a room without direct communication with the first, it appears to be in contradiction with every tradition and all the narratives of the captivity.

[4] Cléry's admission to the commissioner's table, awaiting the decision of the General Council. Temple papers XXXVII.

March 1st, without seeing either his young master or the prisoners again.

During the two first months of the King's captivity, the Commune was very embarrassed in meeting the cost of the maintenance of its hostages and the transformation of the Temple into a State prison. In the joy of triumph it had not shown a niggardly spirit as regards expenses. Moreover, had not the Legislative Assembly, on August 12th, voted a sum of 500,000 *livres*, payable in eighths and to be deducted from the needs of Louis XVI and his family until the meeting of the National Convention? By the middle of October the Commune had not received a single crown of this half-a-million; nor, of course, had the King. The insurrectional Council had met the most pressing expenses "by expending 15,000 *livres* found in the chests;" [1] but tradesmen, contractors and workmen were asking to be paid and the money was lacking. Roland, Minister of the Interior, full of rancour and animosity toward the Paris Commune, refused "to give a half-penny," and to crown matters the text of the above-mentioned decree could not be found. In this extremity the Commune, considering that it was paying dear for the glory of being the tyrant's jailor, determined to restrain the architect Palloy and his colleagues who had been intrusted with the work at the Temple and delegated a commission to make a report on the situation. This commission was composed of two members: Antoine Simon, that shoe-maker, and Toussaint Charbonnier, that hosier, whose names have already been mentioned.

It does not seem probable that, among its two hundred and eighty-eight members, the General Council was unable to choose for the carrying out of this difficult and delicate mission representatives more qualified than these two persons, who were incapable of examining an estimate, verifying an addition, or drawing up a report. Unless

[1] Verdier. *Tableau historique,* published by Beaucourt.

their selection was made with an unavowed object, it has every appearance of a hoax, and it would be invaluable to know the name of the mysterious protector who thus undertook to push the cobbler Simon along the path of honour and profit. First of all, how can we explain the fact that the Théâtre-Français section, itself, one of the most "busy" and most advanced in Paris, was unable, on the night of August 10th, to find as its representative at the Hôtel de Ville a more intelligent, more decorative commissioner than this mean, uneducated, needy individual? Simon was a poor devil who had been buffeted about by a life full of abortive enterprises. On arriving from Troyes, where his father kept a butcher's stall, he became first of all an apprentice and then a master shoemaker. Finding that he could not earn his living at this calling, he started in the Rue de Seine a cheap eating-house where he provided "food and bed"; but in order and competence he was equally lacking. His accounts were kept in such a manner that, on the occasion of the taking of an inventory, the experts declared "it was impossible for them to recognise what was owing, such was the confusion which reigned there." In 1766 Simon had married Marie Barbe Hoyau, the widow of a man named Munster, bringing him as a dowry a few clothes, very little jewellery and a daughter, who since then had married a master-tailor, Vanhemerlye, of the Rue des Mauvais-Garçons. After the failure of his eating-house, the ex-shoemaker once more took up his awl and gouge and set up a business on the second floor of a house in the Rue des Cordeliers. There he lived on expedients, pawning his wife's clothes, borrowing from everybody in the quarter, getting into debt with all the tradespeople, and so lacking in resources that, when Barbe Hoyau died at the Hôtel-Dieu, on March 11th, 1786, he was obliged in order to bury her, or simply to drown his grief in a downright drunken bout, to pawn for 21 *livres* the remains of the deceased's wardrobe: a petticoat, a skirt and

a camisole. Two years later, overwhelmed in debt, he married Marie Jeanne Aladame,[1] "a char-woman," aged 43, whose principal attraction was a dowry of 1,000 *livres*, "as much in ready money as in clothes, linen and personal apparel," and—it was said—a small income which had been left her by a townswoman of the middle-classes for whom she had long "chared" in the same house inhabited by Simon.[2] According to the inventory drawn up after the death of the first wife, the shoemaker's contribution to the common estate consisted of 5,000 *livres* of debts and "a sum of twenty *sous* in ready money." His tools, valued at 38 *livres*, no longer belonged to him, since he had sold them, whilst reserving their use to a cobbler's apprentice in the neighbourhood.[3]

If such a man had not judged society to be badly constructed, one would have had to relinquish the finding of men to acclaim revolutions. At the signal for general disorder, it is quite evident that Simon strove his hardest to be remarked; but it is none the less incomprehensible that in the section which included Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Brune, Marat, Chaumette, Fabre d'Eglantine, Legendre, and Momoro, such a *déclassé* became a personage and still more that, elected a member of the Commune, he was received at the Hôtel de Ville as an important aid. From the first sittings, in fact, he was invested with general confidence. Important missions were reserved for him. On August 13th he was one of the four commissioners charged to preside over the King's removal to the Temple; and he it was who, on the following day,

[1]Daughter of Fiacre Aladame, carpenter, and Reine-Geneviève Aubert.

[2]Beauchesne mentions this income, but it does not figure in the marriage contract of Simon and Jeanne Aladame; nor is it mentioned in accounts of later date.

[3]These details are extracted from the minutes of the office of M. Cousin, notary in Paris, whose archives contain Simon's marriage contract, the inventory made after the death of Marie Barbe Hoyau, etc. The archives of the Seine also contain a few documents concerning the Simon household. *Domaines*, 126, and *Registres des biens nationaux*, Rue des Cordeliers.

carried to the prison the order to place all the servants of the royal family under arrest.[1] On September 2nd the Commune despatched him to Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière to try and stop the massacres. He returned on the morning of the 4th, declaring "that he had not been able to do anything to influence the people's mind." [2] Later he presided over the drawing up of the inventory of the effects of the prisoners butchered at Versailles.[3] He was also among those chosen on September 29th when the question of transferring Louis XVI to the Big Tower arose, and from that day the shoemaker never left, so to speak, the royal prison. He was delegated by the General Council to go there with the hosier Charbonnier to confiscate the prisoners' pens, ink, paper and pencils, nay even Madame Royale's portfolio for drawings and the ebony or rosewood rulers which the Dauphin used for his copy books. It was thus that he took up his quarters—still in company with the hosier—on the ground-floor of the Tower, forming between them a commission of which Simon was elected *Présidan* (it was thus he wrote his new title) by his colleague whom he immediately appointed his secretary, inspecting the work of Palloy and Poyet, verifying the accounts,—he who had never known how to keep his own!—taking the head of the Council of Commissioners, ordering the walling up of doors, the strengthening of gates, and the filling in of ditches, busying himself in a hundred ways, and calling audaciously, with Manuel, on the Minister of the Interior in order to obtain the payment of the 500,000 *livres* which the Commune needed. Ro-

[1] At the Queen's trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal, Simon, called as a witness, declared he had known the accused *"from August 30th last"* (a manifest error; one must read at least *"from August 30th of last year"*), "the day on which I went on guard at the Temple for the first time." *Bulletin du Tribunal révolutionnaire,* 2nd series, No. 27, p. 107. However, it is established that Simon came several times to the Temple before August 30th, 1792; perhaps he did not get the opportunity of approaching Marie Antoinette. See Beaucourt, II, p. 31, and Tourneux, *Procès-verbaux de la Commune de Paris,* p. 14.

[2] *National Archives,* F[7], 4408.

[3] The same F[7], 4627.

land received the delegates more than coldly. He would not give up a single crown;[1] but on the same day, on a report from the Finance Committee, the Convention "revoted" the sum already accorded by the Legislative,[2] and the Paris Commune was at last able to pay its debts. The finance commissioners of the Temple, Dr. Verdier[3] and the wig-maker Profinet,[4] immediately set to work and attempted to cast up an account of the expenses occasioned by the imprisonment of the royal family.[5] They succeeded only in drawing up an outline of this work and in December the Commune had to appoint a fresh commission, composed of Cailleux,[6] Moëlle[7] and Toulan.[8] The last named—an undaunted and very frank southerner—did not hesitate to declare that all these missions, under the pretext of examining accounts which it did not

[1] "He replied to us that, since we had set the workmen to work, it was for us to pay them,—that it was none of his business. We pointed out to him that the General Council of the Commune had taken steps to appoint a commission to hasten the work at the Temple solely on account of various intimations, as much from the Commander General as from the Temple Commission,—to which he replied that it was nothing to do with him. We drew his attention to the fact that the prisoners' safety interested all French people, that we had engaged these workmen with the sole object of assuring it and undertaken to pay them. The Minister again replied to us that it was nothing to do with him . . . Simon, *Présidan,* Charbonnier, Secretary." *National Archives,* F[7], 4390. Quoted by Beaucourt, II, pp. 70-71.

[2] Decree of October 4th. *Moniteur* of the 5th.

[3] Of the Jardin des Plantes section. Verdier was the author of the *Tableau historique* often quoted in the preceding pages.

[4] Forty-nine years old and of the French Guards section. He was soon replaced by François Roché, a municipal officer.

[5] *Temple Papers,* XL. In order not to have to return to this question of the Temple accounts, we will here give the figures supplied by Cailleux (who replaced Verdier and Roché), and which show the prison budget. From August 13th, 1792, to January 31st, 1793, the following sums were expended:—Sundry work: 190,974 l. 7s. 5d.—Indemnities: 14,964 l. 16s.—Staff salaries: 26,107 l. 10s. 4d.—Kitchen expenses: 69,917 l. 11s.—Maintenance of the royal family, clothing, linen, etc.: 34,524 l. 2s. 5d.—Total: 336,488 l. 7s. 2d.

[6] François Cailleux, 35 years, lawyer, Poplincourt section.

[7] Claude Antoine François Moëlle, clerk at the Discounting Bank, municipal officer. He was the author of *Six journées passées au Temple,* which we have frequently quoted.

[8] François Adrien Toulan, bookseller and music-dealer, clerk at the Administration des Biens nationaux.

examine, "went to the Temple merely to eat, as at an inn."[1]

One can say as much regarding that presided over by Simon. The shoemaker, lodged in the Council room[2] from the beginning of October 1792, entered the prisoners' quarters of his own free will and spoke to them without anyone being astonished at this derogation of regulations. Physically he was a robust man, despite his fifty-six years, somewhat hard of hearing,[3] with features at once brutal and besotted, and wide-spread eyes like those of people who have a difficulty in understanding. His head with its straight hair was always covered with a round, soft old hat, and he was dressed—when in his Sunday clothes—in a cloth coat "of the national colour, lined with bright red" which Peigné, the mender of old clothes, had had "patched all over."[4] From a moral standpoint the picture is hardly more flattering. His colleagues, who did not hold him in aversion, agree in presenting him as "a poor wretch without either education or instruction, but not so wicked as historians have wished to paint him";[5] a man with "a good foundation of sensibility, honesty and even generosity" but not "very clever";[6] full of enthusiasm for liberty and equality "and enjoying with delight the rights they confer and using them toward everybody without either restraint or difference."[7] The portrait differs greatly from that which legend has accepted as authentic, but it is certainly a good one, for it agrees with a few episodes gathered by contemporaries. For instance, these show us the sullen shoemaker moved to tears at the despair of the Queen and her daughter on the day when, the King having been

[1] *Temple papers,* XL.
[2] "He was on permanent duty at the Temple," writes Goret.
[3] At the enquiry of the 13th of Frimaire, year II, Simon declared that his "hearing was rather hard."
[4] Antoine Simon's papers. *National Archives,* T 05.
[5] Goret.
[6] Verdier.
[7] The same.

transferred to the Big Tower, they feared a definite separation.—"I believe these confounded women are going to make me weep," exclaimed Simon, wiping his eyes; and immediately, to hide his pity, he added: "Ah! you are weeping! You didn't weep on August 10th, when you held the review to assassinate the people!"—"The people are quite mistaken regarding our feelings," replied Marie Antoinette, simply.[1] Soon, however, he treated "Madam Capet" as a good comrade. One day, on her asking for news of Mme. Simon, who was ill in hospital, he replied: "Better, thank God! . . . It is a pleasure now to see those ladies of the Hôtel-Dieu. They look after the patients well . . . they are dressed like my wife, like you, *mesdames*, neither more nor less. . . ." [2] On another occasion, he entered the apartments in a very great hurry for he busied himself conscientiously from morn until night. Seeing him in a perspiration, the Queen said: "You are very warm, M. Simon, will you have a glass of wine?"—"Madam," replied the cobbler, proudly, "I do not drink like that with everybody." [3] Knowing that he was very obliging, the princesses often summoned him, whereupon "he appeared before them boldly, saying: 'What do you desire, *mesdames?*' " And immediately he would endeavour to satisfy them. "If what they wanted was not in the Temple repository he hurried to the shopkeepers." One day the Queen said: "We are very fortunate to have that good M. Simon who gets us everything we want." [4] The prisoners appeared to be amused with the naïveté of the man, and it seems indeed that everybody in the Temple laughed in their sleeves at his foolishness and importance, that he even inspired in his colleagues a sort of pity; but he was not feared: he was neither treacherous nor hateful; like many of those whose lives have been unsuccessful, glad to find somewhat late a situation which gave him

[1] Cléry and Verdier.
[2] Goret.
[3] Verdier.
[4] Goret.

the impression of being indispensable, he took himself in his quality of an elect of the people seriously and imagined that he incarnated the Revolution.

But to whom, let us ask once more, did he owe this credit which his personal value in no way justified? Was not some ambitious and powerful person pushing him forward, in order to study and make him a docile instrument, this supernumerary who was sufficiently rigid to be incorruptible and at the same time sufficiently supple to obey blindly the one who commanded him as a master in the name of his duties as an ultra-republican? Unsupported by any text, Marat has been named among Simon's protectors, but one cannot see the tie between this cobbler of mean capacity and the theorist of anarchy. Robespierre, whose name has also been advanced hypothetically, also appears to be wholly unconnected with Simon's rapid advancement. As we must, however, discover the impresario, is there not ground for believing that Chaumette and Hébert, cunning and enterprising accomplices who were absolute masters at the Temple and over the Commune, held the strings of this puppet for whom they reserved a star part, playing unconsciously the perilous scenes whilst they themselves prudently remained in the side-scenes? This supposition has at least the advantage over the preceding ones of a reference: the municipal representative Verdier—who in his capacity as a doctor surpassed in penetration the great majority of his colleagues of the General Council, and who, having been entrusted with the auditing of the Temple accounts, was in a position to see well and know the prison staff wrote:—"One of the deputies of the Commune, Hébert, wished to make Simon the instrument of his villainies by the praise which he incessantly bestowed upon him and which convinced him that he was the foremost of patriots." As to Chaumette, one can easily see the reasons for his influence over this stupid inferior. They lived almost door to door and frequently met at the meeting-place of

their section; both had been elected at the Hôtel de Ville as commissioners on August 10th; and there can be no doubt that Simon conceived there a deep admiration for this eminent confederate, who in a few hours had become the applauded tenor of the Commune and with whom he took pride in rubbing shoulders. Another circumstance also united them. Chaumette was the son of a provincial shoemaker, and though formerly he would have shown great shame in this descent, he prided himself upon it openly now that the general outlook was democratic. He had read in Jean Jacques that *Emile* "honoured a shoemaker much more than an emperor" and knew that the philosopher of Geneva preferred to see his pupil "a cobbler rather than a poet"—all of them quotations which delighted Simon, more used, in his life of disappointments, to blows than flattery. If it is clear then that the poor man professed a veneration for Chaumette, the latter, in return, ruled over him entirely, and the account of certain incidents which follow confirm this indisputably.

After the King's death, the supervision of his widow, sister and two orphans was perceptibly slackened.[1] On January 26th one of the commissioners on duty, Toulan, dared to compromise himself to the extent of bringing the Queen newspapers relating the execution of Louis XVI. Toulan had the reputation of being an ardent revolutionary. A native of Toulouse, established in 1787 as a bookseller and music-dealer in the Tuileries quarter, he had rapidly acquired a sort of popularity; president of the district, of the Louvre, then a member of the Commune of August 10th, he became, in 1793, at the age of 32, somewhat of a personage. Medium in stature, with a round face, broad forehead and slightly snub nose,[2] he

[1]"We had a little more liberty; the guards thought we were going to be sent away." *Madame Royale.*

[2]Description, passports. *National Archives,* W 400, file 927. Quoted by Léon Lecestre. *Les tentatives d'évasion de Marie Antoinette au*

spoke with communicative facility and animation, and the whole of his person was seductive. His frequent visits to the Temple had furnished him with numerous occasions for approaching the prisoners. Like many others he showed himself indifferent to their misfortune and this unpitying attitude merited him the full confidence of the General Council; but a remark made by Marie Antoinette proves that Toulan from the very first had assumed this austere mask with the direct purpose of hiding his respectful pity.[1] The Temple drama abounds in stratagems of that nature; it is that fact which makes it so complex and at times so obscure, with the result that History, on many points, is deceived as was the Commune. This southerner was so adroit and so clever a comedian, he affected in his colleagues' presence a jargon so purely revolutionary that he led away the most suspicious. He filled them, too with respect, for he possessed both wit and self-possession,—especially the latter, as he proved at the time (January 26-27) it was his turn to be on guard by forcing open, in the Council room, the drawer of the cupboard where, five days before, the sealed packet containing the King's wedding-ring, his signet and the hair of the Queen and his children had been deposited. Toulan took possession of these relics and handed them to the Queen. When the Temple Council, in a flutter, perceived the disappearance of the precious objects, it came to the conclusion that their commercial value had tempted some common thief,—an opinion which, without the slightest doubt, was strengthened by Toulan himself, and it was agreed that "the affair be hushed up."[2]

Temple et à le Conciergerie. Extract from the *Revue des questions historiques,* April, 1886.

[1] "He has not varied for five months," wrote Marie Antoinette in February, 1793, to M. de Jarjayes. Five months go back to the middle of September, 1792, and it was indeed on September 19th that Toulan figures for the first time among the commissioners on Guard. Lecestre, p. 9 and note.

[2] *Madame Royale.* "They perceived, in the municipal representatives' room, that the sealed packet containing my father's signet, his ring and several other things had been opened. The seal was

In all probability it was also due to Toulan's influence that the Queen received the visit of a seamstress who came to alter the mourning dresses which, through not having been tried on, fitted badly. This worker, Mlle. Pion, was no other than one of the Queen's former dressmakers[1] who had entered the service of Mme. de Tourzel. She came to the prison on two days in succession. "I cannot express," she related, "all I felt on seeing what a ray of consolation was brought into the faces of this august family by my puny person . . . Mgr. the Dauphin, whose age excused his thoughtlessness, ran sometimes to me, then to the Queen, to the princesses and even to the municipal officers. He took advantage of this to put to me, under the appearance of a game, all the questions the royal family might desire, and he played his part so well that no one would have imagined he had spoken to me."[2] It is about the same period, perhaps, that one must place the visits of the painter Kocharsky, who drew a pastel portrait of Marie Antoinette with her head covered by a widow's veil.[3] Precious incidents to be noted. However severe the regulations made by the Commune might be, they succeeded in eluding them; the Temple was not so stout a prison that they could not hope to enter it. The

broken and the signet missing. The municipal representatives were disquieted, but in the end they thought it was a thief who had taken the signet on account of the gold. The person who had taken it was well intentioned; he was not a thief."

[1] Mlle. Pion had already worked for the Queen in August and September 1792. *National Archives,* F[4], 1311.

[2] *Mémoires de Tourzel,* Vol. II, p. 306.

[3] *Bulletin du Tribunal révolutionnaire,* 2nd series, No. 30, p. 117. "Continuation of the examination of Marie Antoinette of Austria, former Queen of France.—Q. Have you not been painted since your detention?—R. Yes, in pastel.—Q. Have you not been closeted with the painter and did you not use this pretext to receive news?—R. No.—Q. What is the painter's name?—R. *Coestier,* a Polish painter, established for more than twenty years past in Paris.—Q. Where does he live?—R. Rue du Coq-Saint-Honoré." The Queen evidently pronounced Kocharsky's name in the Czeck fashion,—*Koerskéé,* and the stenographer of the *Bulletin* gallicised it. This picture by Kocharsky or Kucharsky figured in 1894 at the *Marie Antoinette et son temps* exhibition. It then belonged to Vicomte d'Hunolstein.

Queen also succeeded in getting Dr. Brunyer, the former doctor to the children of the King of France, to attend Madam Royale who was suffering from a sore on the leg; and as treatment lasted for more than a month the doctor was able to keep the prisoners well supplied with news and to communicate information transmitted to him by Mme. de Tourzel, then staying in Paris. The suspicious zeal of the commissioners was visibly on the decline.

Moreover, at this same period we note a singular remissness on the part of the Commune. In spite of its good cooking, the Temple seems to have had no further attraction for the municipal representatives. At the sitting of the General Council on January 28th a member, acting as spokesman for his colleagues, protested that it was ridiculous to see the representatives of the people of Paris acting "as valets to Madam Capet and emptying her chamber-pots." Despite the murmurs with which this oratorical effort was received, the speaker continued as follows: "It is time the Commune was relieved of this load; it is time our responsibility ended. Let the ex-Queen be put in the Conciergerie or at La Force!" The proposal raised a long debate in which Réal, one of Chaumette's deputies, took part and concluded with a few phrases full of threatening anticipations: "It is not on account of Capet's wife that you go to the Temple but because of her son. Do you think the guard you are keeping is useless? . . . Personally, I believe it is more important than ever. Louis was hardly to be feared any more, but do you count his son—that interesting child who is still supported by an ancient prejudice—as nothing? Believe me he is a hostage who must be carefully retained. Have a fear that in feigning to attach little importance to his custody you are not suspected of attaching little to his escape." [1] But the ardour of the municipal representatives was in no way stimulated. A week later Dorat-

[1] General Council of the Commune. *Courrier français,* January 28th, 1793.

Cubières, secretary of the Commune, remarked with melancholy on the small number of persons present on the Council; he bitterly complained of his brothers' negligence "and of their coldness in serving the commonwealth."[1] General Santerre himself was of the opinion that the military guard of the Temple should be reduced. Instead of three hundred men, a commander and a standard-bearer, he proposed to mobilize daily no more than a hundred national guards commanded by an adjutant and a sergeant. The proposition was about to be voted when Réal, who seemed to be well informed, declared that "never ought vigilance to be more active" and the General's demand was referred to the office of the public prosecutor.[2] The Parisian militia showed so little alacrity in this duty that, two months later, it was necessary to consider the means of paying three *livres* a day to those citizens who would consent to occupy the guard-houses at the Temple or to feed them there at the Nation's expense.[3] The unconcern on the subject of the royal prison, the desertion of members of the Council soon became so general that on a certain evening, at the ordinary hour for the sitting, the mayor found himself "almost alone" to receive a petition from the workmen of Paris.[4]

Réal, however, was well informed. Since the doors of the Temple had been closed on the royal family never had its faithful adherents worked with more activity for its deliverance. Plots to abduct the prisoners were hatched in Paris, in the provinces, in the army and abroad, and although several, which doubtless never got beyond being mere plans,—nay even dreams,—have become known to

[1] General Council of the Commune. *Courrier français,* February 5th, 1793.

[2] General Council of the Commune, sitting of February 12th. *Courrier français,* 14th.

[3] General Council of the Commune, sitting of April 12th. *Courrier français,* 13th.

[4] General Council of the Commune, sitting of September 5th. *Courrier français,* of the 8th.

us only through very vague indications,[1] those which took form remained sufficiently numerous to permit one to note that an escape, even collective, was not considered to be unfeasible by those who were in the best position to reckon the risks and eventual mishaps. That a French *émigré*, Comte Louis de Noailles, should have conceived the scheme of travelling from London to Paris in order to snatch the Dauphin from his jailors without any other means of action than a forged passport and two air-pistols [2] proves more in favour of his determination than his judgment. But others, much better informed, hardly showed more circumspection. Dumouriez who, from his headquarters in Flanders, ordered the Marquis de Frégeville, colonel of hussars of Chamborant, Montjoye, adjutant general, and Nordmann, colonel of hussars of Berchiny, to move on Paris with three hundred of their surest and bravest men. These officers, bearers of a despatch for the minister, which would have served as a pretext for their mission in case they were obliged to justify it, "were to push on as far as the forest of Bondy, hide there, enter Paris by the Boulevard du Temple, break through the prison guard whilst giving several false alarms at various points, carry off the four prisoners riding behind, and bring them at full speed to Pont-Sainte-Maxence, where another cavalry corps would be there to receive them." The enterprise was a bold one, but it presented chances of success. It is certain that a squadron of hussars, barring the streets and forcing the doors of the Temple, would have had the upper hand, after a few blows with the flat of their sabres, over the peaceful national guards who were playing at bowls or quoits in the prison garden and the commissioners at table in the council room.[3]

[1] See among others, *Correspondance du comte de Mercy-Argenteau,* February 6th, 1793.

[2] The date of Louis de Noailles' plan was the end of January, 1793.

[3] See *Mémoires de Dumouriez,* IV, pp. 147 and 148, and *Lettres de 1793,* 1st series, by Arthur Chuquet, pp. 104 to 112.

The less expeditious attempt perpetrated by certain municipal representatives merits more attention. These men, at least, knew by long experience the chances of success as well as the risks they were going to face. We have not, perhaps, forgotten Toulan, that young Gascon who, on duty at the Temple on January 26th and 27th, did not fear to abstract the objects left by Louis XVI when leaving for the scaffold and hand them to the Queen clandestinely. Either because this audacious act showed him what could be done thanks to the ineptitude or indolence of his colleagues, or because, most ardent republican though he was, he had been touched by the misfortunes of the captive Queen, he submitted to her, on the same day, a plan of escape which she consented to examine on the sole condition that one of her faithful supporters, who had remained in secret correspondence with her since the beginning of her captivity, was made acquainted with it and gave his approbation. This devoted royalist was M. de Jarjayes.[1] Having received from the King a formal order not to leave Paris, he had undertaken several delicate and dangerous missions. He was, moreover, still in office and an employé, in the capacity of his rank at the archives of the War department.[2]

Toulan did not hesitate. Calling on Jarjayes, he asked to converse with him secretly.[3] His dress, manners, everything proclaimed him a revolutionary, and great was the royalist's surprise when he heard his visitor announce that he was a member of the odious regicide Com-

[1]François Augustin Regnier de Jarjayes (the name was pronounced *Jarjaille*), born at Lepaix, in Dauphiny, October 4th, 1745, major-general, March 22nd, 1792. *Archives of the Ministry of War.*

[2]*Archives of the Ministry of War* and *Précis des tentatives qui one été faites pour arracher la Reine à la captivité du Temple* at the end of the *Mémoire de M. le baron de Goguelat, lieutenant-général.* Paris. Baudouin, 1823.

[3]According to Goguelat, this was on February 2nd, 1793; on the 5th, according to the note sent by Jarjayes to the Emperor of Austria. See Comte de Pimodan's *Le complot Toulan, Jarjayes et Lepître, d'après un document inédit.*

mune and saw him on his knees "bearing witness to a deep repentance of his former conduct and begging for entire confidence." As a proof of his sincerity, Toulan handed General de Jarjayes a letter from the Queen, guaranteeing his devotion. He did not set forth his plan of escape at this first interview, but contented himself with indicating that, to bring it to realisation, the complicity of one of his colleagues who shared his duties at the Temple was indispensable. This colleague was the municipal representative Lepître, who consented to compromise himself. But as he was at the head of a prosperous school in the Faubourg Saint Jacques he demanded a large indemnity—two hundred thousand francs, of which half was to be paid in advance—to compensate him for the eventual loss of his position. Jarjayes wrote to the Queen, assuring her of his absolute devotion. Toulan, who as a member of the finance commission could enter the Temple when he pleased, undertook to hand her the letter, and a few days later he took back her reply to the general. She begged Jarjayes to receive "the new person"—Lepître; "his appearance is not prepossessing, but he is absolutely necessary and we must have him." Marie Antoinette added that, as regards the sum to be paid, it was advisable to apply to M. de Laborde,[1] who had money of hers.

Lepître, indeed, was not all outside show. Twenty-nine years old, he was short of stature, stout and lame.[2] If his assistance appeared indispensable, that is because, still at that time, six commissioners, half of them relieved every other day, mounted guard at the Temple continually. Every evening the three newcomers mixed three folded pieces of paper in a hat, two bearing the word *Nuit*, the third the word *Jour*. The municipal representative who drew the latter slept quietly until morning in one of the beds in the Council room, whilst the

[1]Marquis Joseph de Laborde, a wealthy financier, then retired to Méreville, Seine-et-Oise.

[2]Lepître. *Quelques souvenirs.*

two others whom chance had chosen for night duty ascended to the prisoners' anteroom and installed themselves on the folding beds. Now, Toulan had found a means of correcting this drawing of lots. He wrote the word *Jour* on all the three pieces of paper, offered the hat to one of his colleagues and when he had unfolded his paper and read the word which let him off night duty the two others threw their papers into the fire without opening them. The success of this ingenious stratagem remained, it is true, subordinate to the choice made by the General Council of the Temple commissioners, but, as we have seen, the municipal representatives were deserting the Hôtel de Ville. Consequent on their small number, this choice had become so difficult that "during several months they ceased to draw lots for them;" [1] those who offered themselves were appointed, and Toulan and Lepître often offered their services. The third colleague added to their number hardly troubled them since they had found a means of getting rid of him for the whole night. It was thus they succeeded, thanks to the Gascon's cunning, in spending long hours with the prisoners and in conversing with them, without fear of troublesome persons, when the Tisons, whom they distrusted, had gone to sleep.

Toulan did still better: he succeeded in getting General de Jarjayes into the Temple. How was he disguised? No one has ever discovered. But of the fact we can have no doubt, since we possess the confession of Jarjayes himself [2] and two of the Queen's letters allude to the visit.[3]

[1] Lepître, p. 33.

[2] "Introduced in disguise into the Temple, I assured myself first of all. . . ." Note from Jarjayes to the Emperor of Austria. *Imperial and royal archives of Vienna. Varia* France, fascicle 67. This important document was discovered and brought to light by the Comte de Pimodan. *Le complot de Toulan, loc. cit.*

[3] "If you are determined to come here, it would be better if it were soon; but, *mon Dieu,* take great care not to be recognised especially by the woman (Tison) who is shut in with us here. . . ."—"I fully recognise your attachment in all you said to me here. . . ."

Without having recourse to Laborde, the General had paid one hundred thousand francs to Lepître out of his own pocket; but he wished to understand the possibilities of the projected escape. After examination, he recognised that if the escape of the whole of the royal family was "chimerical," that of the Queen alone appeared "very practicable," the commissioners, he writes, "being able to get her away without any danger, under the same disguise they arranged for my own introduction. . . ." We know that Marie Antoinette refused to leave her son and daughter, and Jarjayes, who, appointed to the Army of the Alps, could not postpone his departure from Paris, in vain implored her to allow herself to be convinced. He had to be content with taking away from the Temple the signet and ring of Louis XVI which he sent to the Comte de Provence with a letter from the Queen and Madam Elizabeth and a short note bearing the signature of Madame Royale and the Dauphin.[1]

Short was their illusion. Conceived toward the end of February, the project was abandoned at the beginning

[1]Toulan's plan was revealed later by Lepître. The Queen and Madam Elizabeth were to have been disguised as commissioners of the Commune by means of great coats, hats, cockades and scarves brought in by Toulan and Lepître under their cloaks. They would also have supplied them with cards similar to those used by the municipal representatives. The two children, disguised as little lamp-lighters, with their carmagnoles stained with oil, hands and faces blackened, would have impersonated the two assistants whom the *"illuminateur"* of the Temple brought with him daily to assist in his work of cleaning. Tison and his wife were to have been put to sleep by means of tobacco containing a narcotic. The Temple guard was not to be feared. "It sufficed to show one's card at a distance for the sentinels not to disturb themselves." Half past seven was to be the hour of departure. They would have gone as far as the Rue de la Corderie, quite near to the prison; three cabriolets would have received the fugitives, as well as Toulan and Lepître, and at full speed would have travelled along the road to Normandy. As the stages had been foreseen, they would have been far from Paris when the prison guard discovered the abduction, for it would not have been until nine at night, supper time, that the prisoners' absence would have been noticed. The time to hasten to the Commune, to the police, to the mayor's, to organise the pursuit, the whole night perhaps lost in proceedings and discussions, would have assured the possibility of embarking at Dieppe without having been tracked."

of March.[1] But already another attempt at abduction was being prepared. Was the royal family made aware of it? Possibly so, for Turgy's devotion was such that he was not to be discouraged and, in default of obliging commissioners, he kept up a continuous correspondence with the outside world. It seems clear, however, that the new conspirators this time did without the Queen's assent. At their head was Baron de Batz, well-known for his counter-revolutionary ardour and enterprises. He had recruited a whole company, consisting of thirty enterprising royalists under the command of a grocer named Cortey,[2] a captain in the national guards. This company was to occupy the doors of the Temple one evening when the municipal representative Michonis, associated in the plot, was commissioner in the Tower. He undertook to open the doors and warn the prisoners who, covered with military cloaks and hats and armed with a gun, would have left about midnight as a false patrol.[3] The two children, well surrounded by soldiers, were to pass unperceived. Outside a number of faithful followers, stationed here and there, were to receive the fugitives and, without losing an instant, conduct them to an isolated house in the neighbourhood of Brie-Comte-Robert, where they were to remain in hiding.[4] To effect that short journey the whole night lay before them, for

[1]In the Jarjayes file in the *Archives de la guerre* is the following note:—"March 2nd, 1793, left France entrusted with a confidential mission to Monsieur on behalf of the august prisoners of the Temple." The Comte de Pimodan challenges this date of *March 2nd* and believes it is a slip of the pen; according to him it ought to be *May 2nd.* The former date, however, appears to agree absolutely with what happened at the Commune, for it was on March 26th that a member made the first allusion to Lepître and Toulan's attentions toward the prisoners. General Council of the Commune. *Courrier français,* March 28th, p. 228.

[2]Joseph-Victor Cortey, grocer of the Rue de la Loi, formerly Richelieu, an influential member of the Lepeletier section.

[3]"The big door always opened for the patrols commanded by Cortey around the Temple during the night."—*Sénar.*

[4]Baron Hyde de Neuville was among these royalists posted in the neighbourhood of the Temple, awaiting the Queen and her children. He describes that night of anguish in his *Mémoires.*

the Temple Council could not take alarm until morning when they failed to see the Queen leave her room as usual to wish her sister-in-law good-morning.

Such a combination may seem very hazardous; to judge whether it was acceptable one must know what that armed force was which held the military posts at the Temple. The national guard of 1793 was no longer the citizen militia of the early days of the Revolution. Santerre and the Commune had collaborated in its disorganisation and its lack of discipline. Hébert, as powerful at the General Council as was Chaumette himself, had, for his part, declared merciless war on the grenadiers. Doubtless the shortness of his stature justified his ferocious hatred against those fine men—the honour and ornament of the Parisian cohorts. One night, at the Commune, he gave full rein to his rancour, making a hostile attack against these favourites "who had no other merit over their fellow-citizens than their height" and who benefited by "those hateful distinctions imagined by the traitor La Fayette to oppress patriots and prevent the birth of equality!" Seized with sudden fury, he demanded that a grenadier sentinel, "placed at the door of the room in which the Commune sat, should be discharged there and then." In conformity with this speech of a public prosecutor, the sentry was dismissed, the companies of grenadiers were disbanded, and the few municipal representatives who sat that night, vying with each other in complaisance and servility toward Chaumette's deputy, decided to request the national guards to abandon their uniform, "another distinction destructive of Equality." [1] One may judge what the zeal and cohesion of troops enrolled in the service of such talkers was like. There were reports, in various localities of the suburbs of Paris, of bands of national guards who, led by municipal officers furnished with

[1]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of March 1st, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 2nd.

their scarves and decorated with the national cockade, broke into farms, bound the masters and servants hand and foot, threw them into the cellars and plundered the houses.[1] For the honour of the Commune it was established that these malefactors were no other than army deserters disguised as citizen-soldiers; but the reputation of the national guard was not improved thereby. Disorder therein was the rule. It happened that men attached to half-companies presented themselves at the Temple five to seven hours after the regulation hour of noon, without orders to mount guard, without convocation, without entrance cards, so that it was necessary to open an inquiry in order to discover whether these militiamen were "evil-intentioned," seeking to abduct the prisoners, or good citizens anxious to accomplish their duty.[2] One can imagine then what this "formidable" garrison of the Temple, composed of three hundred men scattered in the guard-houses and annexes of the prison, was like; to enter or leave the enclosure it was sufficient "to show one's card at a distance to the indolent sentinels who did not disturb themselves to examine it," [3] and one can understand that an adventurous man like de Batz did not hesitate to strive in craftiness and especially in zealousness against these heedless soldiers.

However, he failed in his enterprise. But not through want of study and precautions, for, according to a manuscript note left by Sénar, one of the spies of the Committees of the Convention, the daring baron came to study the localities for himself. On the night fixed upon, Michonis was at his post in the Queen's anteroom; Captain Cortey and his thirty royalists occupied the guard-

[1] Incidents of this nature occurred at Suresnes, Montesson, Fertésous-Jouarre and elsewhere.—*Courrier français* of April 21st and 23rd, 1792.

[2] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of August 29th, 1793. *Courrier français* of September 2nd.

[3] Lepître.

room of the Tower; de Batz had enrolled himself with them, wishing to share the dangers to which he was exposing his companions; whilst the commissioners were asleep in the Council room, the soldiers in the outbuildings of the Palace. Everything was exactly as they could wish; and Cortey was about to put his men in movement when, suddenly, the shoemaker Simon arrived, running toward him. He came from the Commune which was then sitting. "Ah! there you are," he said to Cortey; "if I'd not seen you here I should not have felt easy." Thereupon he had the prisoners' room opened and noted their presence. He then communicated to Michonis an order from the General Council to proceed to the Hôtel de Ville at once. Michonis obeyed. Simon replaced him and gave the alarm; whilst Cortey, under the pretext of providing for the security of the precincts of the Temple, led his patrol into the street in order to permit de Batz to escape. The affair had no sequel,—and that is very singular. On arriving at the Commune, Michonis replied with such self-possession and good-nature to the questions put to him that he dispelled all suspicions. On the following day, when Simon came in his turn to state that, warned by an annonymous leter thus worded "*Michonis will betray to-night. Be vigilant!*" he had thought fit to claim the honour of saving the Republic once more, all his colleagues were convinced that a wag had made game of him and amused himself by hoaxing the simpleton.[1]

But they were deceived; for if the Commune was not better informed it is because someone did not wish it. It seems that it was forbidden to consider an attempt to abduct the young King as at all possible and that a mysterious protector—the same who pushed the naïve

[1]Concerning the circumstances of de Batz's attempt, as well as that of Toulan, Jarjayes and Lepître, see the study, strongly supported by documentary evidence, by M. G. Lecestre: *Les tentatives d'évasion de Marie Antoinette au Temple et à la Conciergerie.* Extracted from the *Revue des questions historiques,* April, 1886.

Simon to the front of the stage on every occasion—accorded, through a sort of jealous prudence, impunity of silence to whomsoever attempted that chance. There was the same tacit neutrality when Toulan and Lepître were denounced on March 26th at the Commune by a member who declared they had had frequent conversations with the Queen and Madam Elizabeth. The drunken tailor Léchenard supported the accusation. Lepître was "a false brother on whom the prisoners lavished politeness and amiability"; whilst Toulan strove his hardest to amuse them "with pleasantries which degraded the dignity of a magistrate of the people." Toulan and Lepître were present at the sitting. The latter contented himself with denying the alleged facts; the former got out of the difficulty so well, in his habitual facetious manner [1] that the denunciation had no sequel. Hardly a fortnight later Lepître and Toulan again dared to offer their services as guardians at the prison!

But on April 15th the girl Tison, having come to the Temple to embrace her parents, was searched by the commissioners and among "various things" found on her was a piece of dimity marked with suspicious characters.[2] The municipal representatives prevented her entering the Tower, much to the rage of the Tisons who were passionately fond of their Pierrette. Tison *père* flew into a passion and created such an uproar that the commissioners requested him to descend to the Council. Pache, the mayor of Paris, happened to be there, so Tison ad-

[1] Toulan possessed the art of winning his colleagues over. One day at the Commune he called the municipal deputies "little representatives"—a disdainful description which drew forth shouts of "Down with him! Down with him!" The uproar was so great that the president had to put on his hat. At this point Toulan descended from his seat, advanced toward the president's desk, removed his scarf, brought it to his lips and then laid it on the table. This theatrical act transformed the hooting into frantic cheering. . . .—*Courrier français,* November 25th, 1792.

[2] General Council of the Commune, sitting of April 13th, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 15th.

dressed him. "What! forbid him to see his own child? And yet they allowed the prisoners to be approached by certain not over trustworthy persons through whose intermediary they corresponded with the outside world!" Pache questioned the man. Whereupon Tison, certain "a plot" was on foot, related everything. One night, at supper-time, the widow Capet, on taking out her pocket-handkerchief, let a pencil fall from her pocket, whilst in Elizabeth's room, on prying about, he had discovered some wafers and sealing wax for closing letters. Tison *mère*, knowing her husband to be at words with the mayor, also came down in a state of great emotion and ran off all she knew. The municipal representatives whom she suspected were Toulan, Lepître and still some others; also the waiter Turgy. . . . Shouting and lamenting she demanded her daughter. She and her husband signed their declaration.

The affair came before the Commune on the 21st and produced a great sensation. It looked as though without a doubt, Lepître and Toulan were lost. The most summary enquiry would reveal the fact that the former had sold himself for one hundred thousand francs to the enemies of the republic, that the latter had introduced a royalist agent into the Temple. Prevarication on the part of both was manifest. The revolutionary Tribunal which had been sitting for the past fortnight had been formed to punish crimes of that character. . . . But nothing of the sort happened. They were content with ordering that seals be placed on the papers of the incriminated commissioners, and as nothing suspicious was found in the documents they were not even struck off the list of members of the Commune! Only the prisoners were punished. A minute search in their apartments led to the seizure of their prayer-books, a copy of the *Consécration de la France au Sacre-Cœur de Jésus*, and a man's hat found in Madame Elizabeth's bedroom and

which she said was a souvenir of her brother.[1] Astounded, much more than the others, by this incomprehensible indulgence, Lepître succeeded later in explaining it by the rivalry which then began to set the Commune and the Convention by the ears. The latter felt only disdain for the "little representatives" of the Hôtel de Ville, commonly called "scavengers," "blood-drinkers," "September slaughterers" [2] by the moderate deputies, middle-class citizens disdainful of these common people. On the other hand, the Commune would not suffer the slightest offence to its prestige and, in order to preserve it from cracks, hid the imperfections of its members as best it could. That is what, for a time, saved so many suspicious or untrustworthy municipal representatives; "that is why Toulan, against whom there were such strong charges that it was difficult to absolve him, was allowed to escape." [3]

[1]General Council of the Commune, sittings of April 22nd and 23rd and May 1st. *Courrier français* of April 23rd and 25th and May 2nd. The discovery of this hat was the occasion for long discussions. The point in question was whether it had really belonged to Louis XVI or had been brought to the Temple as part of a disguise for one of the prisoners. The hatter Dulong, purveyor to the King, was questioned. They examined even the executioner, who declared that the hat of the condemned man had been torn in pieces by the crowd, and divided amongst them.

[2]Manuel's report to the General Council of the Commune.—*Courrier français,* April 23rd, 1793.

[3]Lepître. *Quelques souvenirs* . . . p. 70. At the time of the Queen's trial, Lepître and Toulan were, indeed, arrested; but the latter escaped from the hands of the police by means of a theatrical trick which one can hardly believe deceived them. Captured much later, Toulan—like Michonis—died on the scaffold; but that was a little before the 9th of Thermidor after the disappearance of Chaumette who had been opposed to drawing the attention of the government and the public to the Temple. To finish with the Lepître and Toulan incident, one must add that the latter, having declared that he risked his head through devotion and not, like his colleague, in the hope of pecuniary reward, received, however, from the Queen a gold box containing 24,000 *livres* which she forced him to accept. (See Pimodan, *loc. cit.*) Fouquier-Tinville discovered and divulged in his speech for the prosecution that Toulan, at the time of Capet's execution, found a means of getting possession of the condemned man's hat and substituting his own,—a stratagem which enabled him to offer the King's head-covering to Madame Elizabeth (see Lecestre, *loc. cit*).

The history of the captivity and misfortunes of the son of Louis XVI would be incomplete and obscure if we isolated it from ambient politics by neglecting to study the underhand intrigues created by his royal investiture. Certainly we do not know all of them. They were unknown to the majority of contemporaries; but time has brought some of them to light. First of all we must lay down as a principle that we still know hardly anything of what went on behind the scenes during the Revolution; those who communicate the knowledge of it to us have too often reduced it to the narrow measure of our prejudices or of their partiality; it was very different from that which they show us, and if a Robespierre, a Barras or a Fouché were by a miracle to return and describe it to us without either reticence or omission, their narrative would apear absurd to the official professors who have made a point of instructing us. Now, "nothing, *à priori*, is absurd in this terrible history of the Terror, so mysterious in so many ways," writes a well-informed scholar who has not the reputation of pleasing the romantic.[1] By applying this wise precept to the captivity of the Dauphin, we shall recognise perhaps that it was not a simple episode of the great revolutionary drama but that it formed the basis and texture of it, unknown even to those to whom the parts were distributed.

On April 6th, 1793, the Convention decreed the creation of a Committee of nine members intrusted to concentrate all the powers and to give impetus to the executive Council. The matter had not been voted without oppositions and one of the most prophetic was that of Biroteau who said: "Is it not permissible for a friend of liberty to fear that there may arise in this Committee an ambitious man who, under the mark of patriotism,

[1]Albert Mathiez, professor of modern history at the Faculty of *Letters of Besançon. Etudes robespierrists: la Conspiration de l'Etranger,* p. 90.

will usurp the supreme power?" [1] The constitutive decree ordered that the deliberations of the new Committee should be secret and set down in registers.[2] The nine [3] met on the following day, Sunday, April 7th. They decided to hold two sittings a day, at nine in the morning and seven at night, and "not to admit any citizen during their discussions." [4] Thus the Committee of Public Safety came into existence. By what miracle was there found a man sufficiently audacious and sufficiently artful to brave this interdiction and worm himself in habitually present at the conversations of the redoubtable Commissioners? Among many other enigmas, that is one of the most disconcerting and most discussed.

When, some twenty-five years ago, the papers of Lord Grenville, preserved in the archives of Dropmore Lodge, were published in England under the direction of Mr. J. J. Cartwright, secretary of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, students of the history of the French Revolution were astounded to learn that Francis Drake, British Minister at Genoa during the Terror, sent to Lord Grenville, then head of the Foreign Office, the reports of a secret agent he kept in Paris and in which the men and events of the Revolution were presented under an aspect which appeared to be absolutely fanciful.

As Francis Drake, in the course of his diplomatic career, was subjected to rude trials by our jacobins who occasionally made game of him audaciously, one was at liberty to believe that, once more a victim of his anti-revolutionary zeal, he had been grossly hoaxed. Such was the opinion of the most reputable specialists.[5] What! there had slipped in among the secretaries of the Committee of Public Safety a spy, admitted to the most

[1] *Moniteur,* reprint, XVI, p. 76.
[2] Decree of April 6th, 1793.
[3] Guyton-Morveau, president, Bréard, vice-president, Lindet and Barère, secretaries, Danton, Delacroix, Cambon, Delmas and Treilhard.
[4] *National Archives,* A FII 180, 191, 23A.
[5] See *Révolution français,* XXXI, p. 378, and XXXII, p. 121 et seq.

secret and most compromising deliberations? Improbability number one. And it happened, in addition, that this spy, who remained anonymous, had communicated to the person who paid him information which was in complete disagreement with what we know of that memorable period! For instance, he represented the Committee of Public Safety as divided into two enemy camps, one of which held its sittings outside the Tuileries, the official headquarters, and hatched its plots at Choisy, Charenton, Vanves, Issy and elsewhere. . . . Among the personages taking part in these clandestine meetings he mentioned such men as Hébert, Pache, Chaumette and others who, not being members of the Convention, never formed part of the Committee and had declared open war on it. That was quite sufficient to justify, from the first, a challenge without appeal to these bulletins which, at the time of their publication, were called "grotesque nonsense."

On the other hand, it seemed all the same very astonishing that Sir Francis Drake should write to his Minister "that he could have every confidence in the authenticity of these reports emanating from a person employed as secretary by the Committee, and who hid his true sentiments under an outward show of the most exalted jacobinism." And in another despatch he again states precisely : "You must know that it is impossible they are misleading us regarding what is said most secretly in the Committee of Public Safety." This affirmation returns so insistently that it would be rash to call it boasting.

Now, a few soundings authorise one to affirm that certain of these astounding allegations of the spy conform to reality. Yes, there was a period when the Committee of Public Safety split into two adverse parties and on this subject we possess the testimony of several of its members. In October 1794, when the Terror was at an end, Cambon made, from the tribune of the Convention, some unexpected revelations. A member of the Com-

mittee since its creation until July 10th, 1793, he had then found out that "Robespierre, Danton, Pache and the Commune were meeting at Charenton."—"The fact is proved," he said. "It was ascertained there were meals. . . . Seeing that they were establishing a Committee of Public Safety[1] there, whilst you had created another in Paris, we had the Minister fetched and summoned the denounced members. Danton said: 'It is true, we have been and dined together; but fear nothing, we shall save liberty.' At the same time 'it was made known to us that at secret meetings, *there was a question of proclaiming young Capet King of France. . . .*' "[2] And Cambon having declared that there existed a secret register which he and five of his colleagues[3] "had had the courage to sign" and in which these irregular meetings were pointed out, Barère recalled the fact that "at the very time . . . they had been held he had denounced them from the tribune of the Convention." [4]

These clandestine conferences between Conventionals and members of the Commune have also been noted by Courtois in his report on the events of the 9th Thermidor.[5] We read there that "Auteuil, Passy, Vanves and Issy were successively the places" chosen by the conspirators. At Maisons-Alfort they met "at the house of an *émigré* let by Deschamps, aide-de-camp to Hanriot." Pache, the brothers Payan and Fleuriot-Lescot "attended

[1] Of the persons named by Cambon only Danton formed part of the Committee; Robespierre did not join it until August 14th.

[2] *Moniteur* of the 14th Vendémiaire, year II (October 5th, 1794). Reprint XXII, pp. 139 and 140.

[3] Guyton-Morveau, Lindet, Bréard, Delaunay and Barère.

[4] It was, in fact, at the sitting of May 18th, 1793, that Barère made allusion to the Charenton secret meetings; but how prudently! . . . "A few men are meeting together in a certain place. . . ." *Moniteur,* reprint, XVI, p. 423.

[5] *Report* drawn up in the name of the Committees of Public Safety and General Safety relating to the events of the 9th Thermidor year II, delivered on the 8th Thermidor year III on the eve of the anniversary of the fall of the tyrant, by E. B. Courtois, Deputy for the Aube. Paris, National Printing Works, Floréal, year IV.

these criminal secret meetings."[1] As to the meetings at Choisy, at which Robespierre, Lebas, Danton, Hanriot and his aides-de-camp, Dumas and Fouquier-Tinville of the revolutionary Tribunal were present, numerous testimonies collected after Thermidor in the town itself attest their reality.[2] They are not even quite forgotten there at the present time, since a few years ago a commemorative inscription was solemnly placed on the house where Danton had a lodging, at the house of his accomplice and agent Fauvel. It stands along the banks of the Seine, at the place known in the days of the kings as "gondola port," a lonely spot formerly, favourable for secret gatherings and where, doubtless the fate of the little King of the Temple was often deliberated on in the course of bitter and stormy discussions.

The British spy, therefore, did not lie. The members of the Committee of Public Safety were drawing nearer to the members of the Commune and other influential revolutionaries at certain secret conferences. Sir Francis Drake's agent had found a means of introducing himself in some artful way into these meetings, outside Paris, and it was of these and not of the official deliberations at the Tuileries he gave an account to his correspondent. Then, on that point, is his veracity proved[3] since he reports

[1]In support of his assertion Courtois cites the denunciation made by the popular and republican assembly of Maisons-Alfort. The text is given on p. 83 of the *Report.*

[2]Deposition of Fauvel's gardener, of V. Jacques Noury, citizen of Choisy, of Alexander Huet-Sourdon, painter at Choisy, of Marguerite Vacher, *née* Houdin, etc. *National Archives,* W. 500. The carpenter Duplay, Robespierre's host, had relatives at Choisy and Maisons-Alfort.

[3]In his *Conspiration de l'Etranger,* M. Albert Mathiez, who has set forth the question of the British spy at great length, proves that, warned by Henin, the *chargé d'affaires* of the Republic at Constantinople, the Committee of Public Safety took alarm. Recognising, in a communication which reached it from abroad, an absolutely correct extract of the report of one of its meetings, it immediately suspected in its midst a traitor who alone was able to reveal the secret of its deliberations. We see, in M. Mathiez's study, how this suspicion, strengthened by other confirmations, cost Hérault de Séchelles his life and later had an influence on the condemnation of the Dantonists.

events which were revealed subsequently to Thermidor, that is to say long after the sending of his last bulletin. As to the proclamation of young Capet as King of France, that was then, in those troubled times, so commonplace and so current an accusation that it had become a common pretext. The Committee of Public Safety used it as an arm against the Girondins;[1] it was employed against Hébert, "that secret partisan of the Royalty";[2] against Danton;[3] it was formulated against Chaumette and against Robespierre; it sent to the guillotine hundreds of suspected persons, and we find it so frequently in Fouquier-Tinville's speeches for the prosecution that it appears to be a necessary refrain. Now, we are in a dilemma: either the chief actors in the Revolution were cynical bandits, devoid of conscience and imagination, who did not even take the trouble to invent, for each slaughter, a new pretext for cutting their adversaries' throats; or else the accusation under which they one after the other succumbed was well-founded, and one must conclude that all of them, without daring to proclaim it publicly, considered a return to the constitutional royalty in the person of the son of Louis XVI as the saving issue and an advantageous solution. We are not availing ourselves of paradox, nor offending the memory of the Girondins, of Danton or of Robespierre by contending that,

[1] Saint-Just's *Report:* "They intended to proclaim the son of the late King, Louis XVII and his mother regent."—*Moniteur,* reprint XVII, p. 156. The same grievance reappears in the conclusion of the *Report:* "The documents handed to the Committee of Public Safety show . . . that they have attempted to place Capet's son on the throne." The same, p. 157.

[2] *Moniteur.* Reprint, XX, p. 98. Couthon speaking in the name of the Committee of Public Safety said, with regard to Hébert, on the 26th Ventôse, year II, at the Convention: "They attempted to forward to the Temple, to the Capet children, a letter, a packet and fifty *louis* in gold. The object of this expedition was to facilitate the escape of Capet's son; for the conspirators having formed the plan of establishing a Regency Council, the child's presence at the installation of the Regent was necessary." *Moniteur,* Reprint, XIX, p. 715.

[3] "There existed a party in favour of young Capet and if the government was favourable . . . it would be Danton who would show the child to the people." *Moniteur,* Reprint, XX, p. 100.

during the hours when France was in danger, they sacrificed their democratic opinion to the interests of the country and considered the eventuality of a monarchical restoration, the immediate results of which they hoped would be the retreat of the foreigner, the pacification of the Vendée and the end of Civil discord. Unfortunately for the captive child, no one dared to proclaim publicly this sure means of reconciliation. Each elaborated it in secret and meditated on it in isolation, anticipating for his party the guardianship of the little King of whom the more they thought the less they spoke. Yes, in the year of great anguish which followed the death of Louis XVI, when France, disorganised and led astray from the path of its ancient tradition, foresaw the final collapse as imminent, there was to be found, among those who were responsible for the great confusion, a number of sincere patriots who, repenting, made an effort to stay the torrent; others devoted themselves to the task with a personal object, foreseeing that he who could put his hand on the hostage of peace, concord and power sheltered in the Temple would become the master of the country; several worked at it merely through fear, knowing full well that the infant-king would be a pledge of impunity for his liberator, and one must also count the adventurers whose low instincts became exasperated with cupidity at the thought of that "whelp" whose possession would assure the one who had the luck to claim him, safety of life, money, influence, honours and renown. One must not attribute the fierce struggles and sanguinary *fournées* which redden the history of the French Revolution to mean rivalries; they were the episodes of the desperate battle waged for the conquest of the orphan toward whom all ambitions converged and whom the Commune as jailor guarded closely in the sole fear of seeing itself deprived of a most valuable prey. That is why the evocation of that amiable, graceful and interesting child, who, still at the age of thoughtlessness, the object of so many pas-

sions, intrigues, vows, manœuvres, sighs, factions and appetites, played ball under the eye of his guardians in the anteroom of his prison or, kneeling down near his mother, spelt out, in his History of France, the exploits of his ancestors, remains, among the pictures with which the annals of the world are rendered illustrious, one of the most suggestive and most pensively contemplated.

IV

SIMON

We shall admit that, if the thought of the little King of the Temple haunted the minds of all politicians, Chaumette in particular must have been in torment. The tyrant's son "belonged" to the Commune of Paris, and to Chaumette the Commune was wholly obedient.[1] He did what he liked there, said there only what he consented to say, although he spoke daily and copiously. At the time of his trial before the revolutionary Tribunal, witnesses testified "that he exercised the duties of the public prosecutor of the Commune less as a defender of the people than as a dictator"; his speeches for the prosecution "resembled rather laws dictated by a legislator than opinions . . . submitted to the Council for discussion"; he said that "he alone formed a constituted authority"; and "he reigned despotically over men's opinion." [2] If we have not lost sight of the moral portrait already sketched, we shall recollect that this man was not only puffed up with his all-powerful authority but sly, cunning, insincere under a frank and good-natured exterior. His life remains, for those who have most studied it, a constant mystery; all agree in saying that what went on underneath it escapes them and that his double-faced and fleeting figure has prudently guarded its secret.

Behold a man of ill-repute, lacking in every scruple, a

[1] "Chaumette became the King of it, and this little man who had been a cabin-boy and afterward a literary man, who wrote me three letters to obtain a tutor's post, cast off like a monkish swine, rivalled Robespierre. . . ."—Mercier. *Le nouveau Paris,* Vol. I, p. 160.

[2] *Bulletin du Tribunal révolutionnaire,* IVth part, *Procès de Chaumette,* No. 36, p. 144.

consummate liar and able to dissemble to such an extent that he shed real tears when delivering a touching apology for morality! Yet the treasure which all parties coveted was confided in him,—a treasure the possession of which would make him, in the event of a political change, safe from the punishment from which, without this magic safeguard, he could not escape; this treasure was at his mercy; he was responsible for it; he would perish if another and more enterprising person succeeded in getting possession of it! Was it possible that he, with all facilities at his disposal, entering the Temple whenever he liked, whilst entrance was forbidden to everyone else, even to members of the Convention who called there without a special order; he, knowing completely, through having associated with and managed them according to his liking, all his colleagues of the Commune, whom he had authority over either through fear or comradeship; he, having alone the resource, if his machinations were discovered, of putting forward his duty and responsibility as an argument, is it possible that such a man, in this situation, did not think that it would be too stupid to allow his adversaries to profit by such an unexpected advantage and put up with this—that one fine night they would come knocking at his door to announce that little Capet had disappeared and was in flight? There is a phrase from Chaumette's mouth which throws a singular light on his tactics. Speaking of his enemies he said: "If we do not forestall them they will forestall us."[1]

We have not the pretension to establish here, by proof, that Chaumette engineered the Dauphin's escape. We are seeking merely to bring into accord certain statements which have not yet been compared the one with the other and the whole of which reveals, without the shadow of a doubt, a long and cautiously prepared plan. Did the idea originate with Chaumette alone; or with Hébert, his disquieting deputy; or, again, did Chaumette and

[1] *Grande Encyclopédie;* Article on *Chaumette.*

Hébert, collaborate? It matters little; the indisputably authentic facts which reveal it bear indifferently the stamp of these two men; though they observed each other with distrust, they walked, as is said, "hand in hand"; as neither one nor the other, in so profitable an enterprise, could hope to hide himself from his accomplice the best thing was to "go shares."

What strikes one first of all is the absolutely perfect agreement between them concerning the future reserved for the little King. Hébert appreciated the child's value. One day at the Commune he said: "In the mind of both royalists and moderates, the King never dies: he is in the Temple. If they could seize this phantom they would rally around him. . . ." For always and everywhere,—at the Hôtel de Ville as at the Convention, on the Committees as at the secret meeing at Maisons-Alfort or Vanves,—it is toward the orphan prisoner that all thoughts are directed; this innocent being is the axis around which the revolutionary storm whirls. Hébert was not of the opinion that the Dauphin should be kept at the Temple. "Let this little serpent and his sister be cast on a desert island. I do not know any other reasonable means of getting rid of them; and *yet we must rid ourselves of them at any price.* Besides, what is a child when the safety of the Republic is at stake? Would not the person who could have smothered his drunken father and that bad lot his mother in their cradles have done the best action imaginable? There you have my opinion, *foutre!* Catch who can!"[1] Chaumette, the good apostle, was not in favour of "the desert island" but, in a more wheedling manner, he set forth a programme similar to that which Hébert grossly extolled. After Baron Hue left the Temple he determined to see the public prosecutor of the Commune in order to obtain from him an authorisation to re-enter the service of the royal family. Chaumette received him effusively, spoke to him "confidentially," re-

[1] *Le Père Duchesne,* No. 180.

lated his hard and chequered youth which he introduced on every occasion, and then, letting all the interest which the Dauphin inspired in him be seen, said paternally: "I want to give him some education. *I shall remove him from his family in order to make him lose the idea of his rank. . . .*" [1] Such was the verdict and from before the death of Louis XVI.

Since the young prince had become King, Chaumette took much interest in the Temple. At the General Council he spoke on the subject almost daily, divulging the precautions taken or to be taken, or, even, relating the visits he paid there. For he went there very often. Hébert also went there sometimes. One night they arrived together—both drunk.[2] It is thanks to them especially that we are informed in regard to the prisoners' existence. Materially it was not painful. It seems that most of their complaints were favourably received; as the days slipped by supervision became less strict; the great bustle of tradesmen, soldiers, servants, labourers, needlewomen, contractors, laundry-maids, workmen and porters who went about the Temple from morning to night created a continual moving to and fro in the courtyards and gardens. The apartments in the Tower were badly protected against this invasion. Wood and water-carriers and floor-polishers were coming in there every moment, when it was not the lock-smiths, chimney-sweeps or carpenters summoned to make some repair or other.[3] Nearly seven thousand cards a month were distributed,[4] and one can understand that under those conditions it did not require much cunning to gain access to the Queen.

[1] *Souvenirs du baron Hue,* p. 130.
[2] Madame Royale.
[3] *National Archives,* F[7], 4791.
[4] "Note on the quantity of cards:

200 per day for soldiers	6,000
100 per *décade* (ten days) for the *Mairie* (?)	300
20 administrators' cards per *décade*	60
Total per month	6,360

National Archives, F[7], 4391.

We have seen that she received, in addition to Mlle. Pion and Dr. Brunier, the painter Kocharsky and Baron de Batz, the last two in disguise; other visitors as well, reported very summarily in documents and never referred to again;[1] without counting Turgy who, secretly, took charge of the correspondence, carried and brought back letters written in invisible ink, acted as the Queen's errand-man in her relations with Mme. de Séran and Toulan. Chaumette, well posted up, or believing that he was, set to work, after the denunciation by the Tisons, to isolate the prisoners. As for some days past the Queen had consented to ascend with her children to the upper platform of the Tower to take the air there, he learnt that the public at the bottom of the neighbouring streets, being able to catch sight of the prisoners "who appeared to be sad and dismayed," assembled every morning to be on the watch for their promenade.[2] The public prosecutor grew anxious, hastened to the Temple, explored the platform and brought back his impressions to the Council of the Commune,—namely, that from up there it was possible to communicate by gestures with confederates posted

[1]For example, in the narrative of Madame Royale, "a stranger who brought things to my aunt," or that woman whom the reporter, at the General Council, did not consider it expedient to name and who sent "a letter to the Queen by an unknown person."—General Council of the Commune. Sitting of February 16th, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 18th.

[2]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of March 18th. *Courrier français* of the 19th. Goret gives precise and interesting details regarding these walks. "At the top of the Tower there was a circular gallery . . . I had chairs carried up and they ascended. The gallery was surrounded by a parapet about four feet (1 m. 30) in height and barely two feet (0 m. 63) broad. At the four corners were little turrets in which the seats had been placed. As soon as the public in the neighbourhood saw us, they formed groups in places whence they could gaze at us most easily. As the young prince showed a desire to look over the parapet, the Queen asked me to take him in my arms. 'Mon Dieu, Madame,' I observed to her, 'I should much like to satisfy you; but the public who see us and who would notice me might be agitated by it.'—'I did not think of that,' replied the Queen. 'You are quite right.'"—The newspapers reported the fact: "March 18th, 1793. The prisoners of the Tower walk every morning on the donjon of the Tower. They have been seen every day this week."—*Courrier français* of the 19th, p. 152.

in neighbouring houses. One of the members proposed that the parapet be raised "so that the prisoners could see nothing save the sky above their heads"; but Chaumette considered the precaution rather too severe. He had scruples. "Posterity awaits us," he said, "and already we live in History!" And it was decided that the loop-holes should be blocked up with Venetian blinds.[1]

His object was not to torture the prisoners. If he had "the inflexibility of a magistrate" he possessed "a father's sensibility," as he himself confessed;[2] he only sought to isolate the Dauphin completely, in order to dispose of him at his pleasure, to have him entirely to himself. Nothing could be attempted so long as the child lived with his mother, sister and aunt, so the first thing to be done was to separate him from them. On March 29th a deputation from the Finistère[3] section waited on the Commune to demand the prompt trial of the Queen and Elizabeth, and to propose the assembling of the sections "with the object of drawing up an address to the Convention on the measures to be taken to prevent the son of Louis XVI succeeding his father." Did Chaumette suggest this proposal? One cannot say. But he approved of it, and the petitioners were granted "the honours of the sitting."[4] With such emphasis did he declare the urgent necessity of confining the prisoners more closely that the shoemaker Wolf, who supplied Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth with footwear, took fright and wanted to know whether the buskins and boots he sent to the Temple were going to be considered as a means of correspondence. . . . He declared to the Commune that he could answer for the marks "which might be found in the supply of six pairs of shoes for Louis Capet's sister

[1]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of March 26th. *Courrier français* of the 28th, p. 227.

[2]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of September 7th, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 9th, p. 93.

[3]Saint-Victor quarter.

[4]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of March 26th. *Courrier français* of the 28th.

and daughter, these shoes having passed from hand to hand. . . ."[1] The municipality appointed two specialists—one of whom, naturally, was Simon—"to verify these shoes and find out whether there was anything suspicious in their contexture."[2] They now raised a wall eighteen feet high around the prison, which they also freed from every parasitic construction.[3] Owing to the exaggerated strengthening of these precautions, we seem to be watching a conjuror preparing a trick and applying him to the exaggeration of its apparent difficulty. One might explain them if the attempts at escape, the reality of which was not doubtful, served to justify their necessity; but, on the contrary, they affected to consider these attempts as being without importance. They had neither searched for nor troubled their authors. To such a degree that those members of the Commune who had remained lucid and took the trouble to think could not make head or tail of these anomalies. One of them, Goret, wrote: "Who instigated all these precautions, some of which might be superfluous? I cannot say. Never once did I hear them deliberated upon by the General Council, and I have always thought that *an occult and powerful party had a hand in all that unknown to the Council and even to the Mayor who* presided over it";[4] whilst Verdier, suspecting an enigma, said: "The municipal representatives . . . *with the exception of those initiated in the mysteries*, had a closer view of the horrors which were happening; but as to the reasons for them and the instruments they knew no more than the other citizens."[5]

For some days the little King had been suffering from

[1]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of May 2nd, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 4th, p. 31.
[2]*National Archives, AA* 53, 1486.
[3]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of March 26th. *Courrier français* of the 28th.
[4]Beaucourt, Vol. I, p. 218.
[5]The same, Vol. I, p. 236.

a stitch in his side "which prevented him laughing,"[1] when, on May 9th, a Thursday, about seven in the evening, he complained of a violent headache. A high fever followed and as the child was also suffering from suffocation he was put to bed. The Queen was very anxious and immediately asked for a doctor. Her request was submitted to the Commune the same evening. Hébert, who had gone to the Temple in the afternoon, spoke, attesting that it was only "a feigned illness."—"I saw young Capet to-day," he said. "He was playing, jumping and appeared to be very well." In consequence of this testimony medical advice was refused.[2] The day after the morrow a member of the General Council was preparing to read the young prisoner's health bulletin; but at the demand of those present the president had to pass to the order of the day.[3] Not until Sunday did the General Council consent to send to the Temple, not Dr. Brunier, whom the Queen had chosen, but Citizen Thierry, the ordinary prison doctor, in order not to run counter to equality.

The young King was ill for a fortnight. One may date his convalescence from May 29th, the day on which Marie Antoinette asked the commissioners for the novel *Gil Blas* "to amuse her son." There was a fresh discussion before the General Council to which the request was submitted. One member—doubtless a frequenter of the Temple—observed that the child "being very bright and intelligent could only learn to play very naughty tricks by studying

[1] Madame Royale.

[2] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of May 10th. *Courrier français* of the 11th. It is by comparing indications of this kind with Madame Royale's narrative that one can judge of the astonishing exactitude of her account. "The Council," wrote the young princess, "derided my brother's illness because Hébert had seen him at five o'clock in good health, the fever not having declared itself until two hours afterward." She gives Thursday, May 9th, as the day when this fever made its appearance; but the *Courrier français* says it was the 10th inst. Probably an error on the part of this journal, through having united two sittings of the Commune in one report.

[3] Sitting of the 12th.

the morality and principles of *Gil Blas*."—"Rather *Robinson Crusoe*," advised another. A third was indifferent to the choice of a book. "He's a spoilt child; his mother has inculcated him with her principles; you won't spoil him any more. . . ." So *Gil Blas* was accorded.[1] For some days nothing more was said about the Temple. The Commune was fighting its great battle, gaining its great victory; it subjugated the Convention and obtained its consent to mutilation. Chaumette was able to believe himself omnipotent, to dream of the inaccessible; for those whom he had overthrown were dangerous rivals. We possess, in fact, the proof—Couthon and Saint-Just declared it in the name of the Committee of Public Safety—that these Girondins, now conquered, planned "to spike the alarm gun, to gain possession of the Temple and proclaim Louis XVII."[2] Free from this rivalry, Chaumette combined the means of avoiding in the future all similar competition. The hour had come to strike the decisive blow by separating the Dauphin from his family. As to the "women," they would get rid of them afterward at the opportune moment.

In June the child was again in bed. Whilst playing he wounded himself and the Queen wished to consult Dr. Hippolyte Pipelet, the third of that name, a famous specialist who lived in the Rue Mazarine. But the Commune did not consider it necessary to call in this "artist" and decided that "the patient should be treated by the ordinary prison truss-maker."[3] However, the Queen "demanded" Pipelet and obtained him. She had her own reasons, and here we see looming on the horizon that satanic conception which, henceforth, was mingled with the history of the Temple and raised such a cry of repro-

[1] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of May 29th. *Courrier français* of the 31st.
[2] *Moniteur*. Reprint, XVII, p. 77.
[3] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of June 12th. *Courrier français* of the 13th, p. 349.

bation and horror that, after a century had elapsed, its echo still persisted.

One evening in the early days of the month,[1] Hébert and Chaumette came to the Temple and saw little Capet suffering from the special ailment with which he was attacked. What dreadful flash of imagination crossed their minds as they descended the staircase? What scurrilities did they utter in the commissioners' room before leaving the Temple? Can one imagine these two men, returning on that summer night toward the Hôtel de Ville, putting their heads together and contriving the plot of which they would make use at the appropriate moment, appraising all the advantage they could gain by it in confiscating the son and killing the mother,—out of respect for morality? For the ignoble accusation sprang up on that day, and it was because she was informed of it —either by Turgy or someone else—that the Queen wished to have recourse to the authority of Dr. Pipelet. He himself has informed us of the circumstances of his intervention. He had to call on the Commune, where he was at first hooted frantically, in his quality as former Court doctor. When, at last, he was able to make himself heard and solicited from that band an authorisation to enter the Temple, the brawlers attempted to dissuade him by declaring "that he would only be paid as for an ordinary prisoner. . . ." The next day he entered the Tower accompanied by municipal officers who had the young prince undressed, placed upright on a chair facing the window, and then ordered the doctor "to state that the child had in his blood a poison which condemned him to death." Particularly did they draw his attention to the local ailment, the origin of which they attributed to his mother's immodesty. The doctor examined the little patient, put a number of questions, and finally recognised that "the Prince was *perfectly sound*," that he had injured himself whilst riding astride a stick," "as children

[1]Madame Royale.

do," and he inserted in his report the cause and effect of this indisposition of which, after due care, "no trace would remain."[1] On the 23rd the Dauphin descended with the Queen to the Temple garden, where he was seen playing and running about. His animation when at play, his love for his mother, his frolicsome gaiety filled the whole prison with joy. This "engaging and charming" child coaxed the most arrogant of the municipal officers and one of them confessed that he could not resist the temptation of drawing him aside to embrace him.[2]—Capet *fils* and Antoinette "enjoyed an ease which they had not known for nine months," wrote a gazetteer. "A number of toys suitable for his age have been given to the child."[3] These were their last days together. Perhaps, on the eve of committing the crime Chaumette felt "his paternal sensibility" awaken; he was a man given to these contracts and grew tender by fits and starts. Nevertheless he was counting the hours granted to the son and the mother and had already fixed that at which their martyrdom should begin.

Those beautiful summer days were pregnant with tragedies in the dismal Tower of the Knight Templars. Since the authorities had haggled with them over the visit of their daughter Pierrette, the Tisons remained gloomy and taciturn. This father and mother were jealous of Marie Antoinette and spied upon her,—she who had the happiness to live with her child; they vented their rancour on the little King whom Tison accused of being an *informer!* Since her denunciation of Toulan, Lêpitre and the others, Tison *mère* was no longer the same person: she languished, rose late, refused to take the air

[1]Dr. Pipelet's letter with all its technical terms, which we abstain from reproducing, is quoted textually in *Preuves authentiques de la mort du jeune Louis XVII* by Antoine (de Saint-Gervais), second edition, 1831, p. 37. Dr. Pipelet wrote this letter from Tours, to which he retired and where he died in 1823.

[2]Moëlle.

[3]*Courrier français. Nouvelles de Paris,* June 25th, 1793.

on the platform or in the garden;[1] and when, every night, the new commissioners arrived, she was on the watch for their coming, stared at them fixedly. . . . Never did those whom she had betrayed reappear. Then she would enter her room and, through the partition, she could be heard talking to herself, struggling against the nightmares which agitated her.[2] She was alarmed at the Dauphin's indisposition.[3] "Suppose he were to die through lack of care!" Remorse at being the cause of all the evil tortured her. Thierry, the prison doctor, attended her;[4] but her ailment was not one of those that can be cured by remedies. On June 28th her husband forced her to reveal to the commissioners that the Queen and Madame Elizabeth carried on a daily correspondence with Turgy. She descended to the Council room carrying as proof a candlestick on the save-all of which a drop of sealing-wax had fallen. Was it when speaking to the commissioners that she learnt "what was in preparation"? Did she detect an allusion to the plan of tearing away the Dauphin from his mother, or had she guessed it owing to certain changes in the regular life of the Temple? The apartment on the second story, closed since the death of Louis XVI, was, indeed, re-opened;[5] and two new turnkeys had come on duty.[6] Mme. Tison understood. Breathless, she ascended to her room. At ten at night there was a knocking at her window. On asking what was wanted of her, a commissioner's voice replied that Pierrette was downstairs and wished to see her. "Pierrette? No, that could not be; she never came as late as that!" And Mme.

[1]Madame Royale.
[2]The same.
[3]The same.
[4]"To the Citoyenne Tison, six visits." *National Archives,* F⁷, 4392.
[5]The seals had been removed from the apartment on the second floor, vacant since the King's death, April 29th. *Temple Papers.*
[6]"The new arrangements made at the Temple prison necessitating a more active supervision, the Commission entrusted with the prisoners' safety has appointed two new turnkeys. The Council has fixed their salary at 1200 *livres* per annum." General Council of the Commune, sitting of June 28th. *Courrier français* of the 30th.

THE EXAMINATION OF THE DAUPHIN BY DR. PIPELET,
IN THE TEMPLE (MAY, 1793)
Sketch by Vieu. Private Collection

Tison declined to come down. However, her husband intervened and dragged her into the staircase, where, resisting, she shouted that they wanted to take her to prison. At last she was pushed into the Council room. Her daughter was there right enough; she had taken advantage of the cool of the evening to come and embrace her parents. The mother was reassured; but when it was necessary for her to ascend to her room she again stoutly refused to move. This time she was frightened of returning to the upper quarters and finding herself in the presence of that Queen whose child they were going to steal in two days' time. At this Tison *père* flew into a passion and the municipal officers began to hustle her about. When, at last, they succeeded in getting the woman to the anteroom on the third floor she caught sight of the Queen, whose dinner was on the point of being served by Turgy, Marchand and Chrétien. Mme. Tison walked straight to her and without heeding the municipal representatives threw herself at the Queen's feet. "Madam," she said, "I ask for Your Majesty's pardon. I am a wretch. For I am the cause of your death and that of Madame Elizabeth. . . ." The prisoners raised her to her feet with kindness, but the woman, happening to catch sight of Turgy, became troubled and once more fell on her knees, before him, and exclaimed amidst her sobs: "Turgy, pardon me! I am the cause of your death. . . ." [1] Seized with terrible convulsions, Mme. Tison was then dragged away. Doctors came on the following day and certified she was insane. The Commune decreed that she should be taken care of outside the Tower and on July 1st eight men, who had a difficulty in holding her, conducted her to the Temple Palace, where she was placed under guard.[2]

That same day there was issued the decree of the Com-

[1] Turgy.

[2] Turgy and General Council of the Commune, sitting of June 29th. *Courrier français* of July 1st.

mittee of Public Safety ordering that the Dauphin should be placed in the hands of a teacher and henceforth should live "in a separate apartment, the most secure in the Tower."[1] The decree had been petitioned for by the Commune, and one can hardly doubt of the way in which this body announced it to the Parisian population, affecting to lay the whole responsibility for it on the shoulders of the National Convention. "Since the execution of Louis XVI," announced the *Courrier français*, "the Convention appears to have completely forgotten the members of his family detained in the Temple. The Committee of Public Safety has just occupied itself with them, and in consequence of its decrees the son of the former King will be separated from his mother." The decree did not order isolation properly so called; it did not forbid all relations between the Queen and her son, but only continued cohabitation. It was the Commune which cruelly increased its severity. Thus, the Committee having left the appointment of the teacher to its judgment, Chaumette confided or approved that they confide this mission to his zealot Simon, and this choice, to those who knew the man, must have seemed a mockery. Ignorant, stunted, blundering, absolutely uneducated, incapable of writing a correct or even readable line, the cobbler possessed but one quality which justified his protector's decision—passiveness. If, in choosing him, the Public Prosecutor of the Commune, who, as we have seen, feared "the judgment of History," had not the sole object of assuring himself of a docile instrument at the child's side, his preference for this boor would remain inexplicable. Moreover, nobody can suppose that he was imposed upon by a vote of the Commune.[2] We know what the sit-

[1] It is useful to note that Robespierre was the initiator of the separation of the Dauphin and the Queen. On March 27th, 1793, he proposed that the Queen be tried, whilst her son remained a prisoner in the Temple.—*Moniteur. Reprint* XV, 817.

[2] Since the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, in 1871, we possess only the summary reports of the sittings of the Commune published by the newspapers of the time. As regards the Temple they inform us

tings of the General Council were like and the submission of all the members to the opinion of the "Master." Simon would never have been appointed if he had not been Chaumette's man, if Chaumette had not been his protector, colleague in the Théâtre-Français section, guardian and surety. Promotion came most unexpectedly to the shoemaker, the General Council having granted him, at the same time as the title of Fénelon's successor as educator of the son of the King of France, a salary of 9,000 *livres*.[1]

On July 3rd, after the prisoners' supper, that is at ten o'clock at night, the municipal representatives on duty at the Temple, Eudes, a stone-cutter, Gagnant, a painter, Véron, a perfumer, Cellier, a semi-official counsel, Devèze, a carpenter, and a certain Arnaud exercising the singular profession of "reader-secretary," appeared before the Queen and read to her the decree of the Committee of Public Safety. Of the heart-rending scene which followed we possess but two very succinct accounts. The first is the report of the Commissioners of the Commune, as follows: "After various earnest entreaties, the widow Capet at last determined to deliver her son, who was then led into the appointed apartment and placed in the hands of Citizen Simon who is in charge of it. We would observe moreover that the separation took place with all

sufficiently. But what hiatuses there are all the same! We see, in the *Courrier français* of July 8th, that, at the sitting of the 6th, there was mentioned a previous decree appointing Simon teacher to the Dauphin. Now, previously, there is nowhere any question of this decree. Is not this an indication that the vote was conjured away? When, six months later, there was a question of appointing a steward at the Temple, we see, at least, that, the General Council having first of all proceeded to call over the names of members, the ballot produced 55 voters. Citizen Lelièvre obtained 51 votes. *Courrier républicain* of the 16th Pluviôse, year II. Is it not surprising that in the case of Simon's nomination things were not done with the same regularity and that they are not related with similar details?

[1] "The General Council decides that Simon and his wife shall be paid at the same rate as the Tisons." Now, Tison received 6,000 *livres* per annum and his wife 3,000. *National Archives*, F⁴, 1308.

the sensibility which one would expect under the circumstances, in which the magistrates of the people showed every deference compatible with the severity of their duty.[1] The other narrative, stamped with greater emotion, is Madame Royale's. "On July 3rd, at ten o'clock at night, they read us a decree of the Convention ordering that my brother should be separated from mother and placed in the most secure apartment of the Tower.[2] My brother had hardly heard this than he uttered loud cries and threw himself into mother's arms, demanding that he should not be parted from her. Mother was also struck with horror by this new order and, determined not to give my brother up, defended the bed where he was against the municipal officers. The latter, equally determined to have him, threatened to use violence and summon the guard from below to take him away by force. An hour passed in *pourparlers*, defence and tears from all of us. At last mother consented to give up her son. We got him up and, after he was dressed, mother surrendered him to the municipal representatives, whilst bathing him with tears, as though she foresaw that she would never see him again. The poor little fellow embraced us all most tenderly and, weeping, departed with the men."

The subject is a rich one and lends itself to amplification: the three weeping princesses forming a rampart around the bed of the affrighted child, awakened from his beauty sleep and clinging to his mother with all the strength of his little arms; the necessarily sorry attitude of the six men struggling against the three women and threatening them with the soldiers; Marie-Thérèse's daughter for a whole hour suppliant before the stone-cutter, the perfumer and the carpenter; the painful tearing away and hustling of the child as they took him off, calling for his mamma in his little broken voice. And the

[1] General Council of the Commune, sitting of July 4th, 1793.—*Courrier français of the* 6th, p. 47.

[2] Once more we note that the princess's memory was as trustworthy as it was retentive.

heavy iron doors which clanged to; and the men with scarves pushing the little thing, who clung to the iron bannister, along the staircase; and the entrance into that apartment on the second floor where he had not been since that other tearful evening when his father, about to die, pressed him to his heart for the last time . . .; and the silent shame of those municipal representatives when, having gained the victory, they once more met together at their bivouac in the Council room. . . . They were not monsters; not one of them, doubtless, had the soul of a torturer; several, most certainly, were fathers, and among these there were trembling lips and wet eyes at the thought of the little fellow who, above, was struggling with his new warder and refusing to go to bed. . . . All these commissioners were, but a few months before, good laughter-loving fellows without a thought of playing at being Spartans; but the Chaumettes and the Héberts had intoxicated them with the poison of murderous utopias and had held up to them as a sacred duty that which, formerly, these simple men would have considered as a crime. Perhaps also they obeyed only fear. . . . No matter! Whatever air of bravado and flippant manner they may have affected, they felt disgust at the work they had done and not one of them could have slept peacefully that night in the accursed Tower, the sonorous echoes of which brought to their ears the women's cries and the sobbing of a child. Yes, the picture would be of a certain effect and would not falsify history, for one may load it with colours without fear that its tonality exceeded,—or rather without hope that it attained the intensity of the scene to be painted; but the misfortunes of the little King, innocent and a martyr, have inspired, apart from a few inimitable pages, so many tender commentaries that the clear outlines of the truth are no longer distinguishable under the superabundance of glosses. In such a subject, still more than in any other, it is advisable to keep to a simple statement of rare authentic pieces of evidence.

though the narrative should displease by its dryness; though it should even disappoint the sensibility of readers, surprised at not finding in history, thus stripped of ornaments, the touching impression which legend left them.

We here come to a period in the life of the Dauphin where we shall find ourselves in disagreement with a tradition more than a century old: that of the cruelty of the shoemaker Simon and the systematic tortures he inflicted on his "pupil." How did this tradition arise? Perhaps we must seek for its origin only in the obnoxious contrast between the ward's illustrious birth and the rough trade of his "mentor." A cobbler tutor to the Dauphin of France! This exaggerated conception raised so unanimous a reprobation among contemporaries, atavistically devotees of the ancient royal race, that their imagination was given, on this subject, full rein and, by induction, made up for lack of certain information. When the Restoration came the legend was strengthened and amplified by the misdeeds of party spirit: each contributed his piece of gossip or anecdote, alleged to have been gathered from living witnesses, ex-jailors overcome with remorse, former members of the Commune tardily repentant, and it is from this invading thicket we have to disengage the history of the Temple. Stripped of these grievous additions, it appears singularly unpleasing, of such barrenness as to disconcert those who knew it when luxurious and thick-spreading.

Confining ourselves to almost certain information, we know very little about Simon's administration and the manner in which he behaved toward the young prince. It looks very much as though he continued to be what we have seen he was before, when he was bestirring himself as clerk of the works at the Temple: not a bad but a dull-witted man, inordinately imbued with the extravagant bathos heard at his section or at the Commune, yet capable of showing kindness or even tenderness. In his stupidity, he mistook all those fine talkers for apostles

and their phrases for the new gospel; he had faith and naïvely imagined they had conscientiously placed him there in the interest of young Capet, in order to extirpate the aristocratic prejudices with which the mind of this descendant of kings was encrusted. Simon was not a torturer; he was a sincere simpleton, believing that through mere contact with an "undefiled" one like himself the child would become democratised and ascend from the rank of prince to the position of a man. Rousseauism was at the bottom of his foolishness, for though he had not read the works of Jean Jacques, he had confidently adopted his pedagogic themes through having vaguely heard them talked about.

Concerning the first relations between the master and the weeping Dauphin[1] on the night of July 3rd we know nothing. There is no testimony to tell us whether the shoemaker took the child with him into the room Louis XVI had occupied and which he inherited, or whether he decided that little Capet should sleep alone in the room formerly inhabited by Cléry.[2] No change had been made in the furnishing,[3] so Simon, for the first time in his life, stretched himself out under damask curtains on a broad deep bed made soft by three mattresses. He was able to sample the comfort of the arm-chairs and the savour of the three meals cooked by the *chefs* of the royal kitchens and brought into the anteroom in state by the waiters. Nothing, indeed, had been changed as regards the

[1] "My brother wept for two whole days without being able to console himself and demanded to see us. . . ." *Madame Royale.*

[2] It is very probable that the Dauphin had to share the room with the Simon household, anxious not to be separated from him.

[3] Seven months after the death of Louis XVI, the furniture of the King's bedroom was still there. Hébert proposed to burn the bed as well as the wardrobe of the tyrant. Naturally the Commune adopted the proposal (sitting of September 24th, 1793); but at the next meeting Dunoin objected that it was "absurd to burn a bed worth at least one thousand crowns. Moreover, the Council had no right to do it. If it were necessary to make a bonfire of everything the King had touched, they would have to cast into the flames property to the value of ten millions—nay, one hundred millions!" The decree was annulled.—General Council of the Commune. Sitting of September 26th. *Courrier français* of the 28th.

prisoners' régime and when Mme. Simon arrived at the Temple the ex-char-woman must have formed a great idea of the duties with which her husband had been invested. She did not appear until four days later;[1] that, at least, is what we must infer from the decree of the Commune dated July 6th which allowed her to share the regular godsend that had come to her man. Singularly clumsy and vulgar, she was, however, like the great majority of the women of the people of Paris, charitable and kind; she had shown devotion, without counting her labour, to those who, wounded on August 10th, were attended to in the Convent of the Franciscans. It is as inaccurate as it is unjust to represent her as a lazy drink-loving shrew.

The handing over of the Dauphin to Simon caused a noteworthy sensation in Paris. Either because the news appeared improbable, or because the public in its maliciousness guessed Chaumette's game, or, again, because some indiscreet accomplice talked too much, it was rumoured throughout the whole city that the Commune and its friends of the Mountain had taken possession of the son of Louis XVI merely with the object of using him as a weapon against their opponents. The young prince, it was declared, was no longer at the Temple: he had been carried in triumph to St. Cloud. Robespierre fulminated from the tribune of the Convention against these seditious rumours,[2] which spread as far as Lyons, where, on July 14th a refugee, Barety, deputy for the Hautes-Alpes, affirmed that "rumours of a monarchical restoration were rife in Paris." A strange thing: it was Chaumette whom

[1] "The young son of Louis XVI being still unable to do without the care of a woman, it has been decided that the woman Simon . . . shall take charge of this child, concurrently with her husband." General Council of the Commune. Sitting of July 6th. *Courrier français* of the 8th.

[2] "It is declared that the hypocritical enemies of liberty are spreading the news that it is the Mountain, that it is the people of Paris, that it is the General Council of the Commune, that it is you, founders of the Constitution . . . who wish to restore the throne of the tyrant whom you have punished in favor of his son." *Moniteur.* Reprint. Sitting of the Convention of July 7th, XVII, p. 72.

public opinion placed at the head of the movement and people alleged "that he had had a conference with the Queen."[1] Immediately the Committee of General Safety sent four of its members[2] to the Temple in order to make sure that none of the prisoners had disappeared. Their report stated that they found "Capet's son in the first apartment[3] quietly playing draughts with his mentor.[4] As Simon had up to then kept him shut up on the second floor, for fear, doubtless, that the child's tears would soften the hearts of the soldiers on guard, these had concluded that the public rumour was justified and that the Dauphin was really no longer at the Temple. So the members of the Convention led him into the garden to show him. It was then, before all these men, that this brave little prince of eight years of age had the courage to protest against the treatment of which he was a victim. He asked for his mamma, demanded "that they show him the law which ordered separation from her. . . ." [5] Imagine the attitude of those deputies of the Convention, of those Commissioners of the Commune, obliged, either to maltreat the innocent boy to impose silence on him, or, with bent heads and faces flushed with shame, to listen to him as he raised his little voice and strove to speak as a king. The report of the delegates of the Committee of General Safety is the earliest as regards date of the rare documents which inform us of the shoemaker's attitude toward his pupil: a suspicious document, one may say, for if the members of the Convention had surprised Simon in the act of thrashing his victim they would, without the slightest doubt, have abstained from mentioning the fact. Be it so. But other indications bear testimony, if not to Simon's solicitude, at least to his moderation. Dr. Pipelet, honoured with the Queen's entire confidence and who

[1] Bittard des Portes. *L'insurrection de Lyon.*
[2] Drouet, Chavot, Dumont and Maure.
[3] The anteroom on the second floor.
[4] *Moniteur.* Reprint, XVII, p. 72.
[5] Madame Royale.

came, at her formal request, to examine the Dauphin about June 20th, as already described, continued for a whole month the treatment he had ordered for the child;[1] he saw him, therefore, frequently, if not daily, during the first twenty days of the shoemaker's administration. Concurrently with Pipelet, another medical man attended the prisoner,—namely, Dr. Thierry, whom they contemptuously called the "prison-doctor." Yet he had been consulting-physician to the King,[2] and Mme. de Tourzel congratulated herself on knowing that the young prince was attended by this celebrated doctor. She met Thierry at the house of Marshal de Mouchy and saw him "deeply touched by the situation of the royal family. He went to find Brunier to inquire about the child's temperament . . .[3] and took as his assistant, on his visits to the Temple, Dr. Soupé, a master of surgery."[4]

Thierry came sixteen times to the prison "after the separation," the account for his honorarium states precisely,[5] and his last consultations date from the first day of January 1794; therefore they stretch over the whole period of Simon's sojourn.[6] Moreover, the son of Louis XVI was not seriously ill. He was afflicted at the time he was still living with his mother with a "verminous affection,"[7] and the sole object of the doctors' visits was to prevent a return of this indisposition. On July 4th,

[1] "He followed the treatment for this indisposition during a month." Letter from Dr. Pipelet, *loc. cit.*

[2] *Almanach Royal* for 1792. Thierry, doctor of medicine of the Faculty of Paris, Rue St. Honoré, opposite the Hotel de Noailles.

[3] Tourzel, Vol. II, p. 309.

[4] *Almanach Royal* for 1792. Soupé, Quai des Orfèvres, near the Pont-Neuf.

[5] *National Archives,* F^{7}, 4792.

[6] Thierry counts a total of 107 visits, both to the Dauphin and to Mme. Royale, as well as to the woman Tison, and he adds: "the dearness of carriages, all the time it takes to reach the apartment, to enter and leave the Temple (*sic*), all the appointments with Citizen Soupé, five or six with Citizen Pipelet, and 112 steps to ascend, with the result that a single visit takes nearly two hours. . . ."

[7] "At the end of which," notes Thierry's account, "he got rid of a prodigious quantity of worms."

the first day of life in common with the cobbler, there was brought to him from Robert, an apothecary, a medicinal brew "made in a water-bath with veal, the thighs and backs of frogs, the juice of plants and *terre foliée*." Every day in the month of July the same concoction was furnished[1] and, intimate though these details may be, they nevertheless have their importance since they prove the minute attentions paid the prisoner. Is it not apparent that they destroy at the same time the persistent legend of blows, jugs of cold water poured into his body, bumpers of wine and brandy which they forced him to absorb notwithstanding his repugnance? Can we believe that doctors like Pipelet and Thierry would never have noticed any symptom revealing so wretched a life, or would they have tolerated that others should try to make ill, whilst they were giving him their care, the young prince in whom they took so much interest?

As regards the food, there had been no restriction since the death of Louis XVI. At the sitting of the General Council on September 1st a member observed that "the prisoners' table is still served with the same profusion";[2] and when, in the autumn, the great reforms were made, it was decided "that no modification should be made in the régime of little Capet."[3] His instructor took him for walks in the gardens and on the platform of the Tower. He had a billiard-table put in one of the bedrooms of the prison,[4] and there the commissioners on duty used to meet

[1] Except the 26th, the 29th, the 30th and the 31st, when the child was given enemas composed of "Corsican coralline, lemon juice and olive-oil." Robert's bill mentions "a syringe with its ivory barrel, 14 *livres*." *National Archives*, the same files.

[2] *Courrier français* of September 3, 1793.

[3] General Council of the Commune, sitting of December 23rd. *Courrier français* of the 25th.

[4] Account from Le Marchand, carpenter, Rue des Tournelles, for "putting up and fixing the cue-rack of the billiard table." *National Archives*, F[7], 4392. The room where this billiard table was placed is not exactly indicated. As there was no room for such a piece of furniture in the Big Tower it appears very probable that it was put in Monsieur Berthélemy's former billiard room on the first floor of the Little Tower, that is, in the room where the Dauphin and Mme.

him. Bringing the child with him, admission was granted, to play with the tyrant's son, whilst the municipal representatives made cannon, to a little girl named Clouet who, every ten days, when the clean linen was brought back, accompanied her mother, one of the laundry-women of the Temple.[1] For the Dauphin's amusement Simon procured a dog, whom the boy named Castor,[2] and "of whom he was very fond." As a further diversion for his pupil, who had a great desire to keep birds, the shoemaker had an oak aviary with twenty-two perches[3] placed in the embrasure of one of the deep windows of his apartment, and under the pretext of "giving the birds light" he removed one of the planks of the wooden chimney-funnel that obstructed the casement.[4] We also see in the bills of the tradesmen of the Temple that one of the turrets was transformed into a pigeon-cote,[5] and for a very long time afterward mentions such as "seeds for little Capet's pigeons" [6] still appear in the accounts. Simon did still more. In Mathey's dwelling, that of the door-keeper of the tower, he had discovered another cage,—a marvellous cage this one which came, it is believed, from the Prince de Conti's furniture store-house, since it was made "entirely of silver with moulded gilded garlands and crystals." Moreover, it included "chimes and a bird organ to instruct the birds." Its construction was admirable, for there were "an infinity of drums, springs,

de Tourzel slept on the first night of their captivity. On one of the MS. plans preserved in the National Archives this room bears, in fact, the word *billiard.*

[1] Mme. Clouet had washed Mme. Royale's linen since 1778. *National Archives,* F[4], 1040.

[2] Declaration of the woman Simon. *National Archives,* F[7], 6806.

[3] Third supplementary account for carpentry work done at the Temple during the last months of the first year of the Republic and the first month of the second year (July to October, 1793) by Le Marchand, carpenter. Supplied an oak aviary with thirty-two perches.—Paid to Citizen Leré, pin-maker, for the wire netting of the aviary:—at Citizen Simon's, placing and fixing of wire netting on the window of the aviary. . . . *National Archives,* F[4], 4392.

[4] The same.

[5] "The pigeon-turret," says the above mentioned account.

[6] *National Archives,* F[7], 4393.

fusées, bellows and triggers, by means of which the birds, on alighting on one of the perches to eat, made the bird-organ play." Simon carried the cage to his apartment, but as the mechanism no longer worked he entrusted it, on his own authority, to Citizen Bourdier, a clock-maker of the Quai de l'Horloge du Palais, undertaking to pay for the repair of the marvellous toy *out of his own pocket*.[1]

The shoemaker and his wife also saw to the Dauphin's cleanliness and dress. For instance, we find in the accounts mention of "a thermometer for baths"; whilst the laundry bills prove that his linen was abundantly and constantly renewed. He had many costumes. They brought forth from wardrobes the coloured garments he wore before January 21st, for henceforth he no longer wore mourning for his father. In addition to two white dimity frock coats which Bosquet, former tailor to the King, supplied for the summer, he delivered in September a nankeen jacket, waistcoat and trousers, a silk-lined frock coat of Louviers cloth, a small dress-coat, a waistcoat and trousers of the same stuff;[2] and although the Temple accounts are divided between too many various series of records to be able to pride oneself upon an absolutely complete investigation, if we make an exception of the above mentioned "jacket" and the "trousers," democratic garments adopted by the fanatics who owed to that affectation their nickname of *Sans-culottes*, one may state that Simon did not force his pupil to put on "the livery of the Revolution." There was not a carmagnole in the boy's wardrobe; not a red cap.[3] A drawing done

[1] When Bourdier had completed this delicate piece of work Simon was no longer at the Temple. The bill amounted to 300 *livres*. The Commune considered this sum exorbitant and refused to pay it. General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 4th of Pluviôse, year II. *Courrier français* of the 6th.

[2] *National Archives*, old file, E 6207, quoted by Beauchesne.

[3] It was therefore only as an exception, for "amusement," that the cobbler dressed the Prince up in these symbolic costumes. "Simon put a red cap on his head and a carmagnole on his body." *Madame Royale.*

from life in the autumn of 1793 shows us the Temple courtyard, where among sentries armed with pikes or guns, municipal representatives, working gardeners and others, Simon passes accompanied by the Dauphin. The shoemaker is wearing a Phrygian cap of a size in keeping with his republicanism; but "Capet's son" wears a broad-brimmed felt hat and over a broad ribbon sash the little dress-coat which many of his portraits have popularised.[1]

Thus we find in the authentic documents the original germ of all the heart-rending narratives that have caused so many tears to flow: the favourite bird crushed by a savage municipal officer, toys broken by a brutal hand, blows from fire-dogs which knocked the little prince over half dead; startled awakenings from his sleep on cold nights. But of these incidents themselves not a trace. Moreover, they are contradicted by everything we know for certain. We cannot doubt the good faith and sincerity of the early historians of Louis XVII who collected them from survivors of the Temple; but was the memory of these very faithful, and was there not in the sophistication, unconscious or not, of their recollections a sort of remorse, of revenge even for an involuntary and too docile complicity in the terrible crime with which they were haunted? To charge Simon with every piece of villainy, was that not a way of exculpating themselves, of delivering themselves from the nightmare to the detriment of a dishonoured memory?

For a crime was committed and one so much the more odious as it was hypocritical. We may be certain of this, that Chaumette and Hébert did not deliver the King's son to the shoemaker in order that he should "get rid of him"; they knew too well the value of the hostage they held and who, when the hour came, was to divert the threatening lightning from their heads. Simon's mission

[1] This drawing has been reproduced in *La captivité et la mort de Marie Antoinette.*

was quite different: he was "to democratise the royal child, inculcate in him the principles and teach him the ways of the people."—"I will make him lose the idea of his rank" declared Chaumette. "The little whelp must lose the recollection of his royalty" said Hébert, going one better. It was at that the cobbler worked—oh! yes, in his own manner, which was not that of a dreamer like Rousseau or of a syllogistic ruffian such as Clootz. Simon's manner consisted simply in initiating his pupil in the beauties of style of the *Père Duchesne* and in the coarse speech of street blackguards. No more orthography,—he would have had a difficulty to teach it; no more fables or scripture history or any other in which the misdeeds of a crowd of cruel tyrants and exploiting priests were set down. The descendant of Louis XIV and the Roman Cæsars was to spell out the *Droits de l'Homme* posted up in the anteroom and he was to sing the songs of the people. Simon did not know much more himself and he prided himself on being a good patriot. The worst was he thought he was doing well and gaining by this pedagogic exploit the gratitude of posterity. His inaptitude was such that his self-esteem as an educator must have increased on hearing his pupil's first oath. And he had not long to wait. Who has not noted the ease with which children retain everything they ought not to hear and how quick their pliant mind is to imitate, how greedy they are for forbidden fruit? A few b . . . s and a few f . . . s, after the manner of Hébert, were sufficient to make the young king show himself in that kind of eloquence as fluent as his professor. And the latter continued his lessons, already flattered by their good effect and the compliments their success brought him. Alas! unexceptionable testimony does not permit one to doubt, as one would wish, the too rapid result of that execrable profanation. First of all, there is the evidence of Madame Royale, ever so scrupulously accurate. "Every day we heard him singing the *Carmagnole*, the air of the *Marseil-*

laise and other horrors with Simon. He made him sing them at the windows in order to be heard by the guard, with terrible oaths against God, his family and the aristocrats." There was such a scandal that one August day the municipal representative Lebœuf, the head of a school, could not resist questioning Simon and reproaching him for the speeches he delivered before his pupil. We possess no information concerning the altercation itself. But, one evening, at the General Council, Lebœuf was denounced for, "having complained that young Capet swore and that he was being given too democratic an education." Lebœuf, to crown his audacity, had several times expressed the desire that Louis' son should be educated after the manner of Telemachus.[1] The affair came up again on September 5th and this time Chaumette spoke. He accused Lebœuf "of having obtained entrance to the Temple in a manner unworthy of a magistrate, of having found and worshipped an idol there; he had dared to reprimand the patriot Simon and "find fault with the educating of young Capet as a *sans-culotte*"; to which Lebœuf replied that, as a schoolmaster, he did not like to hear indecent songs, and Simon had taken the liberty to repeat such songs in his pupil's presence. The modest municipal representative was "sent to the police" and seals were affixed on his papers.[2] Two days later, the search at the house of the accused not having revealed anything suspicious, he was set free; but to his colleagues' invitation to resume his place among them he worthily replied by sending in his resignation.[3]

The unfortunate Prince, however, did not realise his decadence. He was too young for the instincts of delicacy and distinction which he owed to atavism to be able to struggle victoriously against the temptation of that

[1]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of August 28th. *Courrier français* of the 30th.
[2]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of September 5th. *Courrier français* of the 7th.
[3]Sitting of September 10th.

vulgarity which he considered quite manly; and then, save very rare exceptions, that guardroom language on the lips of an eight-year-old king amused without in any way revolting those Parisian municipal representatives, for the most part born and accustomed to live amongst the populace: it was to them a perverse satisfaction to hear the son of the proud Austrian woman express himself after the manner of a *sans-culotte*, theeing, thouing everybody, uttering oaths and exaggerating the coarseness of the rôle he was playing,—to "play the man,"—all the more because he received approbation and praise. One can see those irresponsible men splitting their sides with laughter at every oath from the Dauphin of France, delighted that he was shameless, degraded, similar to the riff-raff of the gutter.

The Dauphin was ignorant of the fact that his mother left the Temple one month after they had dragged him from her arms; he thought she was still there with Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth on the third floor of the Tower; and here must be placed an incident which reveals the progress Simon had obtained from his too docile pupil,—a horrible incident and which we must excuse ourselves for mentioning, although in a modified form. . . . The municipal representative Daujon, a convinced enemy of "tyrants" but a distinguished artist and consequently less unpolished than the majority of his colleagues, was on guard at Simon's and playing bowls with the Dauphin. In the "women's" apartment, situated on the upper floor, was heard a noise of "jumping and as it were dragging of chairs"; whereupon the child, leaving his bowls, cried out impatiently, "Aren't those d . . . d b . . . s up there guillotined yet?"—"I did not wish to hear the remainder," adds Daujon. "I left the place there and then."[1] That was all an honest indignant man dared to do by way of protest: he "left the place"; and yet he had given sufficient proofs of his devotion to the cause

[1]Daujon's narrative.

of the people to permit him to fear nothing. Such a phrase indicates better than long disquisitions to what an extent the General Council had, through Chaumette and Hébert, terrorised, enslaved, reduced to silence its members.

During the whole of July the wretched Queen begged permission to see her son, but her request was always eluded. She had succeeded in perceiving him by ascending to the level of the platform by a staircase situated in the closet of her apartment.[1] "Her only pleasure was to see him through a little window, passing in the distance; she remained there for whole hours on the watch for that child so dear." Soon she was deprived of that consolation, for on the night of the 2nd to the 3rd of August, "at a quarter past one in the morning," five administrators of the police came for her, and in a cab, escorted by twenty mounted gendarmes, conducted her to the Conciergerie.

By transferring Marie Antoinette to the prison of the Palais and spreading the rumour of her imminent trial, the Committee of Public Safety appears to have had the sole object of making the foreign powers, and particu-

[1]The position of this staircase is one of the problems of the topography of the Temple. There is no doubt about its existence. Between the third story and the roof, it does not figure on the plans, at least on those we have met with. That is explainable, however, if this staircase, which formed so intrinsic part of the construction of the Knights Templars, was only, as one may believe, a light wooden staircase, quite unused before the sojourn of the Royal family, since it was a useless repetition of the big stone staircase ascending from the ground to the roof and leading to all the floors. It is very astonishing that, when arranging the place for the Queen's use, they did not destroy these back stairs, which were of a nature to have aroused the suspicion of the guardians. However, on certain plans of the Temple, in addition to the grand staircase of the north turret, we find another very narrow one in the south turret, between the first and the second story; interrupted between the second and the third story, we are indeed forced to conclude from Madame Royale's narrative that it was to be met with again between the third and the roof. A statement which may have its importance from the point of view of certain narratives of pretended escapes of the Dauphin, most unacceptable in other respects but which are, as far as this staircase is concerned, in agreement with the topography.

larly Austria, decide to depart from their attitude of indifference: it was believed that, in order to save the Queen from the scaffold, the Sovereigns of the coalition would resolve on advances which had been vainly awaited for three months past.[1] The powers did not understand, or would not consent to enter into negotiations with the government of the Terror, and nobody on the committee daring to take the responsibility of delivering the Queen to the executioner, the revolutionaries were asking themselves what they were going to do with this embarrassing hostage. It was them that at one of those mysterious nocturnal sittings, extra regular sittings at which there was present that British spy whose intrusion has already been noted, Cambon having observed that, perhaps, by announcing the approaching trial of the Queen but delaying its date, they would still have a chance of treating with Vienna, Hébert spoke and delivered a savage and desperate speech: "I have promised Antoinette's head. I will go and cut it off myself if they delay giving it to me. I promised it on your behalf to the *sans-culottes* who demand it and without whom you cease to be. . . . Here is what will make you decide." Then painting the situation of the country broadly, he showed the revolution and revolutionaries destined to perish. "All your generals betray you and all will continue to betray you; *I, the first of all if . . . I saw a good treaty to be made which would preserve my life* . . . but France will be subdued . . . we shall all perish . . . we live, therefore, but for vengeance . . . and in perishing let us leave to our enemies all the germs of their death and in France a destruction so great that its mark will never be effaced! To do that you must satisfy the *sans-culottes* . . . keep

[1]This was also the hope of the Queen herself, her daughter and sister-in-law, as is proved by the following lines from Madame Royale's narrative: "We could not imagine the unworthy conduct of the Emperor who left the Queen, his relative, to perish on the scaffold without taking a step to save her. That was, however, what happened; but we could not believe in that last act of unworthiness of the House of Austria."

alive their heat by the death of Antoinette . . . that is all I have to say to you regarding my opinion. . . ." And not wishing to remain a moment longer, he went out.[1]

The Queen's fate was decided, yet an appearance of form was necessary and Fouquier-Tinville did not hide the fact that he feared an acquittal, so slender were the charges. To strengthen the indictment, they applied to the Secretary of the ex-commission of the Twenty-and-one; they went back to the grievances formerly brought against Toulan, Lepître and others; they raked up old accusations, old imputations, dating from October 1789, or from the journey to Varennes, and as all this still formed but a slender charge, Hébert, who, as we have just seen, had made himself the impresario of the drama, offered to furnish the decisive accusation, the one which, in his opinion, ought to secure a verdict.[2] He had not forgotten the obscene supposition awakened in his lascivious mind by the accident which had happened to the Dauphin three months before, a supposition, which the echo of it having reached the Queen, had caused her to ask for a countering attestation from Dr. Pipelet. It was this ignoble calumny which, building on the son's testimony, was to be once more brought against the prisoner. This plot fascinated the two masters of the Commune all the more because it entered into their plan for isolating young Capet. For, whatever might be the effect, they could henceforth invoke, in order to keep the child separate from his mother, this pretext of "outraged morality." We must also point out that when on the point of committing this infamous action, Chaumette began by delivering before the enraptured General Council a virulent speech against bad morals, obscene books and corrupting

[1]Francis Drake to Lord Grenville. Historical Manuscripts Commission. The MSS. of J. B. Fortesque, Esq., preserved at Dropmore Vol. 11, p. 457.

[2]Without the revelations of Lord Grenville's secret agent, we should be unable to explain the interference of Chaumette and Hébert in this affair of the Queen's trial, which was quite foreign to their purely municipal rights.

prints, which he proposed "to have burnt before the statue of Brutus,[1] by the executioner of Criminal Judgments!" And already Simon was preparing his pupil, teaching him his lesson. It was necessary, in fact, out of respect for probability, to leave the initiative of the confession to him. That stands out from the shoemaker's statement that "Citoyen and Citoyenne Simon have learnt certain facts from the child's mouth, and that he has often pressed them to put him in a position to declare them." [2]

On the fifteenth day of the first month of the year 11 (the revolutionary calendar was quite a new fashion), that is to say on October 6th, 1790,—formerly Sunday,—Chaumette and Hébert arrived at the Temple, bringing with them, to add more solemnity and pomp to the occasion, Mayor Pache and a number of chosen municipal representatives, including Antoine Friry, an ex-employé in the lottery administration,[3] Heussé, a chocolate manufacturer,[4] Séguy, a doctor,[5] and a certain Laurent, who belonged to the same section as Simon.[6] The part went to the Council room [7] and ascended to Simon's [8] apartment. The shoemaker had arranged chairs and a table, at which citizen Laurent, who was to hold the pen and fill the rôle of clerk of the court, sat down.

Of the scene which then opened we possess but one piece of testimony, that of the report, and decency forbids us to quote anything from it. But it is evident that the

[1]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of October 1st, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 3rd.

[2]Examination of Louis Charles of France, October 6th and 7th, 1793. The original of this report is in a glass case in the Museum of the National Archives.

[3]No. 8 Rue des Vieux Augustin's. Guillaume Tell section.

[4]Rue du Bac. Fontaine-Grenelle section.

[5]Jean Michel Séguy, Rue Ventadour. Mountain section.

[6]Denis-Etienne Laurant, Rue Gît-le-Cœur. Marat section.

[7]The municipal representatives appointed on the evening of the 5th to be on guard during the daytime of the 6th were Godart, Lorinet, Dupaumier and Lubin. *National Archives,* F[7], 4391.

[8]The report says: "We ascended to the apartment on the *first* floor occupied by Louis Capet." This is evidently a slip of the pen, for the first story was entirely reserved for the guard.

Dauphin had amply profited by Simon's lessons. After having denounced his mother's secret meetings with Lepître, Touban and certain other commissioners, he entered on the repugnant subject without either embarrassment or reserve, reciting as one who does not understand what he is saying, and who does not hesitate to cross the t's and dot the i's. They put no questions to him. He spoke fluently, and when it was necessary for him to sign his declaration he traced his name, Louis Charles Capet, with so clumsy a hand that one would infer from the dissimilarity between this illformed signature and the clear writing in his exercise books,—dating from the time when he did exercises!—that the unfortunate child was drunk, or that they guided his little hand by force. Pache signed the ignoble paper, then Chaumette, then Hébert, then the others and last of all—respectfully—Simon.

The next day, October 7th, at one o'clock in the afternoon,[1] Pache and Chaumette reappeared at the Temple. They were going to confront the child with his sister and make him repeat before this young girl of fifteen the obscenities heard the day before. This time Hébert and Friry absented themselves and were replaced by the municipal officer Daujon and the painter David,—the great David!—who had nothing to do there but who took advantage of his quality as a member of the Committee of General Safety to attend a scene which, fond as he was of strong emotions, awakened his artistic curiosity. Was not the painter formerly found sketching the stiff attitudes of the victims of the September massacres and a few days hence did he not place himself at a window in the Rue St. Honoré in order to make, as she passed, an unforgettable sketch of the Queen as they led her to the scaffold?[2]

[1] Madame Royale writes "The 8th at noon."

[2] It would be highly interesting to know whether David profited by his presence in the Temple to draw the Dauphin's silhouette. It is very probable he did so. For in the sketch books found in his studio

As on the preceding day, they entered the Council room, where the commissioners then on duty, Daubancourt, Eude, Cresson and Séguy, were awaiting them. Only the last named was present at the interview, and they went first of all to the third floor to fetch Thérèse Capet. Two narratives inform us concerning this second day. First of all, there is that of Madame Royale, relating with her usual precision how, at the hour when her aunt and herself, having finished "doing their room," were dressing before dinner, Chaumette and his accomplices came at their door. Madame Elizabeth opened it when she was dressed and Pache, addressing the King's daughter, "begged her to come down." Madame Elizabeth insisted upon accompanying her niece. On her request being refused, she asked if the young girl would come up again. Chaumette replied: "You can count on the word of a good republican; she will come up again." Marie Thérèse embraced her aunt and left the room, "very embarrassed: it was the first time that she found herself alone with a dozen men." [1] Chaumette, "in the staircase, tried to pay her compliments, but she did not reply to them." On reaching the second story, she found herself in the presence of her brother, whom she had not seen for more than three months. "She embraced him tenderly"; but "Mme. Simon dragged him away," and the young princess passed "into the other room." [2] Chaumette requested her to sit down, sat down opposite

at Brussels after his death and which are preserved by his family can perhaps be found hidden among other notes, a rough sketch, unrecognised owing to absence of date and title, of the scene of October 7th.

[1]Madame Royale's narrative. This expression "a dozen men" is justified if the Municipal representatives on guard in the council room ascended as well as Simon to the prisoners' story. Chaumette, Pache, David, Daujon, Heussé, Laurent and Séguy who signed the report, the three municipal representatives and the shoemaker make a total of eleven persons.

[2]Probably the former bedroom of Louis XVI which became Simon's bedroom.

her and, a municipal representative [1] having taken pen in hand, began the interrogation:—

"Your name?"

"Thérèse."

"Speak the truth."

"Yes, Sir."

"This concerns neither you nor anybody."

"It does not concern my mother?"

"No, but persons who have not done their duty. Do you know citizens Toulan, Lepître, Vincent,[2] Bruno,[3] Beugnot,[4] Moëlle, Michonis and Jobert?" [5]

And the examination began on the subject of the prisoners' conversations with those municipal representatives. Madame Royale denied everything. "She did not know any of those gentlemen; she was ignorant of everything that had happened." [6] The Dauphin was then introduced. They sat him down in an armchair, and as "he swung his little legs, which did not reach the ground" [7] they called upon him to declare whether he persisted in upholding the truth of the wanton scenes revealed by him the day before. The unfortunate child repeated his accusation. Madame Royale, very confused,[8] obstinately denied it. Her brother intervened, saying "yes, it is true." They then passed to the subject of the journey to Varennes, to Lafayette.[9] As

[1] Daujon.

[2] René Baptiste Vincent, building contractor, 65 Rue de la Tournelle.

[3] Jean Bruno or Bruneau, merchant, 30 Rue du Mail.

[4] Nicholas Marie Jean Beugniau or Beugnot, architect, 24 Rue Houffetard.

[5] Augustin-Germain Jobert, merchant, 24 Rue des Précheurs.

[6] Madame Royale.

[7] Goret. He gives "word for word," he says, the narrative told him by Daujon.

[8] "They questioned me concerning a thousand unpleasant things with which they accused my mother. I replied truthfully that it was not true but an infamous calumny: . . . they insisted very much." (Madame Royale.)

[9] "This question relates to a declaration made yesterday by Charles (the dauphin) in our presence and which is here explained.—A. That she (Madame Royale) saw Lafayette's carriage or at least believed

Chaumette returned to the question of Lepître and Toulan and the young Princess continued to protest that she did not recollect them, the Dauphin vivaciously recalled circumstances that she could not have forgotten, to which she contented herself by declaring that, "her brother, being cleverer than she was and observing better she might have missed what he detected. . . ." [1] Still another fact reveals the little king's assurance, the stamp of the education he was receiving, his unconsciousness. It seems that, in the course of the discussion, he took the part of his accusers against his own family and those who had risked their lives for it. He did not know what he was saying; he was proud of the part they made him play and, moreover, was perfectly at ease. As they were questioning both brother and sister on the subject of the architect Renard,[2] Thérèse upheld that she did not know him, but Charles,—the name by which they now called him,—looking at her authoritatively, affirmed that *he* knew him, and the sister, submissive, continued that "in fact" she did recollect him. That which we are unable to imagine is what was felt by these men, at one and the same time actors in and spectators of this odious and tragic confrontation. There was not one who rose and left the room disgusted; not one who intervened and imposed silence on that wretched child, intoxicated with words and repeating a lesson he had learnt; not one who warned the brother and sister that a trap was being laid for them, that they were being deceived, that they were

that it was he, because there were two gendarmes in front; at which Charles observed that there were torches and that he was frightened. —Q. At what hour did they leave the Château? Both replied between ten and eleven at night, that he was in bed and that they had dressed him in girl's clothes when almost asleep; both of them observing that this happened in silence. That they descended by the back stairs of one of their mother's maids named Rochereuil, and she, Thérèse, continued to say that the woman Rochereuil did not know it." Report.

[1] Report.

[2] An architect of the Tuileries whom they suspected of having, in 1791, directed the flight of the royal family.

sending their mother to the scaffold; not one either who placed faith in the little prince's statements and who did not consent, however, to place his signature at the bottom of the parricidal report. And of that we are certain, since one of them, he who held the pen, confessed it without shame. "I heard this son accuse his mother and aunt of . . .; I heard him and wrote it down . . . and I also said: I don't believe a word of it."[1]

It was over. Daujon read aloud what he had written and they signed. Then Madame Royale, approaching Chaumette, asked him "with warmth" the favour of being re-united with her mother, a favour she had asked, she said, more than a thousand times.

"I can do nothing," replied Chaumette.

"What, sir! You cannot obtain it from the General Council?"

"I have no authority there."[2]

The princess was conducted back to the third floor, where she embraced her aunt, who immediately, in her turn, descended. There was a fresh examination; a fresh confrontation. When Chaumette came to formulate the shameful charges, the sister of Louis XVI replied, as if nothing coming from these despicable men could astonish or move her: "that such an infamy was too much beneath her to permit her to reply to it. . . ."[3] But when she heard her nephew protest that he was not lying but telling the truth she could not contain her horror. "Oh! the Monster!" she cried. Nevertheless, either because his excitement was on the decline, or because he was tired of the sitting, which had lasted nearly four hours,[4] or else, perhaps, because his audacity was weakening in Madame Elizabeth's presence, the Dauphin was visibly giving way. And here again, it is to Daujon we owe the information. Later he communicated to Goret

[1] Daujon's narrative.
[2] Madame Royale.
[3] Report.
[4] Madame Royale.

that the child's replies had been suggested to him. Everything showed it: his uneasiness, his bearing. . . . I believe he said that Madame Elizabeth was not deceived by it, but that her exclamation was due to surprise." [1] The sister of Louis XVI signed the report "*Elizabeth Capet*" and then rejoined her niece on the third floor, leaving her nephew, whom neither one nor the other was ever to see again, with the Simons, triumphant over their success. Chaumette carried away his report and communicated it to Fouquier-Tinville,[2] who slashed its pages with pen-strokes and wrote in its margins his terrible *hic* at the proper places.[3] Three days later, by way of epilogue to his recent homily on good morals, Chaumette made the general council acquainted with his exploit at the Temple. Lepître, Dangé, Lebœuf and other commissioners named by the Dauphin were arrested, and the modest Public Prosecutor concluded, hiding his face the while by revealing the depravities he had been obliged to hear and "which he would have liked to have passed over in silence for the honour of humanity." [4]

As to the Dauphin he felt—is there any need to say so?—neither remorse nor scruple. We should have to forget his age,—eight years and five months,—to doubt his childish innocence, and not to know his impulsive and spontaneous nature to place faith for a single moment in the touching but inacceptable legend which shows him from that day sinking into a state of melancholy and consumption, determined to speak not another word because they had forced him by blows and drink, threats and privations, to give evidence against his mother.

[1] Goret.

[2] "The Public Prosecutor gave a receipt for it to the Mayor of Paris." Report.

[3] Fouguier-Tinville, when going through the interrogatories, pointed out by this Latin word HIC (here) those passages on which he proposed to lay stress in his speech for the prosecution.

[4] "Chaumette himself was embarrassed when relating them," notes the *Courrier français,* in its report of the sitting of the General Council on the last day of the second decade of first month.

That story is more touching; but there is neither testimony nor documentary evidence of any sort to support it. Like all children of his age, the Dauphin had a mobile and forgetful mind. We have seen him assume an air of presumption at the curiosity which he felt was taken in him, at the interest which certain people, even the most austere, showed in him though it was with rudeness and scurrility; yet when he forced himself to merit these suffrages unworthy of him the shrewd and mocking nature of the descendant of Henry IV sometimes asserted its rights. Gagnié, the chef of the kitchens, related later,[1] that one day, in the billiard room, several commissioners passed the little prisoner from one to the other, blowing puffs of smoke into his face. He took refuge with Gagnié, who said to him: "I am sorry to see you in this situation, Monsieur Charles". . . "What! you do not *tutoies* me?" exclaimed the child. "You call me Monsieur? So you are not up-to-date? To punish you, drink a glass of water." He filled a glass, which Gagnié emptied out of complaisance.—"Thank you, Monsieur Charles."—"*Monsieur* again? Oh, I see clearly that you are not up-to-date. . . . Drink another glass of water."—"This time," protested Gagnié, "I am obliged to you, but I don't drink so much water as that!" The young prince roared with laughter, finding it comic to reprimand and satiate with water for his lukewarmness as a leveller one of those men whose taste for civic elocution and less anodyne drinks he had noticed. The scene must have taken place in the middle of October, 1793, if it is correct, as Gagnié reports, that it resulted in the removal of the billiard

[1]Without rejecting those narratives dating from the period of the Restoration, when the former employés at the Temple were seeking to show the devotion which they then regretted they had not more efficaciously shown to the imprisoned family, we cannot, in the main, accept them as true. An exception is here made in the case of Gagnié's account because a police-note reports this personage, living at 9, Rue du Foubourg St. Martin, as having supplied a number of details to Simien Despréaux for his *Histoire de Louis XVII,* where this anecdote appears.—*National Archives,* F^{7}, 6008, file 1496.

table. The order to suppress it was, in fact, given on the 25th of Vendémiaire, year II.[1] The juxtaposition of this date with the words "the young prince roared with laughter" is painful, for the 25th of Vendémiaire was October 16th. Perhaps, whilst the well-beloved child of Marie Antoinette was thus making merry with his jailors, the Queen, about to die, was writing that heart-rending farewell which the arrival of the executioner interrupted, perhaps Simon's cart was already carrying her through the streets of Paris. They knew it, those men; it is not possible they were not thinking of it, and yet they excited that childish laughter; they dared to face that innocent look. . . . What men and what a time they lived in!

With the Queen disappeared the principal obstacle to the sequestration and eventual abduction of the Dauphin. Those who sacrificed the mother were also those who planned to take possession of the son and nobody, we must recognise, was better placed to attain that object than Chaumette, who reigned over the Temple as if it were a conquered country. Behold him rid also of the Lepîtres, the Lebœufs and other colleagues of the Commune, guilty not so much for having shown themselves compassionate as for displaying attentive zeal to the prisoner, threatening the success of the plan he had conceived. He was not going to let others deprive him of the benefit on which he counted. Of his plot there exists, let us repeat, no written or tangible proof; but it is self-evident both from the man's duplicity and the succession of measures which he ordered. Thus, on October 19th, there appeared before the Revolutionary tribunal those municipal representatives whom it was urgent to remove from the Temple: Dangé, Lebœuf, Lepître, Vincent, Bugneau, Moëlle, Michonis and Jobert. They wanted to

[1] Reports of the Commune. *Revue rétrospective,* 2nd series, Vol. IX.

get rid of them and secure a motive for forbidding them, for a certain time at least, to enter the royal prison; but it was also necessary not to make a great stir over their trial, so as not to draw attention to the Temple. As to Toulan, the most compromised one of all and whom they would have had a difficulty in saving, they had facilitated his flight.[1] Cortey, who had introduced Baron de Batz into the Temple, was not troubled; he still commanded his company in the National Guards. Behold the others before the court, accused of having plotted the escape of the royal family. The charge was all the more serious because the Commune had entrusted them with the custody of the prisoners. Their condemnation was therefore certain, so anticipated that, on the very morning of the trial Madame Lepître, having come to her section to ask for an authorisation to enter the Conciergerie to see her husband, heard a secretary growl: "Her husband? he is now on the scaffold!"[2] Not so! Fouquier-Tinville had received orders; he had been strongly advised to be prudent; he had been forbidden to speak of the Temple. "Suppress the details of the plan which Simon frustrated . . . details to be omitted *so as not to suggest such means publicly.*" And when he was about to risk, in his speech for the prosecution, an allusion to deputy Chabot, to whom the Marquise de Jeanson had offered a million if he succeeded in saving the Queen, there was a fresh comminatory injunction "not to speak of the woman Jeanson who had won over Chabot."[3] That is why, when Lebœuf, Michonis and their colleagues appeared before the implacable tribunal, their judgment was a comedy. Lepître, who, however, had received a hundred thousand *livres* from Jarjayes, "underwent an examination which surprised him by the little importance they appeared to

[1] "As I have learnt since, they facilitated Toulan's means of flight." Lepître, p. 67.

[2] Lepître, p. 75.

[3] *National Archives,* W. 389. See Lecestre, *loc. cit.*

attach to it."[1] Tison, who was the first to denounce the guilty ones, was not called upon to give evidence. Not a single member of the Commune bore witness against them. Fouquier-Tinville became indifferent to the cast and let it be conducted by one of his deputies. Even the *Bulletin du Tribunal* passed the proceedings over in silence.[2] All the accused were acquitted and embraced by both judges and jurymen, with the exception of Michonis whom they kept in prison.[3]

Meanwhile, the clearing of the Temple was actively continued. It was Hébert who directed that work, for his accomplice Chaumette had gone to Nevers to rest in the bosom of his family. As a pretext had to be found, they seized hold of the sordid one of economy: the five hundred thousand *livres* granted by the Legislature Assembly for the prisoners' maintenance were exhausted and the expenses were going to be chargeable to the budget of the Commune.[4] On September 14th they took away from Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale the two silver spoons they used, their china sugar-basin and other articles considered to be too elegant. Tison was withdrawn from them. Since being alone to serve them, he was suspected of having allowed himself to come under their influence. But this accusation was too vague; to be more correct it was not even formulated,[5] and the Commune, docilely, without asking for a word of explanation, allowed Tison to remain, henceforth a captive in the little tower, in close custody, without Chaumette and Hébert, whose interest it was to conjure him away, feigning to state what his crime was and what fault this prisoner of their good pleasure expiated. Mathey, the doorkeeper steward, and the hair-dresser Danjou were set

[1] Lepître, p. 65.
[2] *Bulletin du Tribunal Criminel Révolutionnaire,* 2nd part, No. 96.
[3] *Bulletin* and Lecestre, *loc. cit.*
[4] Temple papers XLVII.
[5] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of September 24th, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 25th.

aside in the same manner.[1] Manifestly they sought to turn out all those who, attached to prison duties since the beginning of the captivity, had seen the Dauphin growing up for more than a year. On October 1st this measure of reform at the Temple was concluded. And instead of thirty employees there were now no more than fourteen. Le Baron, the turnkey, Remy, the pantryman and his colleague Maçon, Manduit, the treasurer, and the wood-carriers were expelled. Cailleux, the administrator was "absent."[2] A few days later it was decided that "the use of pastry and poultry be suppressed," the prisoners having no more for their dinner "than a single soup, boiled beef, some other dish and a bottle of wine a day." Simon, his wife and "the child entrusted to them" were to be fed like the commissioners: at dinner time, soup, boiled beef, a roast, two entremêts and two desserts,[3] which allowed the dismissal of the three waiters who had been there since August 13th, 1792. And thus it was that Turgy took up the prisoners' dinner for the last time. Forbidden to lay the table, he placed before each of the princesses a piece of beef, a loaf of bread, a pewter spoon and an iron fork. The next day, at six in the morning he received an order to leave the Temple immediately.[4] Whatever they may have said, the motive for these expulsions was not economy, since a few days later the three dismissed waiters were replaced by a similar number of servants: Caron, Lermouzeau and Vandebourg. A new steward was chosen named Coru, a cooper and member of the Commune, to whom they attributed a salary of four thousand *livres*.[5] If they did not get rid of Gagnié, the head of the kitchens, it was because he had consented to make big advances

[1] *National Archives*, W. A. 81.

[2] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of October 1st, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 3rd.

[3] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 8th day of the 2nd decade of the first month (October 9th).

[4] Turgy, retired to Tournan-en-Brie.

[5] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of October 9th.

PORTRAIT OF SIMON
Original sketch. Private collection

to tradespeople and they did not know how to re-imburse him.

And what about Simon? Now that his part was played, they pushed him outside. At the beginning of December, in his more ardent than prudent zeal, he had attempted to repeat the exploit which had brought him so much praise at the time of the Dauphin's examination. This time, either because nobody inspired him or because his mischievous pupil had taken advantage of his simplicity, he acted in the light of day, for had he not the stupidity to send a report to the General Council attesting that "Charles Capet was worrying himself" on the subject "of important facts concerning the safety of the republic." The boy said he heard on the women's floor, between six and nine o'clock, blows struck regularly, followed by steps. It would not astonish him if the prisoners were hiding false assignats, of their own fabrication perhaps, which they would then pass through the window "to communicate them to someone. . . ." As to Simon, he had heard nothing, "being somewhat hard of hearing"; but "his wife has confirmed Charles Capet's statements. . . ." This mystification, read to the General Council, had no success. A few members, frequenters of the Temple, expressed the hypothesis that these noises "were caused by the wood which the prisoners were arranging, by the fagots they were making and unmaking." [1] In reality what they heard was the noise of the *palets* which the two princesses moved in the course of their daily game of backgammon.[2] This stupid blunder did not increase the shoemaker's prestige. As Chaumette no longer protected him, the Council showed him no consideration. He was now permitted to descend to the garden only under the constant supervision of one of his colleagues.[3] Shortly afterwards the card permitting

[1] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 14th of Frimaire (December 4th). *Courrier républicain* of the 16th.

[2] Madame Royale.

[3] *National Archives,* A. A. 53, 1486.

him to go about outside the Temple and return there of his own free will was refused him. One day, when he expressed a wish to go as far as his house to fetch some things, they authorised him to do so but only on condition that he was accompanied by two commissioners. And when, on December 27th, he begged the favour of being allowed to attend the fête to be celebrated on the occasion of the taking of Toulan, they refused him. He was henceforth a prisoner of his duties, on which, however, he kept a tight hold, because they were lucrative. He was "royally" lodged, well fed, warmed, lighted, laundered and had a salary of nine thousand *livres!* Never would the couple again enjoy such opulence.

And perhaps, also, he was genuinely attached to the disciple whose mind he imagined he had opened to new ideas. Is it admissible, in fact, that these two old people were not overcome with tenderness for this child, so engaging through his misfortune and gracefulness, so full of life also, who laughed at every excuse and sang the whole day like the birds in his aviary? It is true the shoemaker was abrupt, cursed and swore, distributed at times cuffs and blows, did not refuse himself the pleasure of having his slippers or his hot water brought to him by the King of France,—it was so tempting! but we know that "he was not devoid of sensibility" and was easily moved to pity. As regards the woman Simon, who had never been a mother, we should have to suppose she was dissimilar to all women to believe that she did not love—in her own way—that little Capet whose continued presence distracted, cheered and flattered her. Even admitting that the shoemaker was a monster and his wife a shrew, they would still have had to be phenomena of those sorts to have undertaken, as had been said, the slow assassination of that orphan who might to-morrow be their King, and they would have been the only ones who did not understand that their interest lay in hus-

banding, for the uncertain future, if not his gratitude at least his indulgence.

As to Chaumette—the one who did foresee it—he felt himself from day to day surrounded in a blind alley; he had set the wild beasts at liberty and was powerless to chain them up again. Since his return from Nevers, he was walking to the abyss. He sought to throw, as food to the pack which pressed him, everything which the great city of Paris had venerated for centuries. He installed a ballet-dancer of the Opera on the altar of Nôtre-Dame and received at the Hôtel de Ville the profaned reliquary of Saint Geneviève.[1] The sittings of the Commune were transformed into sacrilegious jokes. He "baptised" there a twelve-year-old American slave, on whose head, after the manner of private baptism, he placed his tricolour scarf,[2] and, under his inspiration, the General Council losing even its sense of the ridiculous, charged Dorat-Cubières, its secretary, and Charles Villette, interpreter of the Commune, "to convert the Pope and Cardinals by translating, for that purpose, into the Italian language all the reports which established the abjuration of priests, in order to send these documents to His Holiness and to Their Eminences."[3] Notwithstanding these attempts to outbid his opponents, he knew that he was being watched. At the Convention and on the Committee of Public Safety, after having trembled before him, they despised, hated him, feared him no more. Terrible and still hidden rancour rose like a threatening flood. Time was pressing Chaumette and Hébert if they considered the child of the Temple as a safeguard, to arm themselves against their adversaries with that talisman of which they alone disposed and which so many parties secretly coveted.

[1]General Council of the Commune, 1st of Frimaire. *Courrier républicain* of the 3rd.

[2]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of June 13th, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 15th.

[3]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 19th of Brumaire. *Courrier républicain* of the 21st.

V

ENIGMAS

At the very hour that Chaumette's credit was giving way, a radical and unexpected change suddenly transformed the whole system of inspection at the Temple. On January 3rd, 1794, at the sitting of the General Council, the calling over of the names of members having shown the absence of a large number of representatives, "occupied in various administrations," Pache, the Mayor, hinted that no municipal representative ought to accept duties which would prevent him attending the meetings of the Council. Chaumette [1] seized this opportunity, which he had perhaps inspired, to make a hostile attack against the incompatibility of occupations. He quoted Robespierre, on whom he now fawned on every occasion recalling the "Incorruptible's" words: "If you grant two positions to a man, give him two bodies." Whereupon he transformed the citizen Mayor's observation into a proposition and it was decreed that "any member of the municipal council having a duty or an occupation which obliged him to absent himself during Assembly hours would be expected to make a choice." [2] Coru immediately declared that he would give up his post as steward of the Temple.[3] The Council filled with ecstasy at the sight of one of its members sacrificing a salary of four thousand *livres* for the only compensation of coming every

[1]For some time past he bore the title of *National Agent*. Sitting of the General Council of the 1st of Nivôse. *Courrier républicain* of the 3rd.

[2]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 14th of Nivôse. (January 3rd). *Moniteur* of the 17th.

[3]*Courrier républicain* of the 16th of Nivôse.

evening to hear Chaumette hold forth, decided that mention be made of this act of disinterestedness and,—a somewhat inexplicable contradiction,—that his imitators "be inscribed on the list of candidates chosen to act as commissioners appointed by the Commune." [1] Then the question of Simon came up. Langlois [2] pointed out that "Simon occupied a confidential post, and it was desirable he should retain it"; [3] but the council "passed to the order of the day stated by the law."

The result was that the shoemaker was obliged to come to a decision. Under pain of being classed in public opinion among the "profiteers," it was necessary for him to relinquish his Temple stipend. Hesitating but little, he appeared two days later at the Council, for the first time for six months, to announce that he abandoned his mission as an educator in order to retain that granted him by the confidence of the electors. Several spoke in the same vein, amongst others Véron, police officer, and Legrand, who resigned his office as registrar; but where the mystery begins is when we see the General Council, touched by these fine deeds, appointing on the spot the said Véron to the post of registrar which the said Legrand had just abandoned in order not to hold a plurality of offices. Coru was also provided for the same night, as well as Bergot [4] and Deltroit,[5] all three being promoted to posts in the registrar's office.[6] But Simon remained without either situation or compensation, either because his colleagues did not consider him capable of doing anything else but forming the intelligence and the heart of the son of kings, or because this comedy of a

[1] *Courrier républicain* of the 16th of Nivôse.
[2] Marie Français Langlois, stationer, 196 Rue St. Jacques. Former Beaurepaire section, reformed.
[3] *Courrier républicain* of the 16th of Nivôse.
[4] Jean Baptiste Bergot, employé at the leather market, Rue Française. Bon Conseil section.
[5] Claude Antoine Deltroit, ex-haberdasher, Rue des Fossés-Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. Museum section.
[6] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 21st of Nivôse. (January 5th, 1794). *Courrier républicain* of the 18th.

plurality of offices had merely been imagined to get rid of him, or to justify his departure from the Temple. It is certain that Chaumette and Hébert saw him disappear with satisfaction, since they did not utter in his favour a single word which might have been decisive. As a matter of form, they consulted, on the subject of Simon's replacement, the Committee of General Safety, which declared that it took no further interest in the matter, whereupon the Commune postponed for three days the choice of a successor, decreeing "that a list of candidates should be drawn up with that object in view." [1] But if this list was made it was never consulted. Nine days later it transpired that Simon had left the Temple and would not be replaced. Four members of the Commune, renewed daily, were to look after the safe keeping of the child.

Meanwhile Simon, up to then so submissive, displayed his discontent without moderation. Was he sincere in his recriminations or was he playing an ordered comedy? His conduct during those early days of January was strange. It has been said [2] that, furious at what had happened at the sitting of the 5th, he refused to reappear at the tower and sent a turnkey to his wife "to order her to pack up and come down as soon as possible." But, soon repenting of his precipitation, he asked for an authorisation to remain in the Temple enclosure, where, "above the stables," he and his wife put up. "They were even fed at the expense of the house." However, after ten days, the steward, having complained of this increase of expense, the Simons re-ascended, on January 19th, to their second floor of the tower in order to hand over young Capet to the Commissioners on duty and obtain a regular release from them. After which, "restored to liberty, they

[1] General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 21st of Nivôse (January 10th). *Moniteur* of the 24th and *Courrier républicain* of the 23rd.

[2] By Chantelauze, who does not give any reference. Doubtless he borrowed it from Eckart or Simien-Despréaux.

left the tower the same day." [1] If the incidents followed each other in that order the Dauphin must have remained without a guardian and the Simons without a release for twelve to fourteen days. Was that what they wanted and did Simon, feigning vexation, obey orders he had received? Can we admit that, even under the impulse of anger, he abandoned the child entrusted to him without covering his responsibility by a receipt in order? If his hasty temper and stupidity blinded him to the consequences of such an imprudence, was it on the other hand probable that the Commissioners composing the council of the Temple would not have immediately reported it to the Commune in order that it should assure the supervision of little Capet?

It is most regrettable that the numerous historians who, for more than a century, studied the sad life of Louis XVII, have *all* of them narrated it with an undisguised foregone conclusion, their object being "to prove something," either an escape or death in the Temple, or the survival of the prince in such or such of the "pretended Dauphins." Among the accessible documents, they selected only those advantageous to their thesis; and that is why so much of the information amassed in the Archives of the Commune, now no longer in existence, and where in all probability the solution of the enigma of Simon's departure was to be found, remained for the most part unutilised. At the present time, to put into practice the wise old adage *ad narrandum, non ad probandum,* we find ourselves singularly destitute. All that one can state is that the Dauphin and his teacher left each other "good friends." One evening,—evidently between the 5th and 19th of January, 1794,—Simon had gone to the Café Desnoyers, in the Rue des Filles-Dieu to find Hébert,[2] who lived quite near, and the

[1]Chantelauze. *Louis XVII, Son Enfance, sa prison et sa mort au Temple,* pp. 232-233.
[2]*Cour des Forges.*

municipal representative Jault [1] and Lasnier,[2] as well as two other frequenters of the place, who are indicated merely by initials.[3] Simon spoke of little Capet and, "with tears in his eyes," repeated a remark made by the child the night before. "Simon, my dear Simon," he said, "take me to your shop. You can teach me to make shoes and I will pass as your son, for I foresee they will spare me no more than they did my father."—"I would give an arm," added Simon, "for this child to belong to me, so lovable is he and so attached am I to him." [4] It is also established that the Simon household, excluded from the Royal prison, decided to live in the immediate neighbourhood of the tower. We possess, indeed, a precise indication of the lodgings which the shoemaker and his wife rented "in a building looking on to the courtyard of the stables," a courtyard which was separated from the garden of the tower merely by a door, of which Picquet was the janitor. The Simons had two rooms and a kitchen [5] there; but what is astonishing is that, at the same time, they secured a second establishment at the other end of Paris in their old street, Rue Marat. There they

[1] Pierre Simeon Joseph Sault, artist, Rue de l'Egalité, Boune Nouvelle section.

[2] Jacques Lasnier, rent collector, Rue du Four, Saint Germaine. Muscius Scaevola (Luxembourg) section.

[3] G. de M. and T. M.

[4] *Le regne de Louis XVII contenant des détails sur la régence de Monsieur* by an ex-professor of history at the Royal University of Paris, 1817. Usually nothing is more suspicious than this sort of anecdote. It is quite certain that the correct words put into Simon's mouth do not resemble the shoe-maker's ordinary language, but, if we are willing to take merely their sense, this testimony presents every guarantee. The "ex-professor of history" to whom we owe it was, according to Barbier, Antoine Serieys, who lectured in history in Paris during the Terror. Successively librarian of the Prytanée français, proctor at the Lycée of Cahors and then professor at the Academie of Douai, he has left numerous works of conscientious erudition. Now, he declares that he received the above remarks from one of the ear-witnesses, M. T. M., who put it down in writing and communicated it to Serieys, guaranteeing its "incontestable authenticity." Let us furthermore observe that it was necessary to be very sure of that authenticity to risk publishing the anecdote in 1817, when it was in perilous contradiction with everything which was then printed concerning Simon and Louis XVII.

[5] *National Archives*, F⁷, 4775, 19.

rented, in the former Convent of the Franciscans, two bedrooms with fireplaces and alcoves, looking out on to the quincunxes of the garden. They paid the Department, the owner of the building, sixty francs per annum;[1] and we remain somewhat puzzled by this double establishment, in quarters so distant one from the other for poor wretches whose entire furniture was worth only seventy *livres*.[2]

We are also quite certain regarding the date of their definite departure from the Tower of the Temple, viz.: January 19th, 1794, a Sunday, or in the new style the Decadi, 30th of Nivôse, year II. The four commissioners on duty that day were Cochefer,[3] Lasnier, Lorinet [4] and Legrand.[5] Appointed on the previous evening, they had spent the night of the 18th to the 19th at the Temple, then the whole day of the 19th, when, at nine at night,[6] Simon informed them he was about to leave and requested them to ascend, in order that they might give him a release from the person of Charles Capet.[7] The formality accom-

[1] Antoine Simon's papers. *National Archives,* T. 905.—"Fourteenth of Messidor, year II (July 2nd, 1794), received from citizen Simon for six months in advance and to be deducted from the six last months of occupation, thirty *livres*."—Six months elapsing on July 2nd places the taking of possession in January, 1794. Other papers which belonged to Simon are to be found in the Archives of the Department of the Seine.—State property Department 126. We find that he bought shares in the La Farge Tontine: he possessed four of ninety *livres* each, and had placed them "on the head of his wife, of his brother Louis Simon, of Française Jacqueline Aladame, his sister-in-law and on his own." Of the 4500 *livres* which he had received during the six months of his sojourn at the Temple, Simon doubtless employed the greater part in paying his debts, for in July, 1794, he had nothing else save these four shares in the Tontine.

[2] *National Archives,* F[7], 6606, 1366.

[3] Christophe Cochefer, ex-upholsterer, 78 Rue Saint Merry. Reunion section.

[4] Bernard Nicolas Lorinet, doctor, 26 Rue des Carmes, Panthéon section.

[5] Pierre Jacques Legrand, lawyer, Rue d'Enfer. Cité section.

[6] *National Archives,* F[7], 4391.

[7] Municipality of Paris, 30th of Nivôse, year II. Temple Council. Extract from the registers of the Temple Council of the 30th of Nivôse 2nd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible, on the said day, at nine at night, Simon and his wife, formerly entrusted with the custody of Charles Capet, having requested us un-

plished, the Simons left in the dead of a foggy night. Was the child sleeping? Probably so, for we have seen it was usual for him to have supper early and be in bed by nine o'clock. Who remained with him that night? Who took care of him the next day when he awoke? We cannot say. From that moment the history of the captive Dauphin is finished. Nobody during six months would say they had seen him; nobody would speak any more of him; never at the Commune, which up to the present had occupied itself almost daily with the prisoners of the Temple, never more would his name be mentioned. The accountant's office itself was silent on this subject.[1] His sister and aunt no longer heard him singing and laughing. Only, the young princess wrote later, "on January 19th we heard a great noise at my brother's, which made us conjecture that he was leaving the Temple, and we were convinced of it, when, looking through a hole in our sun-blind, we saw many packages being taken away. On the following days we heard his door open and, still convinced that he was gone, we believed they had put below some German or foreign prisoner, whom we baptised Melchisedec to give him a name." [2] So there was still a child on the second floor of the Tower, a singularly silent and quiet child, as we see from that extract from Madame Royale's journal; but was it the Dauphin? —was it a child who had been substituted for him?—That

dersigned members of the Commune at the Temple to-day, to ascend to the room of the said Charles Capet, we proceeded there. He exhibited to us the person of the said Capet, prisoner, being in good health, asking us kindly to take charge of the said Capet and grant him a provisional release until the Council had granted a definite release from the said supervision which ended to-day, which provisional release we have granted; and we have taken over the custody of the said Capet. Signed: Legrand, Lasnier Coehefer, Lorinet. (Seal of the Temple Council in red wax.) The late Georges Cain's collection of autographs.

[1]On the 22nd of Nivôse (January 11th) a decree of the General Council placed the Temple administration under the cognizance of the Department of Public Establishments. This Department settled the arrears of Cailleux and those of Coru. *Temple Papers, XLIX.*

[2]Madame Royale.

is a question which the rare circumstances known of the radical change made during those days to the instructions and regulations of the Temple help us little to elucidate.

We notice, however, that, on the night of January 19th, contrary to very regularly established usage, no commissioner was appointed by the General Council to go to the Temple to relieve Legrand, Lasnier, Cochefer and Lorinet [1] after their twenty-four hours' duty. They therefore doubled it and remained until the night of the next day. Not until the 1st of Pluviôse did their four substitutes arrive, namely,—Minier, Menessier, Mouret and Michée, who were themselves relieved the following day, the 2nd of Pluviôse, by Mercier, Marcel, Warmé and Bigot. Now, the presence of the last two is surprising: first of all, because their names interrupt in an unusual manner the alphabetic order habitually followed when choosing the Temple commissioners; secondly, because neither Warmé nor Bigot appear on the various lists of members of the Commune. Can we imagine Marcel and Mercier's astonishment,—the latter elected by the Finistère section, the other by that of the Fauborg du Nord, —on seeing themselves joined for a mission so full of responsibility, reserved up to then to members only of the General Council, by two men who had no title to share it? [2]

[1] At least the authority of the 30th of Nivôse is missing from the series in the Archives. F⁷, 4391.

[2] Warmé and Bigot appear neither in the very complete list of members of the Commune of August 10th given by Braesch, nor in that of the *Almanach National* of 1793, nor in that of 1794, nor again in that, erroneous in certain points, but precious inasmuch as it indicates the substitutes, published by Lebas in his *Dictionnaire pittoresque de la France.* However, the *Moniteur* mentions Warmé as "a member of the Commune" in March, 1794, and guillotined as such with Robespierre. Reprint, Vol. XIX, p. 645; Vol. XXI, p. 160. *The Liste Général et très exacte . . .* of the conspirators mentions him thus: "Jacques Louis Frederic Wouarmé (is this the correct orthography of the name?), twenty-nine years, ex-clerk at the State Property Department, then, employé on the Commission of Commerce and provisions." In May, 1793, Warmé (*sic*) signs as president of the Théâtre Français section (*Tuetéy's Repertoire,* Vol. VIII, No. 2555.) This was Chaumette and Simon's section. In

Why did they accept their help? How is it they did not protest? Because their task was a particularly painful one. The date was January 21st and it was on that day that the unfortunate prisoner was to be *walled up.*

Was he *walled up?* That is a tradition so firmly established on a number of very touching narratives that it is to-day promoted to the rank of an historical truth; but had it not precisely its origin in the absolute penury of information concerning the life of the little captive for the period which stretches from Simon's departure to the 9th of Thermidor,—a period of six months? Have not historians of Louis XVII, embarrassed by this lack of testimony, rashly concluded there was complete isolation, the only apparently logical way of explaining the inevitable gaps in their documentation? But that is explaining the incomprehensible by the improbable, for how can we bring ourselves to believe that they shut up alone, in a room the door of which was fastened "with nails and screws," a child of under nine, in such a manner that they could not immediately succour him in the case of urgency, nor even ascertain his state of health? Can anyone suppose that the Dauphin, accustomed only the day before to be served, would know how, reduced to his own little strength, to wash himself, dress his hair, brush his clothes, make his bed, turn his mattresses, wax the floor of his room and open the window, the fastening of which was out of his reach? Did they supply him, in his impenetrable prison, with brushes, brooms, dusters, jugs and all the other things indispensable for the Robin-

the Commune of August 10th we find a *Bigaut,* Jean Baptiste,—and in that of July, 1793, a second *Biguad,* distinct from the first (Braesch, p. 247); but we are dealing here neither with one nor with the other: the authority of the commissioners of the Temple of the 2nd of Pluviôse gives the name Bigot, first of all written Bigaut, but afterwards altered in such a way as to state precisely it is BIGOT. *National Archives* F⁷, 4391. This Bigot, whose Christian name was Rémy, and who we shall see appear later at the Temple, ended as an employé at the Prefecture of Police.

son Crusoe he was to become? That is what his biographers ought to have told us instead of analysing his solitary thoughts, depicting his wild despair and revealing to us, with a disquieting minuteness of detail, his long decline towards consumption and premature decay. To condemn a child of that age to complete isolation was at the same time to condemn him to filth and vermin. . . . And who took upon himself to give such an order? Neither trace nor mention of it do we find anywhere. Nobody has ever discovered a text or even a single line of writing which seems to have reference to it. It may be said that Hébert and Chaumette were men who would not have hesitated to have recourse to such cruelty if they had considered it to be in their interest; but they would have had to have had as accomplices a hundred and forty-four members of the Commune who were chosen in alphabetical order every night, four by four, to assure the supervision of the Temple, and also the officers and non-commissioned officers of the National Guard, in incalculable numbers, who every day went on duty at the prison. Now, among these men, so varied in class and education, if there were bad, indifferent and pusillanimous ones, all, once more, were not torturers. Many of them had children; several had become attached to little Capet in Simon's time, when they amused themselves with him in the billiard-room; a few of them even had proved themselves sufficiently courageous to show compromising attentions to the royal family. Dangé, Jobert and Vincent had come before the Tribunal charged with that crime. They returned to the Temple during the child's sequestration;[1] they re-appeared there, not as simple superintendents, but as responsible guardians; and yet not one of them protested against the unworthy treatment

[1]Dangé, the 17th of Pluviôse (February 5th), and the 16th of Ventôse (March 6th).—Jobert, 9th of Floréal (April 28th), the 11th of Prairial (May 30th) and the 18th of Messidor, (July 6th).—Vincent, the 8th of Ventôse (February 26th)—3rd of Floréal (April 22nd,—the 16th of Floréal (May 5th).

inflicted on this poor innocent boy. Berthelin,[1] excluded from the Council in September because they accused him of excessive weakness and of having too respectful an air when on duty at the Temple,[2] then reinstated at the request of Chaumette himself who vouched for his patriotism,—Berthelin was on duty on January 28th by the side of the little prince, encaged like a dangerous beast, and yet was not filled with indignation! And then there was Paffe,[3]—"honest Monsieur Paffe" as the Queen called him, or as Lepître wrote, "a fine fellow," who had formerly placed himself in danger by supplying the prisoners with wool, knitting needles and other articles forbidden by the Commune,—would he have been able to support, on six occasions,[4] the spectacle of the loathsome martyr without having the courage to raise his voice in the name of humanity? Again there was the Mason Barelle [5] who, when the son of Louis XVI was the shoemaker Simon's pupil, had shown himself so affectionate that the Dauphin called him, it is said,[6] "his good friend," —Barelle, who many times had been seen amusing the little prisoner, must have been broken-hearted at the noxious odour of the filthy hole where the child was implacably confined, and of whom he could catch but a glimpse through a latticed wicket.[7] And what about Simon, who, from January to the end of May, 1794, re-

[1]Jean Baptiste Berthelin, ex-upholsterer, 339 Rue des Moineaux.

[2]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of September 7th, 1793. *Courrier français* of the 9th.

[3]François Auguste Paffe, hosier, Rue de la Joaillerie. Arcis section.

[4]The third of Pluviôse (January 22nd)—the 2nd of Ventôse (February 20th)—the 1st of Germinal (March 21st)—the 27th of Germinal (April 16th)—22nd of Floréal (May 11th)—and the 4th of Thermidor (July 22nd).

[5]Jean Guillaume Barelle, mason, Rue du Faubourg Saint Denis. At the Sign of the Crowbar.

[6]Beauchesne. *Louis XVII, sa vie, son agonie, sa mort,* Vol. XI, p. 153.

[7]Barelle was on duty at the Temple on the 11th of Pluviôse (January 30th)—2nd of Ventôse (February 20th)—9th of Germinal (March 29th)—6th of Floréal (April 25th)—1st of Prairail (May 20th)—8th of Messidor (June 26th).

appeared five times at the prison where, for a time, he had laid down the law? Can one admit that he hid his presence from his former pupil, that he said not a word to him, that he did not express, at the least, astonishment, if not indignation at the wretched condition in which he found his little Charles, formerly so lively and so vigorous? [1] The silence of so many commissioners consenting to participate in the atrocious and slow torture of a child in whom they had many times shown interest, is surely a convincing proof that the confinement of the prisoner in the Temple was not as it has been described to us so often.—It may be objected that these municipal representatives were frightened; that they feared their masters Chaumette and Hébert; but, apart from the fact that this guilty renunciation would have been the condemnation of the whole Commune, Chaumette and Hébert were not to reign there much longer, and even after their fall nobody spoke.

If the attitude of the Commissioners is astonishing, that of the sequestered child arouses still more scepticism. We have seen with what care the Dauphin was treated as soon as he suffered from the slightest ailment, and with what assiduity expert and attentive doctors visited him. By a striking coincidence these visits ceased precisely "in the early days of January," [2] at the very time they decided to remove the child from view. Had they waited until he was cured to martyrise him? Suppose we admit it; in that case his health was completely reestablished, and if the person they shut up was little Capet, turbulent, vivacious, wilful, "spoilt," one has said, "robust and fiery" says another, if it was the child whom the inhabitants of the Temple had seen jumping and

[1] Simon came on guard on the 3rd of Ventôse (February 21st)—29th of Ventôse (19th March)—the 14th of Germinal (April 3rd)—the 14th of Floréal (May 3rd)—and the 12th of Prairial (May 31st).

[2] *National Archives*, F⁷, 4792.

running under the trees of the garden and heard singing the whole day, he was not going, from the first hour in his dark cell, to change suddenly in character and resign himself to isolation. Immured in Cléry's old bedroom, the darkest and coldest of all, he would have wept, hammered with his little fists on the doorless partition, called at the top of his voice to his keepers, to his mother whom he still believed to be on the upper floor, he would have cried out to the commissioners when they entered the anteroom preceding his cell, as well as to the wood carriers who lighted the stove and the waiters who placed his food on the shelf of his wicket. He was neither taciturn nor timid. He had learnt from Simon, as we know only too well, a vocabulary which would have enabled him to express without periphrasis the ennuie he felt from his isolation. His sister and Aunt would not suddenly have ceased to catch the echo of his songs and his oaths. The ancient tower of the Temple was sonorous, since one could distinguish from one floor to another the noise of the pawns on the backgammon board.—But there is nothing of all that: the two princesses, who were continually waiting to hear the slightest noise of a nature to tell them what was happening in the dungeon, puzzled by the silence which now weighed on their prison, must have been persuaded that the young prince had been taken away and replaced by a stranger. Sometimes they heard a door open, but never either word or cry.

Can any light be obtained from the Temple accounts, so numerous and so revelatory for the period which preceded Simon's departure? None whatever. Yet it must have been necessary, when closing the cage in which the little king was to fade away, to have recourse to workmen. But not a single door was bound with iron; and without the assistance of a carpenter and a locksmith one cannot put up either a wicket or a tower. Now, the bills preserved in our archives reveal nothing like this

to us.[1] All that we find is the following indication, under the date of the 22nd of Pluviôse (February 15th): "In little Capet's room for the frame of a partition above the stove in his room, one piece of white glass 22 x 12 inches . . . 7 *livres* 10 *sols*," [2] and a fortnight later, the 11th of Ventôse (March 1st), a bill for work done "on the second floor of the tower,—viz., taking down and cleaning the stove pipes of the first room and replacing them inside the whole length and outside the whole height of the tower,—" [3] very vague information from which we can, at least, draw the conclusion that they entered the little captive's room, since they put in a pane of glass there, and that they prolonged the stove pipes of the anteroom.[4]

Besides, a glance at the distribution of the apartment suffices to show us that sequestration in a single room was impossible. Supposing that he was imprisoned in Cléry's old bedroom, as tradition would have it, the child would necessarily have access to the water-closet installed in the Southern turret, and consequently he would also be able to move about in the corridor leading to the former bedroom of Louis XVI.[5] Had he been left the use

[1] At least those we have consulted. Perhaps a few details are to be found in the series of which an inventory has not yet been made at the Archives. The accounts were audited sometimes a long time after the execution of the work, so that dates cannot serve as landmarks in such a matter. Moreover, the Temple accounts for this period of 1794 must have been preserved in the city archives that were destroyed.

[2] Account for glazing done and furnished in the Temple to the orders of the Citizen Steward and the Citizen Commissioners, began in the month of Pluviosé of the year II by Destrumel, glazier, 183 Rue du Temple. *National Archives,* F[7], 4393.

[3] Bill for stove work done at the Temple by Marguerite & Ferins, stove makers and chimney-sweeps, 13 Rue de Paradis, Faubourg Saint Denis. *National Archives,* F7, 4393.

[4] It remains to be discovered what the glazier means by "the stove in little Capet's bedroom." If the Dauphin were shut up in Cléry's bedroom, there was no stove; if he were in the king's old bedroom, there was a chimney. The only stoves were in the anteroom on the second floor and in the little round room of the turret which had served as an oratory for Louis XVI.

[5] See the plan on page 18.

of the whole floor, was the famous wicket by means of which his jailors communicated with him pierced in the iron door opening on to the staircase? In that case, how did they light the stove in the anteroom? One's mind, moreover, refuses to accept the idea of an eight and a half year old child wandering the whole day amidst the solitude of those rooms and turrets without it once happening that he injured himself or fell when trying to climb or move some piece of furniture. . . . And from questions to hypotheses we are led to this deduction: either the sequestration was not as absolute as pretended, or else its object was to hide the fact that the victim of so rigorous a measure was no longer the Dauphin. If it is true that the prisoner was buried in a dark room, that he was walled up so that nobody was able, in full daylight, to approach him, speak to him, distinguish his features, recognise him and at every hour verify his identity, it was because they could not show him. And thus arose the belief in some substitution or other; for the parties who were quarrelling over the little King had too great an interest in publishing his presence in the tower of the Temple to hide him in that way and thereby authorise suspicions and doubts which would diminish the value of the hostage they all coveted.

Following Hébert and Chaumette in their rapidly descending path, we do not succeed any the better in discovering the naked truth. We are surprised, however, to note, as soon as the child is put in his cell, the cessation of their visits to the Temple where they had come so often. At the General Council they no longer spoke either of the royal prison or of its occupants, formerly subjects of almost daily reference. Was this silence intentional, or must we not see in it an omission justified by more pressing anxieties? Hébert and Chaumette, without being yet

pointed out, felt themselves, in fact, closely pursued by Robespierre; their disgrace was near at hand, the day not far off when the storm was to break over their heads. Here must be found room for an anecdote, probably without importance, but indicative of the hidden side of Chaumette's complicated character. A few days after the death of Marie Antoinette, the Public Prosecutor of the Commune walked into a toy-shop kept by citoyennes Cornu, at the sign of *la main d'or* in the Rue Saint Barthélemy, and drew from a pocket of his great-coat a pewter plate which the Queen had used during her captivity at the Conciergerie and on which she had traced, in a circular manner, "starting at the centre and going towards the circumference, certain Italian and German phrases." Chaumette requested that this plate be fixed on a pedestal, in such a way "that the two sides could be seen." At the same time he ordered a vase "in which to place, he said, the ashes of a great man." The toy-dealer preserved the object for several months. One of her workmen was very anxious to copy the inscriptions traced by the Queen; but Madame Cornu objected. In the first fortnight of March, 1794, Chaumette reappeared and took back the precious knick-knacks, alleging "that he had changed his mind." [1] For whom did he intend this relic of the woman he had pushed to the scaffold?

On March 16th Paris heard of Hébert's arrest. The news caused a tremendous sensation. Père Duchesne a royalist! Who would have thought it? Such, in fact, was his crime: he had been planning "to annihilate the sovereignty of the people and French liberty for ever, to re-establish despotism and the Monarch." [2] Two days

[1] *National Archives,* F[7], 6711. This somewhat strange fact was reported in 1816 by a Mr. Defeugray, private secretary to the Prefect of the Somme. The police of Louis XVIII began to search and questioned Madame Cornu, who then lived at 34 Rue des Bernardins, "very old, infirm and declining." She and her daughter recollected very clearly Chaumette's two visits.

[2] Indictment. *Wallon's Histoire du Tribunal révolutionnaire de Paris,* Vol. III, p. 47.

later, Couthon from the Tribune of the Convention, produced proof of it by revealing "that they had attempted to pass into the Temple a package containing fifty louis in gold, with which to facilitate Capet's escape; for the conspirators having formed a plan to establish a regency council the child's presence was necessary on the occasion of the Regent's installation." [1] There spread through the city the rumour of the incarceration "of men who, speaking only of liberty, had royalism at heart: he who was to have been appointed Regent of the Republic had just been arrested." [2] The Regent? Chaumette was captured! He slept that night at the Luxembourg prison, and on the 28th of Ventôse (March 18th) at the opening of the sitting of the General Council, where for the past eighteen months he had been adulated, the President read a decree of the Committee of Public Safety appointing provisionally Vincent Cellier in the place of Chaumette and Jacques Legrand in that of Hébert. Whereupon the Commune, prudent, but not over proud, decided "that the next day it would proceed in a body to the National Convention to congratulate it on the rigorous measures taken to foil the plans of the conspirators." Hébert and Chaumette were buried before being dead.

Events did not move slowly. On the 14th Père Duchesne, crippled with terror, was dragged to the scaffold; on April 5th it was the turn of Danton and his friends, also convicted of having attempted "the re-establishment of the monarch, the destruction of National representation and republican government"; and on the 10th of the same month Chaumette's trial, rapidly settled like

[1] Sitting of the Convention of the 26th of Ventôse. *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XIX, p. 715. Was it to this package of fifty louis that Hanriot alluded in the following proclamation to the National Guard?—"Yesterday my brothers-in-arms on duty at the Temple made a discovery which speaks in favour of their activity and love for the country." *Courrier républicain* of the 28th of Ventôse, p. 144.

[2] *Courrier républicain* of the 24th of Ventôse.

the preceding ones, began. It seems that the ex-public prosecutor of the Commune had not yet lost all hope of saving his head, either because he counted on a sudden revival of his lost popularity or because he foresaw the probability in the near future of that monarchic restoration which then haunted all politicians and of which he was accused of being the principal supporter. At first, very abashed and rueful at the Luxembourg prison, he soon accepted with a sufficiency of good grace and even wittily the railleries of the imprisoned aristocrats.[1] He was hoping for an approaching change. His wife could be seen in the prison courtyard signalling to him that "all was going well"; and from collected testimony it appears that at the Luxembourg itself the plot "to assassinate the members of the Committee of Public Safety and other patriots and to place little Capet on the Throne" was being continued.[2] Even Fouquier-Tinville declared that, on the night preceding Chaumette's appearance before the tribunal, "seditious and revolutionary movements, in the course of which there were cries of *long live the King*, took place in various Parisian prisons."[3] Unless we consider the revolutionary tribunal as a slaughter house, we must indeed take these incriminations and depositions seriously, the other complaints invoked, such as the accusation of preaching atheism and starving Paris, remaining most vague and figuring only to expand the speech for the prosecution. It was, indeed, for having formed the plan "of re-establishing the royalty and giving a tyrant to the state"[4] that Pierre Gaspard *alias* Anaxagoras Chaumette, "recognised to be the author and accomplice of this conspiracy," heard himself condemned to death. Supposing that he was effectively guilty of this counter-revolutionary crime, and that he had, as an act of foresight,

[1]Desessart. *Proces fameux jugés depuis la Revolution.* Year VII, Vol. II.
[2]*Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XX, p. 205, Extract from the indictment.
[3]The same.
[4]Fouquier-Tinville's speech for the prosecution.

conjured away the son of Louis XVI to dispose of him without obstacle at the opportune moment, can we be astonished that he did not, *in extremis*, reveal that subtraction? Before the verdict it would have meant handing himself over to the executioner; once sentence was passed, it would have been bequeathing to those who sent him to his death the all saving-talisman of which, by keeping silence, he deprived them, by posthumous vengeance, forever.

Without expressing the pretension to settle the question, it is evident that the hypothesis of the Dauphin having been abducted by Chaumette's order, on the departure of his docile agent Simon, is not incompatible with the rare and laconic documents which henceforth inform us concerning the sorrowful history of the child of the Temple. For most certainly there was a child in the dark tower beyond the guard, the encircling walls, the wickets and iron doors,—a child of nine, solitary, silent, idle the whole day, wrapped up in his abandonment and thoughts.

If it were the Dauphin, transformed by isolation to the point of being unrecognisable, if it were the son of Marie Antoinette, the frolicsome and wilful boy we have seen holding his own against members of the Convention, Municipal representatives and officers of the Temple guard, if it were he, what decadence! With what a crushing weight was his young soul burdened! Did there rise up before him in the short stretch of his recollections, the fresh gardens of the Trianon made joyful by the song of birds and the fluttering of wings, the terrace at Versailles peopled with marble statues aligned under a dome of flowering chestnut trees, whilst gentlemen, bowing respectfully, called him "Monseigneur" and beautiful ladies in furbelows enveloped him with care and homage? Did he dream of his garden in the Tuileries in the bright sunlight, where the sympathetic crowd, kept at a respectful

distance by the soldiers, cried "*Vive Monsieur le Dauphin!*" as soon as they caught sight of him, his little sword by his side, with his blue ribbon and, on his breast, a diamond star, the star of the Holy Spirit? Why did they now leave him alone, always alone? Why had the world become so wicked? Why never more recreations, games, reading, lessons? Why had they punished him so long? For what was he punished? Where was his Mamma, the beautiful Queen of whom he was so proud? Where were his sister and his aunt, his birds and his dog? Could they not have left him his dog? So many insolvable problems for that little brain, formerly so diversely occupied and so attentive, but now ever empty, ever tormented!

If it were another than the little king, a child of the people substituted for him, a victim of Reason of State, what a still more anguish-stricken nightmare perhaps! What was this house, so sad, in which they kept him imprisoned, and who were these men, never the same, whose voices he heard through the bars of his cage? Outside, Paris was in full swing; people walked about the streets; there were dealers, street boys running hither and thither, carriages, soldiers, women chattering around the fountains, joy, laughter, noise. . . . But everything was dead in the vicinity of the old dungeon. If any noise could be heard at the bottom of that dark room, it was that of a door clanging to or the brief commands of officers of the relieving guard. Imagine how terrifying these things must have been to a child who did not know where he was, who was ignorant as to how he had been brought there, who was doubtless forbidden, under pain of the direst punishments, to utter a complaint, to pronounce a word, or to put a question, and who, the whole day long, was on the watch, strove to guess the mystery, grew anxious, waited in vain for someone who would come and re-open for him the doors of life. In one case and in the other what a drama! It is hardly believable.

Other enigmas are to be grafted on to that mystery. On January 19th, Simon, apparently very mortified and grumbling a great deal against the ingratitude of Chaumette and the Commune, left the Temple. Now, the next day he proceeded towards a poor lodging where, living in retirement, were two old ladies of the nobility, both of them formerly nuns, and who received in their home a priest who, like them, had escaped from the spies of the Terror. They celebrated Mass in their attic; and that was why, hearing a knocking at their door, they were seized with great fear. However, they opened it, to find themselves face to face with a man they did not know. "Fear nothing," he said, seeing their emotion. "I know that you receive a priest here. I have come to ask him to say mass to-morrow for the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth and Madame de Lamballe. I am Simon; but I will not betray you and I will even come to attend the mass. . . ." This incident is unexpected, too full of theatrical effect, too feuilletonesque to merit examination by history. In order not to say that it is improbable, it would be necessary to be able, better than has been done, up to the present, to find out the intimate feelings of the people of France in the most harassing days of the Revolution. Numbers of the warmest and most sincere partisans of the Republic remained attached to old beliefs and respectful of traditions of the past. Is it borne in mind that, up to 1792, at the very least, the immense majority of those who were members of the Convention, Jacobins and Members of the Commune had frequented the churches, assisted at the services and carried out their religious duties? The rupture was very sudden, the change tumultuous; but how many must have retained, at the bottom of their hearts, notwithstanding their blustering and bragging, the religious sentiment, the impress of a long atavism? Witness that member of the Committee of General Safety, Voulland, who at the height of the Terror, "went to cellars and garrets to at-

tend on his own account" the masses of those refractory priests [1] who, officially and "out of a sense of duty" he persecuted. The incident of which we have just read, however, surprising it may be, shows that Simon was one of those men,[2] and how can we doubt it, since it was revealed by the very granddaughter of the Marquise de Tourzel, governess of the son of Louis XVI, by her daughter Pauline de Tourzel, the playmate of the Dauphin, by the great-niece of the two venerable ladies on whom Simon called and lastly by Madame Blanche de Béarn, Sister Vincent in religious life, who received it directly from her father.[3]

At the time of Chaumette's death Simon was appointed an inspector of carriages,[4] an employment which did not keep him away from Paris, since we find the ex-shoemaker still mounting guard from time to time at the Temple. As to "his wife," she had not ceased to frequent the prison. One could enter that so well guarded jail without a card "if one liked; all that was necessary was, not to present oneself at the main entrance, where the sentinels were, but to knock at the door of the stables by means of a stone placed for a signal agreed upon between the doorkeeper Piquet and people of the neighbourhood. Citizen Lelièvre, then steward,[5] having observed this stratagem, informed the Temple Council of it and the Commissioners, wishing to make the experiment for themselves, left the prison and came to knock at the said door. "Two citizens, who were passing, said to them: 'there is a stone to the left; knock with it and they will open to you.'"

[1] *Mémoires de Fiévée.*

[2] Married at the Church of Saint-Côme on February 20th, 1788, Simon and his wife were, therefore, Catholics, although this has sometimes been contested.

[3] "I attest that I have just dictated everything which precedes, and I guarantee its authenticity." Rome, February 28th, 1904, Blanche de Béarn, Sister Vincent H. de Granvelle. *L'evasion de Louis XVII in the Revue de Paris* for September 1st, 1904.

[4] The 17th of Germinal (April 6th, 1794). *National Archives,* T. 905.

[5] Lelièvre had succeeded Coru in the early days of February.

Having done this, they heard Piquet coming, saying: "it is some of our people." And he immediately opened.[1] The Commissioners thus learnt that, amongst other persons Citoyenne Simon, who lodged as we have seen, in a house neighbouring the tower, thus obtained entrance. What did the cobbler's wife come there to do? How is it that, on meeting her in the prison courtyards, nobody was astonished at her presence? Why this tolerance in her case, and so much severity in that of Tison, the princesses' *ex-valet de chambre?* For the latter was now in close custody in a bedroom of the little tower,—a room without either air or daylight, save what came from a loop-hole looking on to the dungeon staircase. What crime had Tison committed? Nobody knew, and in December, 1793, Hébert demanded of the General Council that the question be made the object of a report.[2] This report, drawn up by Godard,[3] concluded in favor of the liberation of the prisoner, "the most minute examination having revealed nothing against the said Tison";[4] but it was to someone's interest that he should remain where he was, and that person obtained from the Committee of Public Safety an order to deprive the unfortunate man of every communication and to reduce his salary from five hundred *livres* to the strict necessary."[5] What had this man done, what had he said, what had he seen to warrant the Commune keeping him a captive for long months without informing itself of the reasons for his detention,

[1]Paris Commune. Temple Council, June 18th, 1794.

[2]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 22nd of Frimaire (December 14th, 1793). *Courrier républicain* of the 24th.

[3]Jean François Godard, builder and contractor, Rue Guisarde. Mucius Scævola section.

[4]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 4th of Nivôse. *Courrier républicain* of the 6th.

[5]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 21st of Nivôse. *Moniteur* of the 24th. "On the observation, made by the commissioners on guard at the Temple, that fellow-citizens employed in the Tower could communicate with Tison through the door of his room, the General Council decrees that this door be condemned." The 8th of Ventôse, Year II, *Register of deliberations of the Commune. National Archives,* F[7], 4391.

without any entry of a commitment, without a trial and without judgment: The State prisoners formerly interned in the Bastille at least had the consolation of not being in ignorance of the fact that they were incarcerated because such was "the good pleasure of the King. . . ."

After Simon's exodus absolute silence enshrouded the Temple. Mention was sometimes made of the two female prisoners on the third floor. One day, at the General Council Daujon indignantly protested against the exorbitant expense occasioned the Commune by the Medicinal infusions supplied to the daughter of the tyrant;[1] on another occasion Godard set forth that, "having visited the apartments, the woman Elizabeth presented him with her thimble, pierced and useless." He noticed that "the thimble was of gold and asked to be allowed to place it with its case on the table." The Commune, grand and generous, decreed that the object be sold in aid of the poor and that "the woman Elizabeth be supplied with a brass or ivory thimble." [2] Of the little king nobody made any mention. On one occasion, however,—it was after the death of Chaumette and Hébert,—some municipal representatives denounced their colleague Crescend.[3] "He had offered himself very often for duty at the Temple, although his turn had not come, and had been moved to pity by the lot of Charles Capet," pretending that "this child was badly brought up." Crescend was immediately expelled from the Council and sent to the police.[4] And here we have a disconcerting incident. The commis-

[1]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 19th of Pluviôse. *Courrier républicain* of the 21st.

[2]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 24th of Pluviôse. *Courrier républicain* of the 26th.

[3]His name is not on the lists published by the National Almanachs of 1793 and 1794. Perhaps we ought to read his name as Cresson.

[4]General Council of the Commune. Sitting of the 7th of Germinal. *Courrier républicain* of the 9th.

sioners had not contented themselves then with glancing through the peephole at the padlocked prisoner in his filthy hole; they had approached him, conversed with him, and he had replied, since they had been able to judge of his bad education. And why did Crescend say not a word? It was a splendid opportunity to reveal the horrible infection of the cell, the deplorable state of the "whelp," "dirty, consumed with vermin and disputing with the rats the bread they threw to him." Nobody would have dared to support the prolongation of so sordid a torture and so much the more so that Chaumette was no longer to divert the discussion. The Hôtel de Ville had lost in him its fool and favourite preacher. A newcomer, austere and grave, replaced Anaxagoras at the Public Prosecutor's Office,—viz., Payan, a protégé of Robespierre,—Payan who, born of an honourable and well-to-do family of the Drôme, had come from his province to serve the Republic, first of all as Secretary to the Committee of Public Safety and then as juryman on the revolutionary Tribunal. He was now National Agent of the Commune, and under his impulsion it, carefully recruited, was henceforth to become, with notorious suppleness, the docile instrument of the "Incorruptible." Through the Commune, Robespierre would then be the master of the Temple still more than Chaumette had been. Was he not, moreover, in that spring of the year II master of the whole of France? He commanded the Committee of Public Safety; they acclaimed him at the Convention; he had struck down everything which hampered him or was an obstacle in his path—Girondins, Hébertists, Dantonists, the Reactionaries as well as the *Exagérés* (ultras), to speak the jargon of the time; and we are in accord with his eulogists in stating that, free at last to direct his policy as he liked, he now inclined towards moderation and sought to fix the conquests of the Revolution on an indestructible base.

We should have the appearance of forcing the para-

dox by insinuating that Robespierre, at that period of his greatest height, was premeditating a return to the constitutional royalty; but of what was he dreaming? We do not know. Certainly he was dreaming of something. The care he took to surround himself with devoted men, his continual search for patriots "having talents more or less," the aversion, from day to day more accentuated, which he professed for compromised or corrupted politicians, his need of being kept informed by spies devoted to him, those deistic demonstrations which voluntarily contrasted with the sacrilegious eccentricities of the disciples of Reason, everything indicated that he was preparing an evolution. He was not in ignorance of the fact that the people, tired of blood, misery, speeches and disorder, would acclaim the man who was sufficiently influential and sufficiently bold to close the Terror, to assure peace and restore France to its abolished tranquillity. As a prudent and thoughtful politician, Robespierre could no more disinterest himself than many others in the little King whom they still thought was preserved in the Temple to be, at the opportune hour, the winning trump in the decisive game. The day after the Queen's execution, Saint Just, reflecting his master's thought, said: "The Guillotine has cut there a powerful knot of the diplomacy of the Courts of Europe." [1] In the absence of his mother, the son could advantageously serve as a guarantee; he who spoke in his name to the allied powers would be certain to be heard, and this patriotic hope was, moreover, the only motive which justified the child's long detention. From the grouping of certain indications, up to the present so scattered that they remained unperceived, there stands forth the very plausible presumption that Robespierre did not undervalue the hostage which he flattered himself he would be able to make use of should an opportunity offer. First of all, there is a note from the British spy to Lord Grenville, dated April

[1] Vilate. *Causes secrètes de la Revolution.*

25th: "They do not doubt that, in the present state of affairs, Robespierre has one of these two plans: to carry off the King to the Southern provinces if the armies (of the enemy) approach Paris,—and that is the Committee's project; or take the King to Meudon and make his personal treaty with the Power which draws the nearer to Paris,—and that is the plan of which Robespierre is accused." To carry this out happily, it was necessary to make sure of the possibility of getting the child prisoner out of the Temple with every possible discretion. It seems, indeed, that they occupied themselves with this, for among the papers found at Robespierre's was discovered a notebook which had belonged to Payan, and in which had been rapidly scribbled a number of phrases reminding him of what he had to do during the day. In it we find the following sheet, undated, but which, after an examination of the preceding leaves and those which follow, must refer to May, 1794. At first sight it appears somewhat hieroglyphic; reproduced textually it is as follows:

1st. Cook to be appointed. 2nd. Arrest the old one. 3rd. Villers, friend of Saint Just, to be employed. 4th. Entrust the mayor and municipal agent with the exemption. 5th. Nicholas will instruct Villers. 6th. Opium. 7th. A doctor. 8th. Appointment of Members of the Council. 9th. Place, the first two or three days, new ones. 10th. Report we present. (*sic.*)[1]

If we recollect that, of all the important servants at the Temple, the cook Gagnié remained the only one who had not been dismissed; that Villers was the name of a young man, an ex-officer of dragoons, who had shared with Robespierre, at the beginning of his career, a modest lodging in the Rue de Saintonge;[2] that, after having lost sight of him, Robespierre, "at the time when he was at the height of his fortune," made enquiries about him; that Nicolas, a printer and juryman on the Revolutionary Tribunal, was a zealot of the "Incorruptible" and counted

[1] *Papiers inédits trouvés chez Robespierre.* Vol. II, pp. 389-390.

[2] Pierre Villers, in his *Souvenirs d'umpeporté* published in the year X, supplies interesting details concerning his life in common with Robespierre.

among his bodyguard; if we observe that this appointment of members of the Council "on which new ones would be placed the first two or three days" appears to refer to the *Temple Council* and could only indeed refer to it; that opium would serve to send someone to sleep and a doctor to superintend the effect of that narcotic, we conclude that all these precautions, noted in Payan's notebook, seem to indicate a plan they did not wish to noise abroad, a plan for the execution of which they would have recourse to only very trustworthy confidants, "*we present*,"—a proof that the affair was important and that its "statement" necessitated unequivocal wording.

May, 1794.—The time was well chosen. The only one of the princesses remaining in the Temple was Madame Royale, whom it would be easy to deceive should some rumour of the event reach her. They had got rid of Madame Elizabeth, whose suspicious perspicacity might have been embarrassing: in twenty-four hours she had been removed from the Temple, judged, condemned and executed. . . . In the evening of that same day, May 10th, Robespierre entered, as he often did, the shop of Maret, the bookseller in the Palais Royal. Whilst turning over the leaves of some new books, he asked for news and the subject of people's conversation. Maret, a convinced Royalist and Catholic, was unable, despite the indifferent good nature he ordinarily affected, to repress his indignation. "People are murmuring and crying out against you," he said. "What did Madame Elizabeth do to you? Why did you send that innocent and virtuous person to the scaffold?"—"I assure you, my dear Maret," replied Robespierre, "that, far from being the author of Madame Elizabeth's death, I wanted to save her. It was that wretch Collot d'Herbois who dragged her from me." [1] His visit to the bookseller's and the question he asked, on such a day, are revelatory of his anxiety of the moment; for about

[1] *Essais historiques sur les causes et les effets de la revolution de France* by Beaulieu, Vol. VI, p. 10.

the same time, perhaps the next day,[1] he visited the Temple. Madame Royale makes a note of it in her journal. "One day there came a man who I believe was Robespierre. The municipal representatives showed great respect towards him and his visit was a secret. The people of the tower did not know who he was. He came to my room, looked at me insolently, inspected the books and, after having whispered with the municipal officers went away." It was not merely "to look insolently" at the daughter of Louis XVI that Robespierre risked this inspection at the Temple, where he had come but once before nearly two years previously.[2] Before ascending to Marie Thérèse's, he most certainly stopped on the second floor. Did he see the Dauphin? Was the door, "closed with nails and screws," which separated the living from the sequestrated child opened for him? Here, as all through the history of the captivity in the Temple, we encounter irreconcilable statements. The very fact of Robespierre's visit would have to be rejected if we did not find, in a way, the corollary in a report from Lord Grenville's agent, who wrote: "on the night of the 23rd to the 24th—May—Robespierre went to the Temple to fetch the king and take him to Meudon." The fact is certain, although known only to the Committee of Public Safety. It is believed to be certain that he was brought back to the Temple on the night of the 24th to the 25th, and that this was a trial to make sure of the ease with which he could be taken possession of. "Later," the English informer states that the "king was brought back to the Temple on May 30th.[3]

[1]Chantelauze and Beauchesne place this visit on May 11th.

[2]On September 3rd, 1792, he had been chosen by the insurrectional Commune, of which he was a member, "to re-establish tranquillity at the Temple." Beaucourt, Vol. II, p. 49.

[3]Fortescue;—Since May 18th (29th of Floréal) the number of commissioners at the Temple had been reduced from four to three. *National Archives* F[7], 4391. In the series of powers of the Commissioners we do not find anything which indicates, on the dates mentioned by the English spy, any derogation from the ordinary supervision. Alphabetic order was still followed—with a few excep-

One can well understand Robespierre, concerned about the dignity and interests of France, removing the little prisoner from the horror of his confinement and placing him at the Chateau de Meudon, a convenient and salubrious residence which ought to have been chosen long before as a place of detention for the son of Louis XVI. That was, at one and the same time, an act of humanity and good policy. But why, immediately the difficult transfer was accomplished, permit reintegration in the Temple? In one's mind, disconcerted by a combination so useless, so perilous and so complicated, is strengthened the belief in a previous substitution of which Robespierre had up to then not the slightest suspicion. He undertook to put an end to the martyrdom of that innocent boy and suddenly discovered that someone had "done the trick" before him! The child he had just abstracted from the noisome prison was not the little king! He saw that, as soon as he examined him at leisure, as soon as he pressed him with questions. What was to be done? Publish the fact and noise abroad his discomfiture? But that would have meant telling the whole of Europe that the Republic had lost the guarantee on which it had so long founded the hope of coming to a composition with its enemies. Better reveal nothing and reincarnate the anonymous prisoner for whom the Temple was an investiture and who, on condition that he was never produced, might still serve for eventual negotiations. This is but a hypothesis, or, to speak more correctly, an induction, perilous process of reasoning forbidden to historians but which is excusable owing to the obscurity in which this question is debated. This induction, carried still further,

tions—in the choice of Commissioners. A little anomaly, however, must be pointed out. On May 23rd (the 4th of Prairial) the Commune took care to appoint, in advance, the commissioners for that day and the two following days. On May 27th (the 8th of Prairial) the same thing happened again. Ordinarily, commissioners were appointed *"to go to the Temple this evening,"* except on the eve of decadis when the Commune appointed commissioners for the same day and that following, decadi, on which it did not sit. *National Archives,* F⁷, 4391.

would perhaps also elucidate a singular change which took place at that very time in Robespierre's attitude. From the early days of June he was visibly disabled. He deserted the Committee of Public Safety;[1] "he resigned completely his part of dictatorial authority and abandoned the exercise of government to his colleagues." [2] His most fervent apologist, Ernest Hamel, seeking to discover the causes of this sudden renouncement, confesses "that it is somewhat difficult to express oneself very affirmatively in this respect,"[3] and Robespierre himself, in that beautiful and obscure speech which has been called "his last will and testament," contented himself with giving as the motive for his voluntary retreat "the powerlessness to do good and to arrest evil,"—a poor excuse for a political man who retires after having involved in his policy so many chosen and determined partisans. Did he not have a clear vision of that powerlessness on the day when he found himself deprived of the royal child, the secret object of his policy, at the very moment he thought he had secured him? A conjecture which may seem paradoxical—fanciful perhaps—and which historians have not up to now considered, because not one of them as yet correctly estimated the importance of that little boy of nine who, as has been said, could not leave his prison "without being the first among Frenchmen, the King." [4]

On the 8th of Thermidor Dorigny, a municipal officer of the Popincourt section, said to his fellow citizens in his district: "you would be very astonished if, to-morrow,

[1]In his speech of the 8th of Thermidor he admitted that "for more than six weeks he had absolutely abandoned his duties as a member of the Committee of Public Safety."

[2]Ernest Hamel. *Histoire de Robespierre,* Vol. III, p. 599.

[3]"The Thermidorians," he adds, "who alone are able to inform us on that point, having greatly varied in their explanations." Ernest Hamel.

[4]Comte de Falloux. *Mémoires d'un Royaliste,* Vol. II, p. 24.

a king [1] were proclaimed to you." The next day Robespierre fell and with him the Paris Commune.[2] Barras, carried by circumstances to the post of General-in-chief of the Army of the Interior and of the Command of Paris, had assisted in the triumph of the Convention and, finding himself suddenly inheriting the preponderant authority of the man he had just overthrown, it would seem that he did not lose a single hour at aiming at the same object. Like all those who had preceded him at the helm of the pitching vessel of the revolution, he steered for the Temple in order to secure the person of little Capet. A rumour of the escape of the young prince had spread during the night and found believers even on the Committee of the Convention.[3] On the 10th, at six A. M.,[4] Barras was at the prison and ordered that the Son of Louis XVI be shown to him. At last the conditions of his six months' sequestration was to be known, the obscurity with which the boy's imprisonment was enveloped to be dispersed. . . .

No; nothing would be known! Here, textually, is the brief account Barras left of that visit: "I was at the

[1] *Moniteur.* Reprint Vol. XXI, p. 497. Sitting of the Convention of 27th of Thermidor. Speech of Barras. On the 4th of Vendémiaire, year III, Bréard, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, read to the Convention a letter written by a Martinique Colonist attesting that, in March, 1794, an English officer named Bentabourg had said to the host with whom he was staying: "Robespierre is protecting the daughter and son of the King of France: he it is who will get them over to England . . . etc." The remark was made in the presence of ten citizens ready to swear to it. *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXII, p. 69.

[2] During the cruel agony which the victors of Thermidor meted out to the vanquished, there was, amongst other episodes, one that was somewhat striking. "When Robespierre arrived at the Conciergerie, it is said that he asked the turnkey, by means of signs, to bring him a pen and ink. The turnkey brutally replied: 'What the devil do you want to do? Do you want to write to your Supreme Being?'" Nougaret. *Histoire des Prisons,* Vol. IV, p. 312. One cannot help thinking that, to dream of writing at such a time, the dying man must have intended to reveal things of the utmost importance and interest to the country. The odious suspicion of a jailor has deprived posterity of those confidences.

[3] Mémoires de Barras, Vol. I, p. 205.

[4] Madame Royale.

Temple [1] and found the young prince in a cradle-shaped bed in the middle of his room. He was in a sound sleep and woke with difficulty. He was wearing trousers and a grey cloth jacket. I asked him how he was and why he did not sleep in the big bed. He replied: 'My knees are swollen and pain me at times when I am standing. The little cradle suits me better.' I examined his knees and found them very swollen, as well as his ankles and hands. His face was puffed and pale. After asking him if he had what was necessary and having advised him to walk, I gave orders to the Commissioners and scolded them for the neglected state of the room. . . . I proceeded to the Committee of Public Safety. Order has not been troubled at the Temple, but the prince is dangerously ill. I ordered that he should be taken for a walk and summoned Monsieur Dussault (*sic*). It is urgent that you should consult other doctors, that they examine his condition and give him all the care his condition (*sic*) demands. The Committee gave orders in consequence."

They saw him. But there is nothing to indicate that, in order to reach the prisoner, it was necessary to summon workmen, to employ pickaxe or pincers, or to "unseal" any door. It is true the narrative contains an allusion to the "neglected state" of the room; but there is again nothing to evoke the idea of a filthy hole where dirt, débris of food and other accumulated refuse rendered the air unbreathable. If their author was not the most convicted knave in history, these few lines would alone suffice to destroy the legend of sequestration. Moreover, in this narrative, most precious though it is, since it comes from one who was the first to see the prisoner after two hundred days of a mysterious seclusion, there are gaps unpardonable if they were not intentional. Did

[1] *Mémoires de Barras.* We here reproduce, not the text of the Memoirs written and edited by Rousselin de Saint-Albin, but Barras' own terms which Monsieur Georges Duruy took care to quote in the fine preface of his edition of the *Memoirs* of the ex-Director, Vol. I, XII.

Barras recognise the child presented to him as the son of Louis XVI? He does not say so. He had never been to Court; but he may have caught sight of the young prince during the days which preceded August 10th, 1792, and he certainly conceived a doubt on finding in that small mean bed that half-awakened, bloated and stiff little boy, who could have borne no resemblance whatever either to the charming and lively child of the Tuileries or to his portraits formerly spread about in profusion. To make certain of the captive's identity, Barras must have questioned him with some insistence and not contented himself with merely asking why he preferred the cradle to the big bed. It is singular that he does not touch upon that essential point in his narrative. On ascending to Madame Royale's, after his visit to the second story, he was much more loquacious and cautious. "He spoke to me, called me by my name, said many other things to me . . ." wrote the young princess, and he prolonged his visit to such an extent that Marie Thérèse had to politely dismiss him.[1] Moreover, if Barras believed, on that day, that he had been placed in the Dauphin's presence, his later conduct proved that he was not long in being undeceived. The three last Commissioners chosen by the Commune to superintend the Temple were appointed on the evening of the 8th of Thermidor.[2] On the 9th, the Council was too tragically occupied to think of delegating three of the members to go to the Royal prison, so the Municipal representatives on guard since the evening of the 8th remained at their posts the 9th, 10th and 11th,[3] which probably saved them from the guillotine. But they could not remain there indefinitely. The Commune—which ended as it had begun, by insurrection—being dissolved and all its members outlawed, it was necessary, then, as soon as possible, to try to find guardians for

[1]Madame Royale.

[2]We do not possess their names, the series of powers preserved at the Archives stopping at the 3rd of Thermidor. F[7], 4391.

[3]*National Archives,* A. F. 11, 47-363.

the two child prisoners and on the day of the 10th the Committee of General Safety entrusted that delicate mission to Jérôme, a member of the revolutionary Committee of the Bondy section, and to Albert, invested with a similar mandate by the Unité section. But General Barras wanted a man of his own there. During "the battle" of the 9th he had noticed the somewhat turbulent zeal of a young patriot, a Creole of Martinique named Christophe Laurent,[1] who had had the perspicacity, during the crisis, to display his ardent enthusiasm for the cause of the Convention and his no less accentuated animosity against the Commune. Moreover, Laurent had a surety near Barras in the person of the General's private secretary Botot, Justice of the Peace of the Temple Section, where Laurent was Clerk of the Court. The decree of the 10th was, therefore, repealed. Albert and Jérôme remained at home and, on the 11th, the Creole was appointed temporary guardian of Capet's children.[2] He proceeded to the Temple at half past nine at night and was received by the three surviving Commissioners of the annihilated Commune who installed him, led him to the rooms of the two prisoners and then disappeared.[3]

Laurent was intelligent, active, shrewd and of agreeable appearance; he expressed himself well, wrote with ease and his manners contrasted advantageously with those of the red-capped, rough-mannered *sans-culottes* who, for nearly two years, had reigned over the Temple. He owed his new position solely to Barras' protection. Wholly devoted to the "General," he could be counted upon to follow his instructions to the letter,—that is to say, he would take the prisoner out for walks, he would request Dr. Dessault, chief surgeon at the big Humanité

[1]Frederic Barbey devoted to Laurent a very precious study published by the *Revue* on September 15th, 1909.

[2]*National Archives,* A. F. 17, 47-363. The decree appointing Jérôme is in the file with words struck out and written over. It was issued in the name of the Committee of Public Safety and General Safety and signed Barère.

[3]Madame Royale.

Hospital—the Hôtel Dieu—to examine the little patient, he would have the room cleaned and aired, and would take the greatest care of the child of whom he was the sole guardian. . . . But nothing of that sort happened! Laurent took care not to call in the Doctor; the poor captive did not leave his prison; nay, more, his new guardian had so great a fear of letting him be seen, that he would not allow servants even to enter his room to clean it. What was the reason for this inexcusable negligence? Was it not that Laurent, at the first contact, was convinced of the Dauphin's absence? A document preserved amongst the Temple papers seems to confirm this hypothesis. It is an order given by Laurent himself, two days after his arrival at the Temple, to place seals immediately on Simon's papers,—a document insignificant in appearance but singularly demonstrative. On the evening of the 11th, on arriving at the prison, the Creole found the child asleep, so it was not until next morning that he occupied himself with and questioned him. Since Simon's departure, he was the first person who had been able to speak at leisure with the little abandoned one; the first who took the trouble and the time to inspire confidence in him, to pet him, to awaken his memory, to make him talk; and it was not long before he was certain that the child was not the son of Louis XVI. Barras was immediately informed that the Dauphin had been abducted. Who was holding him? Who could indicate the place where they had hidden him? The revelation was illuminating; this then was the explanation of this prisoner's isolation of six months. Six months! This lapse of time agreed with the date of Simon's retirement, he who had been the blind agent of Chaumette and Hébert. Both were long since dead, whilst Simon had just ended his days on Robespierre's scaffold. But perhaps there remained at his house some indication, which must be secured as quickly as possible. That was why Laurent, usurping powers quite in oppo-

sition to his position as jailor and not concerned in the least, legally, in the matter, took upon himself to demand the placing of seals on the shoemaker's effects.[1] In this manner, if anything were discovered there, everything would remain between Barras and his two tools, Laurent, the promoter of the measure, and Botot, the Justice of the Peace of the section. The Creole's interference in this affair would be absolutely inexplicable if it did not imply a correlation between an incident of his present duties and Simon's long since lapsed administration.

Does this reasoning appear too subtle and the consequence arbitrary? We possess other suppositions of the conviction born in Laurent's mind. First of all, can we appreciate at its value the conception of that thoughtless Barras who provided a Creole of twenty-four as a guard for a young girl of sixteen?[2] The whole day and night he could enter her quarters; he was the only human being she saw, not even a woman entering the Tower; he had possession of all the keys and opened all the doors; no commissioner shared the work of supervision, and as he showed a politeness to which Marie Thérèse was no longer accustomed, as he was respectful and obliging[3]—strange novelties for the young princess—it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a sort of comradeship sprang

[1]"The 13th of Thermidor, French Republic. The Commissioner, entrusted by the Committees of Public Safety and General Safety of the National Convention with the supervision of the Temple, requests the citizens composing the Revolutionary Committee of the Temple Section to proceed immediately to the Temple enclosure (A) to place seals there on the furniture and effects forming part of the property of the man Simon, who died by the law, in order to preserve the said effects which belong to the Republic. Made in the tower of the Temple the 13th of Thermidor of the year II. . . . . Laurent, Commissioner of the Convention.

(A) Laurent is here juggling with words. We have seen that the lodging occupied by the Simons was, in fact, situated not within the prison enclosure but outside the walls, in the old enclosure of the Knights Templars, which formed an immense quarter, quite free of access, and including shops, dwelling houses, private residences, etc.

[2]Christophe Laurent was born on July 25th, 1770. Barbey, *loc. cit.*

[3]"He took more care of me: he often asked me if I had need of anything and begged me to ask for what I wanted and to ring. He was most polite."—*Madame Royale.*

up between them. Certainly we have the certitude that the pride of Marie Antoinette's daughter protected her against any surprise of her young imagination, but since Madame Elizabeth's departure she had conversed with nobody; it was a year since she had seen any other men than the execrated Commissioners of the Commune, the brutal turnkeys or the servants employed to place at her door water and wood or the linen brought back by the laundry maid; so that the appearance, in her monotonous life, of this discreet and well-educated young Creole must have awakened her curiosity. As to himself, it is not possible that he did not experience a feeling of tender veneration towards his engaging ward. The fact of being imprisoned in a dark tower with a young and persecuted princess constitutes a common situation in fairy tales or tender romances of chivalry, but is extremely rare and delicate in real life. For Laurent was also sequestered. He did not leave the Temple and his only distraction was to meet, at meal times in the Council room, the two officers commanding the guard and Liénard,[1] the new steward, who had been appointed on the 12th of Thermidor to replace the arrested Lelièvre. It is not at all astonishing that he should have shown haste when he heard the sound of the prisoner's bell, which rang perhaps somewhat more frequently than was strictly indispensable.

One must not imagine this was the beginning of a romantic idyll the mere supposition of which would be as imaginary as out of place,[2] but it is important to know

[1]Andre Liénard, forty-five years, a native of the department of the Nord, cloth merchant, Rue de la Heaummerie; ex-president of the Lombards section. Barbey, *loc. cit.*

[2]In the course of this narrative we have carefully avoided up to now placing any reliance on legend; but it is not useless to indicate at times, in passing, to what an extent it has sprung up like a thicket around the history of the Temple. In 1881, there died in a town of the department of Ardèche a lady, P. de V., who was said to have been the daughter of Madame Royale, prisoner in the Temple and "a great English lord!" Was not the extravagant rumour set afloat in Paris in December 1795 that the Commissioners charged

the attitude affected by Laurent when Marie Thérèse spoke to him about her brother. Admitting there was this sort of intimacy, which would necessarily spring up between the young girl and her guardian, she would certainly have asked to see the Dauphin. And he could not have refused her request on the ground of his instructions, since Barras, on his first visit, and other members of the Convention later, had given an order that the brother and sister be re-united and that they be taken for walks together.[1] Clemency reigned. During that sunny Thermidor, when the doors of all the prisons of France were being thrown open, who would have protested if, for an hour or two, the children of the Tyrant played together under the chestnut-tree of the garden? How, then could Laurent have resisted the prisoner's prayers? Why did he persist in refusing to hear her supplications? Since he was sole master in the Tower, since no one controlled his acts, since he would not have broken any rule by allowing them to embrace, how is it he had the courage to refuse to grant them that immense joy? What could he have said to Marie Thérèse to rid himself of her entreaties? She noted in her Journal that he showed pity towards the little prince, that he washed and bathed him;[2] she knew that he procured a

to accompany as far as Bâle the daughter of Louis XVI, handed over to Austria, "had tried to violate her en route?" *Report to the Minister of the Interior. National Archives,* F 111, Seine 18, Aulard. *Paris rendant la Réaction thermidorienne,* II 564. The substitution of a girl of the people for Madame Royale during her sojourn at the Temple is a version which was current in a few "well-informed circles," and, without having been so numerous as the false Dauphins, false Duchesses of Angoulême appeared at the time of the Restoration.

[1]"I ordered that the two children of the King of France be allowed to walk daily in the prison courtyards . . . I have since learnt from a Commissioner of the Temple that my orders have not been carried out." Barras' *Memoirs,* vol. I, pp. 205-206. The same order was given in December by Harmand of the Meuse and his colleagues. See page 218.

[2]"He gave my brother baths and washed away the vermin with which he was covered."

clean bed[1] for him; but she also knew that the poor little fellow was "always alone in his room" and that "he remained thus during the whole summer."—"Laurent," she writes, "visited him three times (a day); but, for fear of compromising himself, he did not dare (*sic*)." Thus, it is proved:—either that Laurent lied to Madame Royale, leaving her to believe that nothing had changed since the 9th of Thermidor, that the Terror was still raging, and that he would run the risk of the scaffold if he allowed her to see her brother; he says nothing of the orders he had "to re-unite the children of the King of France;"—or else those orders had been revoked as soon as received, and we still come back to the same question: *Why?* if not because the child they held could not be shown? Laurent must also have lied to the National guards and servants, who were also astonished at this abnormal confinement. They were not to be deceived like Madame Royale! but to these the Creole related that little Capet was too ill to profit by the authorisations granted. How did he succeed in making them believe that this child of nine, shut up for the past six months, refused to come out into the open air, to return to his former games, his balls, his quoits, his racquets?—that he had not—if it were he!—asked for his dog, shown a desire to see his dear birds again? But nothing of the sort. Although the evident interest of the State demanded that they should produce the son of Louis XVI, that they should proclaim his presence, nobody was admitted to catch a glimpse of him even for a moment. Of the three waiters, Caron, Vandebourg and Lermouzeau, who, at fixed hours, carried the meals from the kitchens to the floors above, not one testified that they had ever served him directly. Laurent remained inflexible and the prison impenetrable; no jailor was less communicative, more silent, more "close." This

[1]"Laurent had a bed, which was in my room, taken down for my brother, as his was full of bugs."

silence, this circumspect and distrustful reserve contrasted so singularly with his age, his colonial origin and his eventful past that his transformation appeared suspicious to those who had known him previously. People in the neighbourhood grew concerned, and his former colleagues of the Temple section issued a decree declaring that Laurent had lost their confidence, that they considered it "impolitic and even dangerous in the public interest that such a man should remain entrusted with the custody of Capet's son." [1] Sure of himself and confident in his protector, Laurent turned not a hair: he boldly brought a complaint before the Committee of Public Safety, declaring that, if justice were not done him, he was ready to resign a post "which he had in no way sought." [2] He made no change, however, in his manner of acting and succeeded in sequestrating his prisoner so perfectly that the citizen-soldiers, convoked to the Temple daily to guard the Tower there, expressed astonishment that they never saw the son of the tyrant, the pretext of the trouble imposed upon them, and one day complained at not knowing "whether they were guarding stones or anything else." [3]

If, in lieu of proofs, these detailed statements authorise us to admit that the son of Louis XVI left the Temple on Simon's departure for an unknown destination and was replaced in his prison by another child, all the peripetia, of which a summary sketch follows, succeed each other and link together intelligently. If, on the contrary, we persist in thinking that the Dauphin was still there, that it was indeed he over whom Laurent watched rigorously, we must give up trying to discern any relation whatsoever between the various episodes composing the end of the history the Temple and the chron-

[1] Regarding these incidents see Barbey, *loc. cit.*
[2] *National Archives*, F[7], 4768.
[3] Barbey, *loc. cit.*

ological juxtaposition of which would form in that case the most extravagant of imbroglios.

The first of these episodes, as regards date, was the abduction, or, to speak more exactly, the transfer of the little prisoner during the month following the 9th of Thermidor. Barras, as we shall see, had long before that famous date, undertaken to remove the children of Louis XVI from prison and place them in a residence more suitable to their age and the dignity of the Republic. He had paid for this promise by the loss of certain assistants indispensable in the preparation of his campaign against Robespierre. Up to this point, nothing but what is admissible, because what surprises us is not the attempts made to assure the two children a less wretched and less unjust lot, but, on the contrary, the obstinacy of those—if any of them were sincere—who demanded indefinite imprisonment for those inoffensive orphans. Barras' plan was not to effect the removal of the prisoners clandestinely; it was to be done with the tacit consent and connivance of certain of his friends of the Convention and Laurent had been chosen to prepare the means discreetly.

But the unexpected and astounding discovery made by the Creole that the child left in the Temple was not the King's son, placed Barras in a position of extreme perplexity. What was he going to do? Declare the substitution accomplished? That was not to be thought of, for the confession would have lowered France in the eyes of her enemies. Policy, if not straightforwardness, commanded him to act as though the substitution had passed unobserved, to hand over to the constitutionalists, as promised, the prisoner of the Temple as they had inherited him from the defunct Commune, even if nothing were mentioned about it, in the hope that, by gaining time, the true Dauphin would come into the open before the trickery of his *ad interim* replacement had been noised abroad. Barras decided, therefore, to keep

to himself the secret revealed to him by Laurent; reserving the right of using it, if need be, to the best of his personal interest. But this comedy forbade that Marie Thérèse, as had been agreed upon, should be taken out of the Temple at the same time as her pseudo-brother: it was necessary, indeed, to prevent the inevitable scandal which would result from her reunion with an unknown boy. It was, then, of the utmost importance not to leave empty at the Temple the place of the child they were going to remove, and to place there another substitute whom they would choose still more taciturn than the first.

We know not a single circumstance of this suspicious combination. The date of the removal is not indicated; but it must be fixed prior to the 14th of Fructidor—August 31st, 1794.[1] As to its reality, to cast doubt on it, it would be necessary to reject a document the authority of which it is difficult to contest, and which is no other than the report of a secret sitting of the Directory,[2]

[1]This is the reason. On that day, August 31st, marked by the explosion of the Grenelle powder-magazine, which shook all Paris, the Temple received, at ten o'clock in the morning, the visit of two delegates of the Committee of General Safety, André Dumont and Goupilleau de Fontenay (*National Archives,* F⁷, 4392). Two months later, Goupilleau returned to inspect the prison, in company this time with his colleague Reverchon. The latter reappeared at the Temple on December 19th, with the Members of the Convention Mathieu and Harmand of the Meuse. Now, unless we are to suppose that all these legislators were accomplices in the abduction, we must believe that the child who was presented to them on August 31st and October 28th was the same, since Goupilleau was present on both occasions; and that the one shown on October 28th and December 19th did not differ either, otherwise Reverchon, who saw him on these two dates, would have been struck with the dissimilarity. Therefore between August 31st and December 19th there had not been a substitution; later the supervision of the Temple was strengthened and Laurent had an assistant. One cannot, therefore, see that the abduction was possible except during August, 1794, when Laurent was alone in the Temple.

[2]That of April 28th, 1796. The report of this sitting was published in full by the *Revue historique* for May-June, 1918. The very title of this review, as well as the names of its directors, are a sufficient guarantee of the authenticity of the documents it reproduces. However, the one we are going to analyse is so extraordinary, so much at variance with what we believed we knew of revolutionary history that

in the course of which we see the five directors, Carnot, Rewbel, La Revellière, Lepeaux, Letourneur and Barras, talking of the abduction of the Dauphin as an established fact and approved by them all. All five had formed part at various periods, of the Committees of the Convention,[1] so that they knew thoroughly what was going on behind the scenes in politics and the intrigues of all sorts arising for several years past from the conflict of parties, one after the other triumphant and conquered. Now, at the secret sitting they spoke amongst themselves of a certain banker named Petitval, a very honest man, according to unanimous opinion, and into whose coffers Barras dipped deeply "when it was necessary to prepare the Thermidorian revolution." [2] He had, in fact, in order to overthrow Robespierre, "bought" a certain number of members of the Convention, and Petitval had certainly guided him in this

we regret we do not know in what public or private archives it was discovered. As the erudite M. Léonce Grasilier has said (*Intermediaire des chercheurs et curieux,* Vol. LXXVIII, No. 1486, col. 107): "Why not tell us the origin of this manuscript, its regular transmission from hand to hand with justificative documents?" I do not doubt the good faith of the publisher of this report, but that of Barras remains eminently suspicious. Was he not just the man to preserve in his files "fantastic" documents, in order that their posthumous publication would retaliate on adversaries whom he had not dared, through prudence, to attack during his lifetime? As far as the Louis XVII question is concerned, this document fits in exactly with what we know of Barras' behaviour at the Temple. Nevertheless, until the light promised us has been completely thrown on its authenticity we must only utilise it under reserve.

[1]Public Safety: Carnot, from August 14th, 1793, to 15th of Vendémiaire, year III, and from the 15th of Brumaire, year III, to the 15th of Ventôse of the same year. La Revelliere-Lepeaux, from the 15th of Fructidor year II to 4th of Brumaire, year IV. Letourneur (of the Manche) from the 15th of Thermidor, year III to the 4th of Brumaire, year IV. General Safety: Rewbel, from the 15th of Vendémiaire to the 15th of Pluviôse, year, III. Letourneur (of the Manche), from the 15th of Thermidor, year III, to the 4th of Brumaire, year IV. Barras, from the 15th of Brumaire to the 15th of Ventôse year III, and from the 15th of Fructidor, year III, to the 4th of Brumaire, year IV. *Le personnel des Comités de Salut Public et de Sureté Générale Etudes revolutionnaires* by James Guillaume, 2nd series.

[2]*Revue historique,* May-June, 1918, p. 76.

delicate manœuvre, being the possessor of the list of those representatives of the people "who received subsidies from England."[1] Before dying, Louis XVI had handed his instructions concerning his son to M. de Malesherbes, he, in his turn, had entrusted to Petitval, whom he held in high esteem, the care of "collecting sums due to the Royal family";[2] and, in return for the pecuniary assistance given in "the operation" of Thermidor, Petitval had obtained the promise that the Dauphin should stay with him at the Château de Vitry. Barras and "his friends" had consented to this, on condition that the child should "always remain at the disposal of the Convention" and that precautions be taken "to prevent him being abducted."[3] If they had not left him at the Temple, it was "because he could not receive there the care his condition demanded."[4] And, on the other hand, "they could not set the son of Louis XVI at complete liberty."[5] Barras had distinctly declared it "to the representative of the Right on the eve of Thermidor,"[6] when, doubtless, they demanded the little King's deliverance as the price of their co-operation.

This confession from Barras was very favourably received by his colleagues of the Directory. Nobody appeared surprised at it or took it amiss: he told them nothing they did not know and of which they did not approve. Honest La Revellière considered "that it was contrary to the republican principle to imprison the children of Louis XVI; the measure could not be justified from any point of view; they ought not to make these children suffer for the faults of their parents; their imprisonment could not last for ever; they had always been under an obligation to bring it to an end."[7]

[1] *Revue historique, May-June,* 1918, p. 80.
[2] The same, *loc. cit.,* p. 75.
[3] The same.
[4] The same.
[5] The same.
[6] The same.
[7] The same, *loc. cit.,* p. 75.

Rewbel also expressed his opinion, saying: "I claim to be as good a republican as anybody; but I have a strong objection to the persecution of women and children," [1] and La Revellière concluded, "we perceive to-day how fatal the policy of the old governmental Committee has been; all our embarrassments arise from that policy." [2]

Thus, then, according to the declaration of Barras himself and the affirmative testimony of his four colleagues, the child of the Temple had been, since the end of August, 1794, with Petitval at the Château de Vitry, a fine building, dating barely twenty years back, standing in the midst of an extensive park enclosed by walls.[3] Who, then, was Laurent guarding so jealously at the Temple? What child did he exhibit to the members of the Committee of General Safety who, from time to time, inspected the prison? Were they all then in the secret? If the replacing of the disappeared Dauphin by a sub-

[1] *Revue historique, loc. cit.*, p. 77.

[2] The secret sitting was continued by a conversation on other subjects to which we shall have to return later. But, before leaving this report, it is not without utility to note its precision: the most insignificant interruption on the part of interlocutors is noted therein. Manifestly this conversation was taken down by a stenographer. None of the five directors was obliged to do this work, so that a secretary must have been admitted to the conversation and thereby the secret of those confidences was to a great extent compromised. How is it that it was never noised abroad? How is it that La Revellière makes no allusion, in his *Memoirs*, to the very serious fact revealed to him? How is it that it is not referred to in the *Mémoires sur Carnot?* How is it that, at the time of the Restoration, when Letourneur was exiled to Brussels, he did not confide it to his former colleagues, proscripts like himself and, like himself, full of rancour against Louis XVIII? And what a piece of imprudence this King committed in banishing men who were in possession of the secret of his usurpation! In this bewildering history of Louis XVII, every time an apparently precise and genuine document appears we are obliged to regard it with suspicion, so many problems more insoluble than those it elucidates does it raise.

[3] The Château de Vitry was sold in 1905 and the estate divided into lots. The interior of the château was decorated in the most charming Louis XVI style. Several motifs of its wainscotings and paintings were photographed, before their destruction, by the Commission de Vieux, Paris, and were reproduced in its Bulletin.

stitute explains in a satisfactory manner the isolation imposed on that wretched child, it is very difficult to admit that the members of the Convention allowed themselves to be deceived, one after the other, with so much docility.

These visits of the representatives of the people to the prison were for many months the only incidents the certainty of which we can attest. All the rest is legend or romance. Borrowing from only incontestably authentic documents, the history of the prisoner of the Temple becomes smaller and poorer from day to day. On the 14th of Fructidor (August 31st), two members of the Committee of General Safety called at the prison at about ten in the morning. They came to make sure that the explosion of the Grenelle powder-magazine, which put the whole city in a flutter, "had in no way troubled the tranquillity and safety of the Temple." [1] According to a letter from Laurent, dated the same day, they visited the Tower, "ascertained the existence of the two children of Capet," [2] and gave orders to double the guard, which was done immediately and with the greatest zeal by a detachment of the section of the Temple. Laurent profited by their presence to ask for an authorisation "to introduce trustworthy men into little Capet's apartment, in order to clean it and rid it of the vermin occasioned by neglect." [3] Thus, in spite of the formal instructions on which Barras prided himself, they had waited for more than a month before carrying out the cleaning. Waited for what? Until a fresh substitution was effected? . . .

A month later, on September 28th—the second day of the *sans-culottides*—little Capet was spoken of from the Tribune of the Convention. In consequence of the reading of a letter from the provinces, announcing a rising

[1] *National Archives*, F⁷, 6492.
[2] Is it trifling to note that Laurent writes ***existence*** and not *identity?*
[3] *National Archives*, F⁷, 6492.

in the name of Louis XVII, Jourdan, (of the Nièvre) asked why there still existed at the heart of the Republic "a rallying-point for the aristocracy."—"The Capetian fœtus" served as a pretext for execrable exploits on the part of wicked men; and Duhem, going one better, expressed astonishment "that a people who had had the courage to send its tyrant to the scaffold still preserved in its bosom his offspring, heir presumptive of Royalty." He therefore proposed that little Capet be "vomited" outside French territory, whereupon the Assembly referred the question to its committees.[1] This made Laurent somewhat uneasy, for if the convention decreed the banishment of the little prince and his sister, what would happen on the day when they solemnly came to the Temple to verify—seriously this time—the prisoner's identity before handing him over to the foreign powers? Either because he was well advised or because of his own accord, he considered it urgent to guard his responsibility; as soon as he obtained knowledge of Duhem's proposition, he wrote to the Committee of General Safety setting forth that, since his arrival at the Temple, he had several times asked for the assistance of one or two colleagues and had never received any reply. "Now that there is talk of Royalists, and as precautions cannot be carried too far," he renewed his earnest entreaties. "If some event should happen at this moment," he added, "I could not inform you of it myself. . . ." The Committee paid no attention to this missive, although it was almost threatening. The prisoner of the Temple was evidently the least of its cares. Everything here smacks of a comedy arranged between Laurent and the Committee—or at least some influential person on the Committee, for never before was there encountered such barefaced freedom in the case of a subordinate and such complete carelessness on the part of responsible rulers.

[1] *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXI, pp. 799 and 800.

Despite the inconvenience we feel in entangling so many intrigues, the chronological order of facts here necessitates the introduction of new actors who, like so many others, will appear on the stage, play confusedly a bit of a part and disappear as disappointed and abashed as the preceding personages in this obscure history. A rich and enterprising English lady, Lady Atkins, having formerly succeeded in entering the Queen's cell when she was at the Conciergerie, had sworn to the sovereign to attempt to deliver the Dauphin by every possible means. On returning to England, she took active steps to carry out her promise, and perhaps she acted with more ardour and devotion than method. Lady Atkins was intimately connected with Comte Louis de Frotté, the valiant promotor of the insurrections in Normandy; she had also "engaged" in her attempt Baron de Cormier, the former attorney general to the President of Rennes, a determined and enterprising man, in spite of his gout and corpulency. Such were the two confidants of the generous Englishwoman, the two strong heads of the plot.[1] Now, after numerous conferences, much groping about, abortive plans, and combinations abandoned as quickly as they were conceived, Cormier at the beginning of that month of October, 1794 sent the following cry of triumph to his employer: "I must write you a few words in haste. . . . I believe I am able to assure you, declare to you most positively that the *Master* and his *property* are saved; and that undoubtedly . . . share my security; I can give no details; it is only full in the face that I can open my heart to you. . . ." The happy news which he announced to Lady Atkins in these ambiguous terms he repeated a few days later to Frotté, as proved by a letter from Frotté himself as follows:—"Cormier tells me that you are the

[1]The details of this complicated story need not be related here, since Lady Atkins found W. H. Frederic Barbey a historian as conscientious as he is erudite. See *Madame Atkins et la prison du Temple, 1758-1836. D'apres des documents inédits.* Perrin, éd.

only one to whom I can speak frankly. . . . I speak to you as to a friend whose loyalty and sacrifices I know . . . everything is arranged; in short I give you my word that the King and France are saved . . . and we ought to be happy." [1]

We are moved to pity by the anguish, hopes, deceptions and joys of these naïve conspirators, who exercise their wits and bestir themselves, imagining they are risking their heads, squandering Lady Atkins' guineas by thousands, buying consciences, freighting ships, corrupting jailors and wasting their strength in transports of impatience on account of a child who was not the little king for whose safety they had expended so many efforts. After a whole year of delays, disappointments, certainty of approaching success, deceptions and perplexities, Cormier was obliged to confess to the noble Englishwoman; "we have been deceived. That is unfortunately too certain. . . ." And it indeed appears that Lady Atkins saw clearly into the intrigue which ruined her hopes without, however, quite awakening her from her dream, since she wrote: "I was much opposed to putting another child in the King's place. I pointed out to my friends that that might have grievous consequences and that those who then governed, after having touched the money, would abduct the august child and say afterwards that he had never left the Temple." [2] And still later, fully convinced that the son of Louis XVI was no longer in prison, she said sadly, thinking of all her sacrifices: "A higher power than mine took possession of him." [3] Had she then guessed the plot of which she believed Barras was the beneficiary, whereas he was only, he also, a dupe? He, at least, bore his disappointment with superb audaciously played pluck. He had been kept

[1]Letter from Comte Louis de Frotté, published in accordance with the original by R. P. Delaporte, S. J., *Études,* October, 1893.

[2]Note in Lady Atkins' handwriting at the bottom of a letter from Cormier. F. Barbey, *loc cit,* p. 167.

[3]Barbey, p. 228.

acquainted by Laurent with all the attempts made by Lady Atkins' agents, and quite sure that these would not abduct the Dauphin from the Temple, since he had not been there for a long time past, he amused himself with letting them continue. "They offered," he said, "a fairly large sum of money to Laurent, who, moreover, refused it; and this sum was offered to him when the child had already left the prison." [1]

However, something must have been noised abroad. Although too often put to the test and always disappointed, curiosity was, in the end, wearied; although the silence imposed on the little King, whom people never saw and to whom the Gazettes no longer made any allusion, had diverted attention from him, there came so many people to the Temple—two hundred and forty soldiers mounted guard there daily—and Laurent, paid six thousand *livres* per annum to live in apparent laziness, created so many jealous ones, that, among the number someone was to be found who perceived that strange things were happening in that silent prison. On October 28th, 1794, two urgent letters from the administrative Commission of the Paris police were received by the Committee of General Safety. We are in ignorance of their contents, because up to the present, despite active research, they have not been found.[2] The matter must have been of importance, because the Committee dispatched, at dead of night, two of its members, Reverchon and Goupilleau de Fontenay, to proceed to the Temple immediately, to verify and make certain of the presence of the two prisoners . . . and take measures which the

[1]The report already cited, *Revue historique,* p. 71, "Who tried to corrupt Laurent?" asked La Revellière-Lepeaux. "A lawyer named Lalliment, who played in this intrigue the part of a simple commissioner," replied Barras.

[2]"The Committee of General Safety, deliberating on two letters from the Administrative Commission of the Paris police charges two of its members". . . etc. *National Archives,* A. F. 11* 276. Fol. 744. F. Barbey, *Christophe Laurent gardien de Louis XVII, Revue* of September 15th, 1909.

public safety appeared to demand. How did Laurent receive them? Did he introduce them to the presence of his boarder? Did the child—perhaps asleep—arouse no suspicion in their minds? We do not know. Through Madame Royale alone are we partially informed concerning the circumstances of that unusual inspection. "At the end of October," she writes, "whilst I was asleep at one in the morning, they opened my door. I rose and opened (*sic*) [1] to see two men of the Committee enter with Laurent. They looked at me and left without a word." What anomaly was it which disquieted the two members of the Convention, in the course of their visit to the lower floor, to such an extent as to make them show such laconic haste in the apartment of the female prisoner? This awakening of a young girl at dead of night, without a word of excuse or explanation, and the silence kept the next day on the subject of this visit by Laurent, ordinarily so obliging and so attentive towards the prisoner,—who must, however, have questioned him,—indicate at least astonishment, if not emotion, the cause of which is unrevealed by the report of the delegates of the Committee. All that we see is that, on their report, the Committee of General Safety "requested the commander of the Parisian armed force to give the most severe orders to prevent *even the appearance of the possibility* of an escape," and this next purposely obscure, merely shows that the alarm had been a sudden one.

Laurent got off, however, without damage. Only, it was decided that within a delay of two days "a tried Republican" should be appointed to assist him in his work and, henceforth, the Civil Committees of the Parisian sections should send by turns to the Temple one of their members to mount guard there during twenty-

[1] There were two folding doors between the anteroom and Madame Royale's bedroom. Doubtless we must understand here that, on hearing the first door open, the prisoner got out of bed to open that which was on the side of her room and which, perhaps, she was able to bolt.

four hours; "but in such a way that each of these commissioners would not be on duty more than once a year," [1] a singular precaution, the reasons for which remain as obscure as the other incidents of that nocturnal visit.

The service of civilian commissioners began immediately. From October 29th the members of the sections came one after the other to weary themselves during twenty-four hours on the ground floor of the tower. But the "tried republican" did not arrive until November 8th. He was a little middle-class citizen of thirty-eight years of age, a Parisian by birth named Gomin, and if we can be astonished by anything in this inexplicable history, it is by this, that the Committee of General Safety was unable in ten days to find, in the whole of Paris, a republican more "tried" than he. Although he had been, according to his own confession, commander of the battalion of the Fraternité section, never was man more timid or showed a greater disposition to keep in the background. Even after the long and frequent conversations which he granted about 1837 to Beauchesne, the most celebrated of the historians of Louis XVII, and to whom Gomin "revealed the ancient troubles of his soul by laying bare his conscience," we are in ignorance, we know nothing, absolutely nothing of his past, unless it is that he lived in the Rue Saint-Louis en l'Isle and that his father was an upholsterer. The history of Gomin might end there; if we set on one side everything the chroniclers have attributed to him, we find but the desire to pass unperceived, reticences, slyness and contradictions. We do not even know who recommended him to the Committee of General Safety,[2] or how to explain his appointment. Madame Royale speaks of Gomin as of a very honest man to whom the state of the little

[1] A. FII* 276, fol. 744.

[2] He told Beauchesne that long afterward he learnt that he had been recommended to the Committee of General Safety by a certain Marquis de Fenouil, living on the Isle Saint-Louis. . . . The intervention of a marquis in this matter appears somewhat surprising.

prisoner caused from the very first so much pain "that he wished to send in his resignation immediately." He remained "to alleviate the torments of the wretched child," whom he sought to amuse daily for a few hours. "He had him come down to his room below, in the little drawing room, which pleased my brother very much," she adds, "because he liked a change of place";—all things which the princess heard only through Gomin himself. He related only what he wished and we should very much like to know the artifices adopted by this most kind man to divert the princess' desire to see the boy whom she believed was her brother. If the child loved "a change of place" so much, why did they not let him ascend the steps which separated his room from that of the princess, and why was Gomin a docile party, from the very first day of his duty, to that rigorous regulation to keep the children separated which nobody had imposed,—since, on the contrary, an order was again given to reunite them?

This happened on December 19th. On that day three members of the Committee, Mathieu, Reverchon and Harmand of the Meuse arrived at the Temple "in order to ascertain the truth about the state of the service." One of them, Harmand, has left a long account of this visit which would be a document of the first importance had he not written it twenty-two years later at the time of the Restoration and become very anxious not to say anything which might displease the Government. This account becomes, therefore, eminently suspicious owing to its foregone conclusion expressed in an apologetic tone. The delegates of the Committee of General Safety did not show, in 1794, even after Thermidor, so much sensibility and indignation. First of all, Harmand is in error regarding the date. He fixes his visit to the Temple "in the early days of the month of Pluviôse, year III, which corresponded with February, 1795," but it took place two months before, December 19th, 1794. He

errs more complacently regarding the emotion he felt on entering the royal prison. He cannot have either gone "so pale" or have felt his "heart beat so fast," or have made so many efforts to keep back his tears, or have shown such obsequious politeness to the prisoners. But certain topographical details are certainly correct. "Already we had ascended a few steps of the staircase of the Tower on the west of the horrible prison when a lamentable voice, coming through a wicket placed on this staircase, and which announced rather the lair of an unclean animal than that of a man, arrested our progress. . . . That voice made on my colleagues and myself an effect that nothing can express. We stopped, questioned each other and learnt that that cell, that dark prison, enclosed a former valet of King Louis XVI. I have forgotten his name."

It was Tison; Tison buried for the past fifteen months in a garret of the little tower without either himself or anybody else knowing the reason for his imprisonment! Harmand continues: "I certify that the fact was absolutely unknown to the Government Committees. The prisoner set forth his complaint and demanded his freedom. We pointed out to him that our powers did not extend as far as that. He then asked at least to be granted a change of place provisionally, and to this we consented not only without difficulty but with tears in our eyes. . . ." These members of the Convention, if we are to believe them—during the Restoration!—were the most sensitive of men.

But when Harmand is not shedding tears, his narrative assumes a fairly accurate tone. We may accept his description of the prisoner's room, which was no other than that formerly occupied by Louis XVI.[1] "The key turned in the lock noisily and on the door opening

[1]After the cleaning of Cléry's old room, where the child appears to have been shut up for six months, he must then have been put into his father's former room. Harmand's description can apply only to that room.

we saw a small and very tidy anteroom without any other piece of furniture in it than a china stove, which communicated with a neighbouring room by an opening in a partition and which could not be lighted except in that anteroom. The Commissioners pointed out to us that this precaution had been taken so as not to allow the child access to the fire. The other room was the prince's. It was fastened from the outside and had also to be opened. . . . The prince was sitting at a little square table on which many playing cards were scattered. Some were folded into the shape of boxes, whilst others formed castles. He was occupied with his cards when we entered and did not leave off his game. He was wearing a new sailor jacket of slate-coloured cloth. He was bare-headed. The room was clean and well-lighted. The bed consisted of a wooden couch without curtains, and the bed linen appeared to us fine and good. The bed was behind the door, to the left on entering. Further off, on the same side, was another wooden bed without linen, placed at the foot of the first. A closed door between the two communicated with another room we did not see." [1]

If we are to place faith in the remainder of the narrative, we are forced to conclude that the child shown to the members of the Convention was deaf and dumb. Neither objurgation, nor order, nor earnest entreaty succeeded in dragging a single word from him. For more than an hour the three delegates of the Committee strove to obtain a "yes" or a "no" from him. They proposed to him games, cakes, the company of a companion of his own age, walks in the garden, a dog, and birds. They had recourse to supplications, pointing out to him that by his obstinacy he made the carrying out of their mission very difficult. But he merely looked at them with an astonishing fixity which expressed the greatest indif-

[1] This door opened on to the corridor leading to the wardrobe. *See* plan p. 18.

ference. They brought him in his supper, composed, writes Harmand, "of black soup covered with a few lentils, a small piece of boiled beef from the soup and six burnt chestnuts,"—in which respect his memory deceived him, for the menu at the Temple that day consisted of eggs, a piece of meat and potatoes, salsify and fruit.[1] The child ate in the presence of the representatives but still kept absolute silence. "His features did not change for a single moment; there was not the least apparent emotion, nor the least astonishment in his eyes, as though we had not been there." [2]

At last the members of the Convention withdrew. They remained "in the anteroom for a quarter of an hour, exchanging their reflexions," coming to the conclusion that, "for the honour of the nation, which was in ignorance of this matter, for that of the Convention which, in truth, was also ignorant of it, but whose duty it was to hear of it, they would not make a public report but one only to a secret committee,"—which was accordingly done Harmand adds. Before leaving the Temple and at the request of Madame Royale, who asked for news of her brother, he ordered that the two children should be allowed to communicate with each other as often as they liked. "The Government showed the greatest zeal in carrying out the promises we made in its name and in realising the hopes we expressed, at least that was decreed the same evening. I was to have been entrusted with the carrying out of those details but an intrigue resulted in my being appointed Commissioner to the East Indies and I left a few days afterwards without knowing

[1]Lienard's accounts enumerate for the 29th of Frimaire, year III (December 19th, 1794)—Two dozen eggs, 3 *livres;* milk, 15 *sols;* 23 lbs. of meat, 19 *livres* 11 *sols;* 1 bushel of potatoes, 2 *livres* 15 *sols;* 2 bundles of sersifi (*sic*) 2 *livres* 5 *sols.* On the previous day, December 18th, he brought 5 lbs. of fresh pork, cauliflowers, spinach, turnips, fish, fruit, and 3½ pints of milk. It must be said—and this would enable the menu given by Harmand to be accepted,—that in Brumaire, Lienard bought 12½ bushels, that is 156 litres, of lentils, evidently as a reserve for the winter.

[2]*Anecdotes,* p. 182.

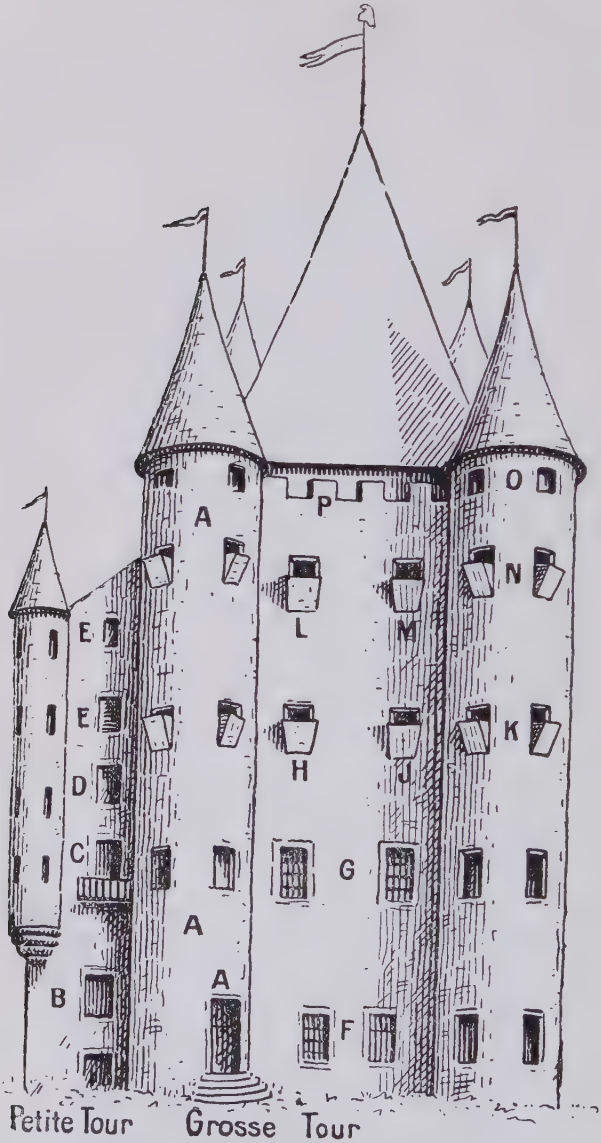
whether the young prince had spoken in his interviews with his august sister as is probable." Thus the Committee ordered that the children of Louis XVI should "communicate with each other," and they never did so. There was, therefore, some one who intercepted as far as the Temple was concerned, the decrees of the Government, or who had them annulled.

We should credit Harmand of the Meuse with little perspicacity if we hesitated for a single moment to believe that he left the Temple convinced of the substitution of a deaf and dumb child for the Dauphin. His despatch to the East Indies [1] must have confirmed his conviction that this was a way of asking him to be discreet.[2] So he kept silence until 1814 and if at that time he spoke in veiled and reticent terms, it was merely to show that he was not deceived but knew how to keep a secret. This skill did not profit the former member of the Convention. Towards the end of 1815 he was found dying of starvation in the streets of Paris and died on being taken to the Hôtel Dieu.[3] What a pity that we cannot consider as completely worthy of faith the only authorised narrative we possess of a visit to the Temple during the period which elapsed between Simon's departure and the approaching death of the prisoner! Who was that unfortunate boy described by Harmand? A dumb child? That is possible. Barras was sufficiently cunning to have ordered his agents to take this extra precaution. In any case, there is a somewhat striking analogy between the narrative of Harmand of the Meuse and the declaration of Lasne, the last custodian of the Temple, whom we shall soon see entering on the scene, testifying, in 1814, before the Tribunal of the Seine that "the prince

[1] He was chosen for this mission on the 3rd of Ventôse (February 21st, 1795). *Moniteur,* Reprint, Vol. XXIII, page 532.

[2] Barras, chosen the same day to accompany him to India (*Moniteur,* Reprint, the same) did not leave Paris. Harmand, moreover, only went as far as Brest, where he remained some time.

[3] *Biographie Moderne,* 1816.



ELEVATION OF THE TOWERS OF THE TEMPLE

and arrangement of the places occupied by the Royal Family from 1792 to 1795

EXPLANATIONS

A. Door and turret of the main staircase of the Little and Big Tower.

B. Little Tower. Dining room.

C. Ditto. Bedroom of the Queen and Dauphin from August 14th until October 25th, 1792. It was in this room that the child prisoner died June 8th, 1795.

D. Ditto. Kitchen where Madame Elizabeth and Pauline de Tourzel lived during the early days of their captivity.

E. Ditto. The attic.

F. Big Tower. Windows of the Council Room.

G. Ditto. Guard-room.

H. Ditto. Anteroom of the King's floor. It was in this room that the examination of the Dauphin took place on October 6th, 17th, 1793, and also there that the doctors made the autopsy of the little prisoner on June 9th, 1795.

J. Ditto. Window of Louis XVI bedroom, afterwards inhabited, from July 3rd, 1793, until January 19th, 1794, by the Simon household and the Dauphin. It was there that the child prisoner remained sequestered from July 28th, 1794, until June 9th, 1795.

K. Ditto. Window of Louis XVI oratory.

L. Ditto. Anteroom of the Queen's floor.

M. Ditto. Marie Antoinette's room, then that of Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale and finally that of the latter alone until December, 1795.

N. Ditto. The Queen's *cabinet de toilette*.

O. Ditto. Upper floor of the Western turret and barred windows through which the Queen was able to see her son when taken for a walk by Simon on the platform of the Tower.

P. Ditto. Promenade. The crenelles were blocked up by blinds in March, 1793.

shewed extraordinary impassibility; he uttered no complaint and *never broke the silence.*" [1] As to Gomin, in 1834, at the Assize Court, he affirmed that the little prisoner spoke daily and always "on serious and lofty subjects."

"Those conversations," he added, "left a profound impression on my memory. . . . I should surprise the Court if I cared to repeat what he said to me." We have the impression on placing these testimonies side by side, that some one is lying; that there are things we do not know and never shall know. Between the nine-year-old Bossuet evoked by Gomin and the taciturn and obstinate child of his associate, whom are we to choose?

Dumb or not matters little. There, on the second floor of the Tower, was a child who replaced another, the one who had been abducted from the Temple and placed at Vitry. And why was never a word spoken of the latter? Were those who thought they had saved, in him, the son of the King of France, also deceived? Did they recognise that they had been forestalled; that, long before the 9th of Thermidor, the true Dauphin had already disappeared, hidden—like so many other children made orphans by the emigration or the scaffold,—hidden in some populous faubourg, or in the depths of a distant province with rough and ignorant people incapable of understanding his protests and complaints, and that Chaumette being dead—Chaumette who wished "to make little Capet lose the idea of his rank," and who perhaps succeeded in doing so,—nobody knows any longer the lot of the little phantom king whom, since January 21st, all parties successively made the secret axis of their policy and who was the allurement of so many ambitions.

[1] However, according to Lasne himself, the prisoner spoke *once,* during the last days of his life.

VI

OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE

It was exactly at this period that France began to understand the value of the part played by the fragile hostage of the Temple in her destiny and the importance of the traffic in which he might be the price. This conviction had, as we have seen, been handed down by party leaders and concealed from each other for a long time; but the bulk of the assembly, the chorus of naïve and simple men, in whom the very word King inspired a horror as factitious as it was blind, had only become aware since Thermidor that the country possessed a guarantee by which it would be wise to profit. Calmed and made wise by abundant bleedings, the Convention suddenly revealed a moderate disposition, whilst refusing to confess the fact, and it was in Vendée that it first of all tried a policy of clemency. On the 12th of Frimaire, year III (December 2nd, 1794) it voted an amnesty for "all those rebels of the west who would lay down their arms within a month," and appointed commissioners to carry out that decree in Brittany and Lower Poitou.

In French history there is hardly a more touching episode than the meeting on February 12, 1795, at the Château de la Jaunaie, near Nantes, between the delegates of the Convention and Charette, accompanied by his generals. The representatives of the people proceeded to the place fixed for the interview escorted by a hundred horse soldiers and two hundred foot soldiers, commanded by General in chief Canclaux, followed by the whole of his staff. A tent having been erected on the heath at the "Lion d'Or," the members of the Convention, with tri-

colour plumes in their hats and scarves across their breasts, sat down in a row at a long table, and immediately Charette was announced, his three hundred horsemen massing themselves in front of the soldiers of the Republic. As he entered the tent, he was seen to be wearing a little flesh-coloured jacket with red collar and cuffs and facings figured with fleurs-de-lys. Below his belt was a broad piece of black lace; on his jacket, over his heart, was embroidered a crucifix with the legend, *Vous qui vous plaignez, considerez mes souffrances;* whilst above his hat, ornamented with two gilded bands, waved a bunch of white, black and green feathers symbolic of fidelity, mourning and hope. Six of his generals, with white plumes and white belts, entered behind him and took their seats at the other side of the table, facing the deputies.[1]

Over this meeting hovered the affecting figure of the little King and prisoner for whom those men of Vendée had fought so long and whose name was embroidered on their flags. It was, indeed, towards him that all thoughts tended at that solemn moment, for immediately the rumour spread outside the tent, at the Château de la Jaunaie, where the leaders of the insurrection were sumptuously entertained at the expense of the republic, in the suburbs of Nantes, throughout the town, and soon as far as Paris, that, if the gallant general of the royal army would consent, without having been conquered, to enter into negotiations with the delegates of the regicidal Assembly, his first demand would be, not the immediate re-establishment of the Monarchy but the handing over of the children of Louis XVI to the faithful Vendée. . . . Now, in reality the prisoners of the Temple were not even in question!

Mystery still hangs over this subject. Not that it is permissible to believe in any secret agreement,[2] but one

[1]Lofficial, representative of the people. *Journal d'un Conventionel en Vendée,* published by Monsieur Leroux-Cesbron, grandson of Lofficial.

[2]The hypothesis of secret clauses has been too often discussed to make it necessary to return to it. See an article by La Sicotière in

is astonished to see the proud, irascible and stubborn Charette so accommodating. From the very first negotiations, he adopted the formulæ of the republican calendar, the execrated title of Citizen, and spoke with respect of the representatives of the people.[1] Ruelle, one of the delegates of the Convention,—and a regicide!—became for him "the friend of humanity and law"; the other members of the Convention were "worthy of esteem and praise"; he declared that "never more strongly than in their presence had he felt he was French," and that it was "with those feelings that he solemnly proclaimed to the National Convention and the whole of France his submission to the French Republic, one and indivisible." [2] More than that, he put on his head a hat with a tricolour feather to make triumphal entry into Nantes! . . . Doubtless Ruelle was a clever man and knew how to get round the Vendée leader; but so much was not expressed of him, and it was owing to seeing him fraternise so warmly with the "blues" that several of his officers, unable to believe their own eyes, imagined, in order to explain to themselves so sudden and so unexpected a change, that their chief had obtained from the republicans far more and far better advantages than the mediocre ones officially set down in the treaty of peace. The legend of the coming surrender of Louis XVII to the Vendée originated at La Jaunaie itself from the stupor of the Vendée chiefs, and perhaps Charette himself showed a certain complaisance in allowing it to spread. Poirier de Beauvais, the general-in-command of the Vendée artillery, relates that, after the end of the third conference, finding himself in Charette's room, he dared to

the *Revue des questions historiques* for January, 1881, and Chassin's *Pacification de l'ouest,* Vol. I, p. 203 and following pages. Amédée de Béjarry, the legal representative of Charette, has always affirmed that there were no secret clauses and that no such were even proposed. *Souvenirs vendéens,* pp. 158 and 159.

[1] *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXIII, p. 314. A letter from La Roberie. Commander of the Vendée cavalry.

[2] *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXIII, p. 686. Sitting of the Convention of the 24th of Ventôse (March 15th).

express his surprise "that those who desired peace did not, from the first clause, demand the King. . . . Though they were to be refused, attachment to the prince's person and decency made that absolutely necessary. . . ." Charette diverted the conversation "with acrimony"; but in the evening, at La Bézilière, another leader of the Royalist army, M. de la Boüère, sharing the bed of M. de Fleuriot, Charette's uncle, and showing how hard it was for the men of Vendée, after having fought for two years unceasingly to treat with the King's executioners and the jailors of the heir to the throne, Fleuriot confided to him, in the greatest secrecy, "that there were clauses agreed upon that could not be made known . . . and that, in accordance with one of these articles, young Louis XVII was to be placed in Charette's hands at the end of June; that until then, and in order to succeed therein, the greatest circumspection and inviolable secrecy was necessary. . . . That was why, during the La Jaunaie discussion, the question of the royalty was not mentioned, Charette knowing what he was to believe on that subject." [1]

"The inviolable secret," passing from mouths to ears, became a fable throughout Vendée and spread as far as Paris. The Convention was concerned; its Committees, speculating on its docility, had governed so long without it that now, recovering from its fear, it demanded that everything "shall be done in the full light of day." A coincidence gave rise to comments; at the very hour the delegates of the assembly entered into negotiations with Charette, there was being discussed at the Convention the question as to whether the republic, when treating with the enemy powers, could make engagements which would remain secret for a stated time, whether the Committee of Public Safety alone was qualified to countersign these

[1]Pourier de Beauvais *Mémoires,* page 327, note. The same incident is related almost identically in the recollections of the Comtesse de la Boüère: *La guerre de Vendée,* p. 189, according to a note by the Comte de la Boüère.

occult conventions.[1] And they had a right to demand what unrevealed price had been paid for Charette's engagement to sign his capitulation. The more he showed satisfaction, the more uneasy they became; they strove to discover why in that affair he appeared to be the one under obligation, and when in a letter addressed to Ruelle, and which was read from the Tribune by Boissy l'Anglas, the Vendée chief announced that, as a guarantee of his *gratitude* and attachment, he sent his flags in homage to the Convention,[2] all the deputies rose and shouted *Long live the Republic!* But they sat down with a vague presentiment of an immense and mysterious deception [3] and had the tact not to introduce at their bar those emissaries of the former "rebels" and not to suspend Charette's flags from the roof of the chamber—embarrassing trophies, indeed, and the white silk of which, adorned with fleurs-de-lys and bearing the inscription *Long live Louis XVII!* would have been as much out of place among the

[1]See more particularly the sittings of the 22nd, 23rd, and 26th of Ventôse, year III. *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXIII, p. 674 and following pages. Cambacérès, the reporter, made known the wording of the bill to the Assembly at its sitting of the 30th of Ventôse: Clause I: the Committee of Public Safety . . . Clause III . . . is authorised to make . . . secret conventions . . . Nevertheless the conditions agreed upon in the secret engagements receive their execution as though they had been notified . . . Clause IX. As soon as circumstances permit the political operations which have given rise to secret conventions to be made public, the Committee will report to the Convention the object of the negotiation and the measures it has taken." *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXIII, page 719.

[2]*Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXIII, p. 692.

[3]We find an echo of this uneasiness in an outburst from Merlin de Thionville at the sitting of the 24th of Ventôse:—"For a long time past," he said, "absurd counter-revolutionary rumours concerning the Vendée have been spread about. . . ." *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXIII, p. 719. It is to be noted that the *Moniteur* does not mention the reception of Charette's flags: its echo must be sought for in less officially inspired sheets. The Vendée leaders, Blin and Bureau, were charged to hand the royal standards to the Committee of Public Safety; they accompanied them with a letter in which they once more protested that the people of Vendée "would be faithful to the engagements they had made and again expressed the gratitude of Vendée to Citizen Ruelle, *who had done everything to inspire confidence and make the revolution as well as the principles of the government loved." Courrier républicain,* 1st of Germinal, Vol. III, p. 165.

tricolour emblems with which the bays of the prætorium were decorated as among the flags captured from enemies which formed a group behind the president's tribune.

They dared to speak now of the little King and the Convention, silent on his subject and unconcerned with his sad situation for so long, grew anxious to know what would become of him; for it was necessary to choose between these alternatives: to condemn this child of nine to perpetual imprisonment—and this would have been so extraordinary a thing in the history of the world that nobody regarded such a solution as admissible—or to throw open his prison doors, in which case he would either have to be allowed to live in freedom in France or would have to be handed to some foreign power, both of which eventualities presented inconveniences. One day,[1] after the reading from the Tribune of a somewhat dull royalist pamphlet vaunting the re-establishment of the Monarchy and "the voluntary exile," handsomely rewarded, of all the regicidal legislators who considered it prudent to avoid the rancour of the new sovereign, Lequinio proposed the expulsion "of the last offspring of the impure race of the tyrant"; a logical and justified proposition which was referred to the Committees. The problem must have appeared difficult for them to solve, for nearly a month elapsed before they published the results of their mediations. Not until the 3rd of Pluviôse—January 22nd, 1795—did Cambacérès speak in their name.

Before hearing his speech, we must explain that Cambacérès was one of the "clients" of the banker Petitval, of the château de Vitry. He it was whom Petitval had charged, in consideration of the payment of a sum of 95,000 *livres*, "to occupy himself with the son of Louis XVI and to prove the substitution judicially."[2] Two hypotheses present themselves then. Either Cambacérès

[1]The 8th of Nivôse, year III. *Moniteur* of the 10th.
[2]*Revue historique, loc. cit.*, p. 74.

believed that the Dauphin was still in the Temple, and in that case he would inform the Assembly of the fate reserved for the unfortunate orphan. In a few weeks he would be ten years old. Was the Republic going to leave him without masters, without care, and without companions? Was it going to condemn this innocent being to pass, in isolation and inaction, his childhood, adolescence, youth, manhood, old age, until decrepitude and until death? Since they were occupying themselves with him, now was the time to consider this harassing question frankly. . . . Or, on the contrary, Cambacérès was fully convinced of the royal identity of the child who was at Vitry, and in that case he had only to declare to the Convention that, not wishing to hand over the son of the King of France to the enemies of the country and being unable, on the other hand, to retain him in perpetuity, the Committees had taken the wise step to assure his well-being and education and with that object had chosen a sure and comfortable residence situated in the midst of the country, but which, through prudence, they abstained from indicating more clearly. In speaking thus he would have been assured of the unanimous approbation of the Assembly.

But Cambacérès took care not to be precise. His speech was vague, full of phrases and excuses. He first of all enumerated the dangers which the maintenance in the Tower of the Temple "of individuals of the Capet family" presented. The whole Convention believing, after this exordium, that it was rid of the nightmare, applauded frantically, whereupon, continuing his discourse, the same Cambacérès proved that it was quite as perilous to banish "these same individuals, destined to become, in the hands of foreigners, the eternal subjects of vengeance, hatred and war.[1] In conclusion, he spoke a long time before proclaiming, after many evasions, that "if Rome had retained the Tarquins it would not have had to com-

[1] *Moniteur* of the 5th Pluviôse. Reprint, Vol. XXIII, pp. 279-280.

bat them." It was understood that the little Capet would remain in the Temple, or rather nothing was understood, unless it was that they were face to face with an inextricable difficulty. The proof of this is that Brival, a former Jacobin, but not one of the most rabid—rose in anger against this impossible situation, shouting that it was a great pity that, among so many useless crimes, they had not committed one more to rid the Republic of "the encumbering whelp." Immediately the whole revolted Convention uttered a unanimous cry of horror. . . .[1]

What the Convention could not guess is to-day evident: Cambacérès knew that the Dauphin was no longer in the Temple. But he also knew that he was no longer at Vitry. Here and there, there were only substitutes. Louis Blanc considers that Cambacérès' report "was exactly what one would have expected from a man let into the secret of the evasion." It was so worded also that one can almost detect in it the formal confession of ignorance as to the place where the son of Louis XVI was to be found, whilst strange oratorical artifices prepared opinion for the surprise of an unexpected reappearance. The following phrase, for instance, seems premonitory: "Even when he has ceased to exist, he will be found everywhere, and this idle fancy will long serve to encourage the guilty hopes of Frenchmen who are traitors to their country." [2]

If such were the situation at the end of that winter of 1795, if the authentic Dauphin were to be found neither at Petitval's château nor at the Temple, those who, after having withdrawn, as they thought, a presumptive King from his prison, perceived that they were in possession of a *figurant*, of whom they dare not make use, must have lived in a state of strange perplexity, since the real holder of the part might at any moment appear from the unknown retreat where he was hidden. Their anxiety in-

[1] "There was a lively burst of indignation," wrote the contributor to the *Moniteur*. As a call to order was being demanded, Brival replied, "I call myself to order!"

[2] *Moniteur* of the 5th of Pluviôse.

creased on seeing the son of the King of France become the stake of European peace. Spain, at war with the Republic since the spring of 1793, was, in fact, disposed to end hostilities. For some months past a semblance of negotiations had been entered upon at the outposts and it was already known that the Court of Madrid would lay down the liberation of Louis XVII as a first condition. The Committee of Public Safety, desirous of entering into negotiations, had sent to the Pyrenean frontier the member of the Convention Goupilleau and Citizen Bourgoing, ex-chargé-d'affaires of France to Spain, with a recommendation to be ready to receive the Spanish plenipotentiaries, but "not to consent to anything relating to the son of Louis XVI." [1] Bourgoing established himself at Figuières under the fallacious pretext of "private business," and entered, in his private capacity, into correspondence with Chevalier Ocariz, ex-Spanish Minister at Paris. As early as his first letter Ocariz made it clear that the handing over of the Dauphin was the principal condition of an eventual understanding. "The tender solicitude of the Court of Spain is at this moment concentrated on the children of Louis XVI, the French Government could not show in a more sensible manner the consideration it may have for Spain than by confiding to his Catholic Majesty those innocent children, who serve no purpose in France. His Majesty would be greatly consoled by that condescension and from that time would cooperate most willingly in a rapprochment with France." [2] The representatives of the people were extremely inexperienced diplomatists. Goupilleau, indignant at the Spanish proposal ordered Bourgoing to break off negotiations immediately. In vain did Bourgoing recommend more prudence and moderation, pointing out that it would at least

[1] *Manuscript de l'an III contenant les premières transactions des puissances de l'Europe avec la Republique francaise* by Baron Fain, former secretary to the Military Committee of the National Convention.

[2] Fain, *loc. cit.*, p. 164.

be better to refer the matter to the Committee of Public Safety; he could obtain nothing from the obstinate Member of the Convention and was obliged, to his great vexation, to inform Ocariz that "his private business being concluded, he was retiring to his home at Nevers and ending their correspondence."

This blunder was deplored on the Committee. Merlin of Douai, who was directing the negociations, tried to repair it and, after bestowing great praise on Bourgoing, in whom he placed his entire confidence, he requested him to go to Bayonne, find a pretext for re-opening the interrupted correspondence, and express to the Spanish diplomat his personal regret that an untimely proposition had suspended negotiations, whilst letting it be seen that "this proposition, *although not of a nature to be adopted, at least for the moment*, must not however prevent the opening of conferences which alone could bring about peace between the two nations." [1]

The whole of this correspondence, of which but a very summary outline is here given, shows distinctly that, in the spring of 1795, the Court of Spain offered to recognise the French Republic and treat without delay on the express condition that the children of Louis XVI were handed to it. On that point it would not give way. On its side, the Committee of Public Safety declared a great and sincere desire for peace but refused to hand over the child of the Temple, or at least would consent to do so only later . . . why? Was it not because they no longer had the Dauphin at their disposal? What other motive could justify those persistent evasions? It is certain that the Convention, the people of Paris, the whole of France,—save perhaps a few fanatics, those who were being maltreated and pursued since Thermidor,—would have hailed the deliverance of little Capet with delight, since it would have resulted in the Bourbons recognising the Republic.

[1] Fain, *loc. cit.*, p. 167.

From that time it seems as though an order had been given. They tried to spread the opinion that the little prisoner could not be shown; he had been subjected to such odious and cruel tortures "in the days of the infamous Commune of Paris" that they could not think of producing him. Mathieu, in the Tribune of the Convention, had already uttered words which resembled either a threat or a confession. They had been speaking of assignats with the royal visage, the revived credit of which was causing anxiety, and in reference to this Mathieu said: "Despite all manœuvres the National credit will be strengthened . . . and Capet's son, as well as the assignats bearing an effigy, will remain withdrawn." [1] What did he mean? Were his words a mere oratorical effect,—a very clumsy one in truth,—or was it the speaker's intention to insinuate that the child in the Temple had now no more value than a spurious coin? That was a rumour which now circulated in Government circles. Baron Hue has related that the members of the Committees declared openly: "If, on the occasion of some popular movement, Parisians were to go to the Temple we should show them a little boy whose stupid air and imbecility would oblige them to renounce the plan of placing him on the throne." [2] And that was exactly the same rumour heard by Frotté, the leader of the Normandy insurrection. Conversing, on a certain day in March, 1795, with a member of the Convention, "one of the most influential" among those representatives charged to bring about peace in the west,—Frotté showed the desire, if peace were concluded, to be allowed to enter the Temple "to serve there the unfortunate remains of the blood which reigned over France." The member of the Convention looked at him for some time without uttering a word. At last, breaking the silence he exclaimed: "We are not alone, we will see each other again to-morrow at my house if you like,

[1] *Moniteur* of the 11th of Frimaire, year III.
[2] Hue. *Dernières années due règne de Louis XVI.*

and I will reply to you frankly." Frotté kept the appointment, as one may imagine, to the minute. The Republican appeared "somewhat agitated." Did he know the truth? Had his first intention been to reveal *everything?* He contented himself with dissuading the royalist chief from his project and spoke in the following terms: "I must tell you the truth, because I think I may count on your discretion. Your sacrifice would be useless; you would be a victim of it and *unable in any case to be of use to the son of Louis XVI.* Under Robespierre they so *changed the physical* and moral nature of that unfortunate child that one has become entirely brutalised and the other cannot permit him to live. Consequently, give up this idea in which, in your own interest, I should very much regret seeing you persist, as things are, because you have no idea of the degeneration and brutishness of the little creature. On seeing him you would feel only sorrowful and disgusted and it would be sacrificing yourself uselessly, for you will certainly soon see him perish and, once in the Temple, *you might never come out again.*" [1]

Unless these were the arguments of a man who wished to give a hint, they appear of a nature to excite rather than cool Frotté's devotion, for the more miserable the child's lot the more useful would be the assistance of a friend eager to help him . . . but did the member of the Convention, in speaking thus, express himself with all the frankness he had promised his interlocutor? By whom, then, was he informed of the prisoner's condition?—Not by his colleagues of the Convention who had visited the Temple during the past few months: Reverchon, Mathieu, Harmand, Goupilleau and André Dumont, none of whom in fact had ascertained that the child was ill, otherwise they would undoubtedly have demanded medical care for him. This obstinacy in throwing the whole responsibility on to the abolished Commune and the guillotiner Robes-

[1]Letter from Frotté to Lady Atkins. L. de la Sicotière, *Louis de Frotté et les insurrections normandes,* I, pp. 92 and 93.

pierre could only be justified if the Thermidorians who followed them showed themselves full of engaging attentions towards the poor little captive, if they authorised him to walk in the garden, permitted his sister to spend the day with him and finally did their best by every means to re-establish his compromised health and make prison supportable. No. They went "to verify" his presence, yet drew up no report, protested in private,—if they protested at all!—and contented themselves with spreading the rumour that the fault of this terrible crime rested on the shoulders of Robespierre, who had been dead for eight months. Either the prisoner was not ill and in that case the secret entrusted to Baron Hue and Frotté to dissuade them from going to the Temple becomes extremely suspicious, or else the rumours afloat were not imaginary, the child was languishing away, he was in danger,—and in that case the Committee was guilty, humanly and politically, in losing its interest in his condition; the Committees showed themselves to be far more cruel than "the odious Commune," Laurent and Gomin surpassed Simon the scapegoat in barbarity, since in his time at least doctors were called to the prison at the sign of the slightest indisposition and little Capet as was officially established, was left by the shoemaker in perfect health. It is necessary, therefore, to return to the Temple to attempt to know what was happening there.

Nothing was happening there. Laurent, it is true, had gone. After having borne the burden of superintendence for three months absolutely alone and assisted by Gomin for five more months, he considered his task accomplished. The jealous ones of his section had incessantly annoyed him, incessantly denounced him as not over trustworthy. Was it owing to these vexations that he wished to escape, or was it that he preferred to be at a distance on the day

when negotiations with Spain led to a thorough enquiry and exposure of the events of the Temple to the light of day? Perhaps, also, he was desirous of profiting by the growing influence of Barras, who, indeed, was to place him in the police and later "particularly recommend" to the minister this young man "whom I have employed," he wrote, "in several very important missions, which he has carried out with zeal and intelligence." [1] Laurent left the Tower on March 31st, 1795, and was replaced, in attendance on Gomin, by Etienne Lasne, house-painter by trade and commander of the armed force of the Droits de l'Homme section. He was "a fairly worthy man," curt in his speech; but if we abstain from borrowing from the gossip attributed to him in his old age we remain, as in the case of Gomin, devoid of information concerning this person. Madame Royale calls him "a very good man" and says no more about him.

Can we find in the princess' narrative any indication as to what the little prisoner's life was at that time? No. Because she was kept completely isolated from him. It was not until much later that she was informed of this when semi-liberty was given her; even then she learnt nothing except through Lasne and Gomin, and we continue to be astonished that during those months of April and May she did not ask and obtain from her two jailors the favour of seeing her brother. And who was it then imposed that inflexible regulation? Barras assures us that he gave contrary orders; Harmand of the Meuse reiterated his instructions; but never any notice was taken of them, and for more than a year, alone in the sad Tower, those two children lived but a few steps from each other without the charitable ingenuity of the jailors leading to at least the opportunity for a fortuitous meeting on the

[1] Concerning Laurent, after his departure from the Temple, see F. Barbey's *Christophe Laurent geôlier de Louis XVII* and Victor Tantet's article *Louis XVII au Temple* in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* for April 19th, 1905.

staircase![1]. The joint management of Lasne and Gomin about the persons of Marie Thérèse and the boy called *Monsieur Charles* has left in the files of the archives still fewer traces than that of Laurent. The documents are absolutely silent. The child who was occupying the anxious attention of all the foreign cabinets was already cut off from the world without one knowing what authority assumed the responsibility of so atrocious and inexplicable a subtraction. Certain journals announced that a kingdom had been formed for him in the centre of Europe and that he was to be elected sovereign of Poland. His long martyrdom touched every heart. Paris thought of him,[2]—Paris joyful and vibrating, sunny and flowery at the dawn of summer. But nothing of all this gaiety of life, of all these rays pierced the walls behind which they kept encaged, like a savage beast, that forlorn boy of ten. In the great city, pulsating day and night for centuries past, the place where he was formed an islet of death, so deep was the silence which enveloped it, so many barriers, walls, railings, sentinels and jailors were there to prevent the eyes of the living reaching him.

However, like a mechanism wound up at a fixed hour, the service at the Temple worked methodically. The civil commissioner sent daily by one of the forty-eight sections arrived at noon and remained until the next day. Of the two hundred and ten men who thus assumed superintendance of the prison, from October 29th, 1794, until the end of May, 1795, not one has left a scrap of narrative, a line of a report, a word, an indication, an impression, however fugitive, of his twenty-four hours' sojourn at

[1]The order given to the civic commissioners was "that there must not be any communication between the brother and sister prisoners . . . these prisoners must be kept in absolute ignorance that they are in the same place." Narrative of Bélanger, civic commissioner on duty at the Temple on the 12th of Prairial. F. R. Laurentiés, *Louis XVII,* supplement, p. 7.

[2]"They demand the opening of the Temple. . . ." Summary of Chenier's report. *Courrier républicain* of the 13th of Florial, year III.

the Temple. Not one has said he saw the Dauphin. We know that they arrived at the same time as the soldiers going on guard and that they left the following day after their drudgery was over; nothing else. Not one of the officers of the National Guard who were there also daily, three in number,—Commander, Captain, and Adjutant,—and who spent their day at the council room table if it rained, in the courtyards and gardens if it was fine, has set down in a diary, or in any private letter which has come down to us the recollections of that memorable sentry duty. Without the cook's accounts, we should be justified in believing that the prisoner was no longer there and that, as the gossips of the neighbourhood said, "they had removed him far away." The steward Liénard, —still more silent, more mysterious and more spectral than all his surroundings,—kept his accounts with minute precision and exactitude. We can almost tell from them what the prisoners ate at each meal. They were well fed, moreover. "On the 1st of Germinal (March 21st), two fowls for the prisoners"; on the 8th, 11th, and 19th, the same mention; on the 29th "two pounds of jam and a pound of chocolate for the prisoners"; on the 21st "a bundle of asparagus and fish,"—the illiterate accountant writing *asperches* for *asperges* and *poisant* for *poisson;* and on the 28th "whitings and two brioches." Now, the 21st and 28th of Germinal of the year III correspond to Friday the 10th and 17th of April, 1795. There was, then, somewhere in the depths of the kitchens a worthy man anxious to establish the concordance of the calendars in order to serve on days of abstinence meatless menus to the poor child who so long had lost, in his solitude and darkness, the notion of the seasons and months.[1]

[1] *National Archives,* F[7], 4393. Document 325. In Liénard's accounts, in addition to the mention "a plump fowl for the prisoners," we meet fairly frequently with other menus entirely meatless, concording with Friday, as, for instance, on the 18th of Pluviôse, year III, when "spinach, mushrooms and fish" were served. The more often fish was bought on Friday and at the same time meat was purchased, probably for the meals served in the council room.

We note that a napkin, renewed every day, was supplied to each prisoner.[1] The expenses for the maintenance of Madame Royale do not appear to have been reduced. The following items are set down: "for the girl Capet, 5 ells of linen at 20 *livres* per ell, 9 ells of ribbons at 6 *livres* per ell, 16 busks, 10 *sols* each, 8 ells of laces at 5 *sols* per ell and the making of 4 corsets at 18 *livres* each." [2] There were also "4 pairs of cotton stockings for the girl Capet at 16 *livres* per pair; thread, a needle, ribbon and a thimble, a pound of powder, pommade, a pound of Cologne, knitting thread, and 66 *livres* to Citizen Frétillot, watchmaker, for mending two gold watches belonging to the girl Capet.[3] The name of the boy prisoner occurs more rarely. However, we see in Vendémiaire "4 pairs of cotton stockings for the boy Capet," and also in Germinal there re-appears the following item, omitted for a long time: a bushel of vetch for the pigeons of the boy Capet, 20 *livres*." Sometimes we come across "two pounds of tobacco," or "slippers," these being for Tison, who continued to bewail his fate and wait in vain for release from his dungeon.

From the material point of view there was nothing painful in this régime; the appalling side of it was the idleness in which the solitary child remained. Members of the Committees, representatives at the Convention, guardians and jailors, all affected to show not the slightest interest in his education. We do not know how he occupied his long days, since not one of those who were able to come into contact with him has related anything worthy to be set down in history.[4] In the days when he lived

[1] *National Archives*, the same file.
[2] The same file, document 128.
[3] The same. Passim.
[4] It is difficult, indeed, to accept unreservedly narratives such as that of the architect Bélanger, who, as civic commissioner, spent the day of the 12th or 13th of Prairail at the Temple, and who did not think of setting down his recollection until twenty years later, at a time when it had become profitable to show pity for the Dauphin's lot and to declare death had been risked when showing deference towards and interest in him. These narratives, written at the

with his parents, the Dauphin knew how to write and already wrote correctly; he was learning the history of France and arithmetic . . . of the child who vegetated in the Temple since Simon's departure, nobody is able to show a line of writing, a signature, or even a scrawl. Was that because he did not know how to hold a pen? Did he never ask his jailors,—so full of attentions to him as they assure us later,—for a pencil and a sheet of white paper, which every child demands as soon as he has once used them? Was that also the reason why they did not provide masters for him? Since nothing shows and nobody states that he was ill, why did they not see to his instruction? Did the Convention, which had proclaimed and decreed the right of the humblest to the benefits of work and study, wish to condemn to stupidity the only being whose guardianship it held collectively? It was quite determined, then, never to hand over that child to the Foreign Powers, since it required his intelligence to waste away in inaction? The honour of the Republic demanded, however, that, on the inevitable day when the son of the King of France was set free, his physical and intellectual condition should bear witness to the care he had received and the generosity of the people who, for reasons of state, had too long kept him captive. The more we come back to these questions, the stronger our conviction becomes that the child kept in the Temple was not the child of Louis XVI; the government, ignorant as to what had become of the royal child, was waiting until chance revealed him, or until his retreat was discovered in order to decide his fate and come to a decision regarding him in conformity with the country's interest.

For Spain was insisting. At each new conference it gave way on all points save one: the handing over of the two children of the king. It was to Bâle, at the house of Ochs, that, since the end of Florial, the negotiators had

time of the Restoration, are open to suspicion because of the pathetic tone they affect and owing to the impossibility in most cases of controlling their truth.

removed M. de d'Yriarte, the Spanish plenipotentiary and Citizen Barthélemy, the spokesman of the Republic, "passed in review all the clauses of two contradictory plans," neither of which appeared to them irreconcilable. The prisoner of the Temple was the shoal. Yriarte urged that the death of Louis XVI having been the signal for hostilities between the two nations, the deliverance of his son ought to be the pledge of their reconciliation. The Committee of Public Safety wished to avoid "giving an explanation" thereon; but how could Barthélemy set aside as accessory the question which for his interlocutor was the principal one? Yriarte, moreover, would not listen to anything, declaring that "family interests and motives of honour obliged the Court of Madrid to demand the children of Louis XVI. Not only Spain but the Court of Sardinia could never consent to an arrangement with France before having obtained in that respect satisfaction, based on the strongest feelings of nature." The representative of the Republic saw himself then hard pressed. It is true that his instructions authorised him to promise, if absolutely necessary, the liberation of the young prince *after a general peace*, and that anxiety "to gain time" again indicates that the Committee had not lost all hope of discovering the place where the Dauphin was hidden. Besides, it advised Barthélemy "to speak as little as possible on the subject." But Yriarte would not speak of anything else. "The desire at Madrid to see the prisoners of the Temple free," he said, "weighs more than any other consideration in seeking for peace. On our side it is a duty, a religion, a creed, fanaticism if you like. If we had the choice between the children of Louis XVI and the offer of a few departments bordering our frontier, we should choose the former. My instructions refer to appanages and pensions; but that is not the real question. We would receive the prisoners without condition if necessary. . . . Finally, it is not when settling the details of a general peace, but imme-

diately after the exchange of the ratification of our private peace, that we should demand them from you." Barthélemy continued on the defensive, but his arguments were weak. The Committee of Public Safety whispered to him that "the Republicans, unanimous regarding all the rest, would diverge opinion on that special point." To this the Spaniard replied by citing the large number of members of the Convention who, either for one reason or another, had voted for the expulsion of the prisoners outside the territory of the Republic. "Besides," he concluded, "one could, in order to reassure France, insert in the treaty a public or secret clause by which Spain undertook not to allow the children of Louis XVI to leave its territory and never to permit them to become a centre disquieting to the French Government."

Barthélemy was brought to a "yes" or a "no." The insistence of the Spanish plenipotentiary had lasted for nearly a month and the representative of the Republic was in a position of very great embarrassment when, on the 27th of Prairail, he received by a courier from the Committee of Public Safety a dispatch dated the 21st, bringing him the treaty recently signed with Prussia. A few lines, added as a postscript, ran as follows: "there was announced this morning to the National Convention the news of the death of Capet's son, which was heard with indifference, and of the capitulation of Luxembourg, which was received with the greatest enthusiasm." [1]

Under the conditions then prevailing, this *incident*, "by which the policy of the Committee thought itself set at ease" [2] appeared to the whole world too opportune.—"Nobody expected this event; generally people considered "this end hardly natural and over sudden" [3] and gave themselves up to "hideous conjectures." The Committee of Public Safety, delivered from pressing difficulties, and

[1] *Manuscrit de l'an III* by Baron Fain.
[2] The same, *loc. cit.*
[3] Correspondence of Mallet du Pan with the Court of Vienna, Berne, June 27th, 1795.

the only obstacle standing in the way of peace with Spain being juggled away, the treaty was signed a month later.[1]

It is, therefore, at the prison of the Temple we must follow the peripetias of that most appropriate denouncement, with the hope of finding evidence less unsatisfactory than that collected up to the present. We should be justified in believing, indeed, that, notwithstanding the indifference affected by the French Government, it understood the importance of the event, and that, if only through deference for the Foreign Powers with which it was treating, the surprising disappearance of the stake so fiercely disputed was to be cleared up and authenticated in a manner forever unassailable. An error! Either through inexcusable negligence or through a determination to make the mystery impenetrable, we find around the little corpse nothing but confusion, obscurity, uncertainty, affectation of false publicity, dissimulation, and manifest subterfuges.

Harmand of the Meuse and his colleagues of the Committee came to the Temple on December 19th, 1794. The account of their inspection is the last narrative we possess coming from visitors who saw the prisoner living. He was at that time in good health, and we know from the menus set down in the accounts of the steward Liénard that, until the end of Germinal at the very least, the child's diet indicates a perfect state of health. Must we accept the very different testimony coming from an English traveller, devoid of all historic preoccupation, who, at the time of the Restoration, met by chance a Parisian tradesman who, in 1795, had been a civic commissioner? This member of one of the sections being on guard at the Temple obtained, he said, from Lasne and Gomin an authorisation to enter the prisoner's room but "on the

[1] July 22nd, 1795.

express condition not to speak to him." The child was in bed and remained an hour without moving. At last, conjecturing the presence of a stranger, he asked, in a weak voice, who it was. Receiving no reply, he raised himself up, put his legs out of bed, and sitting on the edge of the mattress, remained there "in an astonishing position." The commissioner was very astonished at the prisoner's stature and "at what it would be if he were standing up." The face of the unfortunate boy was covered with ulcers and pimples, and it also appeared that he had scabs, resulting from itch, behind his head. He then got back into bed, still keeping a grim silence, covered himself up to the nose with his eyes fixed on the visitor, save when he closed them from time to time for several minutes. Two or three times he moved his lips as though he wished to speak, but his articulation was but a breath and nothing could be distinguished. "He was the most pitiable human being I have ever seen," added the narrator.[1]

If such were the prisoner's state, it is not astonishing that, in the early days of May, Lasne and Gomin decided to inform the Committee of General Safety, "The child Capet," according to their reports, "felt an indisposition and infirmities which appeared to assume a serious character." The Committee decreed that "the first officer of health of the Hospicé de L'Humanité should call upon the patient and administer the necessary remedies to him"; but ordered that the doctor could not see him "except in the presence of the jailors."[2] The Committee did things well, for he who, in revolutionary jargon was designated under the title of officer of health was no other than the head physician of the Hôtel Dieu, De Pierre Joseph Desault, who was considered at that time to be the leading practitioner of Paris. He went the same day, or the day after, to the Temple. His visits

[1] *National Archives*, F[7], 4392. Document 101. The 17th of Floréal (May 6th, 1795).

[2] Ireland's *France*, London, 1822, quoted in *The Lost Prince*, by J. H. Hanson, New York, 1854.

and the little patient's attitude in his presence served for the writing of long and touching narratives unsupported in their development by any authentic document. All we know is that Desault returned to the prison several times, and simply ordered infusions of hops and massage of the joints with alkali.[1] As to pimples, ulcers, and the itch, there is not an allusion. Did the child speak to the Doctor? How did he diagnose the case? We do not know, Desault's report to the Committee of General Safety —if there was a report, which is probable—never having been discovered.

Desault paid his last visit to the Temple on May 29th.[2] Not that the patient was cured; it was the doctor who was about to die. He succumbed on June 1st and the child remained for a whole week without any other care than that of his jailors, from which we may conclude that Desault's diagnosis had not been alarming. Lasne and Gomin must have been reassured by him, otherwise (unless they carried out their work with a carelessness and obduracy in disaccord with the sensibility they showed later) they would not for six full days have assumed the responsibility of treating the dying child without a doctor's advice. Not until June 3rd did the Commission of Public Aid replace Desault at the Temple by Pelletan, "known for his talent, and lecturer on anatomy at the school of health";[3] and from the time of his appoint-

[1] A. de Saint-Gervais. *Preuves authentiques.*

[2] "The Commission of Public Aid to the Committee of General Safety:—'Since the tenth of this month (10th of Prairial—May 29th) Citizen Desault, owing to serious indisposition, has not been able to attend Capet fils.'" Quoted by Dr. Cabanes in *Les Morts Mysterieus de l'Histoire,* p. 437, note.

[3] Quoted by Dr. Cabanès in *Les Morts Mysterieux de l'Histoire.* Apart from that work Pelletan has declared that, before his official appointment, he had attended the prisoner in the Temple, calling upon him daily in the Tower from the day when Desault ceased to appear there. See *Revue rétrospective. Nouvelle serie.* Quoted by A. Bègis, p. 8. So that it would appear there was no interruption in the treatment of the patient, which seems hardly likely, for we possess the decree of the Committee of General Safety accrediting Pelletan as doctor to the Temple, *a decree which was to serve as a*

ment the air of mystery which for so many months had enveloped the Temple was somewhat dissipated.

Pelletan, according to Mallet du Pan, was "a ferocious revolutionary who acted as a spy for the Committee of General Safety in the Saint-Lazare prison, when the lists of victims to be guillotined were being drawn up there.[1] This incrimination appears as vague as it is difficult to admit. Moreover, the more or less advanced opinions of a doctor matter little; it is his professional capacity alone which must be taken into consideration. Now, Pelletan had then a great reputation; his science and experience imposed him as a worthy successor to Desault, and we must, therefore, believe that the little patient was in good hands. Unfortunately the account which Pelletan left of his first visit to the Temple was written at the time of the Restoration (in 1817), an imitation of a chivalrous and tearful fashion, which denotes a transposition. However, we find precious details among the imaginary ones. The doctor, on entering the former apartment of Louis XVI, which the child now inhabited, and which appeared to him to be "clean and convenient," found the patient surrounded by toys such as "a small printing plant, a little billiard table, books, etc." Lasne and Gomin, as well as the civic commissioner on duty that day, "lavished almost paternal care on him." Pelletan having pointed out that "the noise of the bolts and locks appeared to distress the child every time the door of his apartment was opened," requested that the grating of these useless pieces of metal should be deadened; and, as the jailors hastened to agree to this, he suggested that, if the prisoner could be carried, at least during the day, "to the doorkeeper's (sic) *salon* looking on to the garden," he would receive greater alleviation there. Up to this point his evidence may be accepted indis-

pass to the physician when entering the Tower. Now, this document is dated the 17th of Prairial (June 5th) *National Archives,* BB 30, 964.

[1]*Correspondence avec la cour de Vienne,* Berne, June 21st, 1795.

putably. Pelletan becomes slightly open to suspicion when he adds: "Unfortunately all assistance was too late . . . no hope was to be entertained." This is evidently the retrospective opinion of a doctor who, to explain an unsuccessful case, protests "that he has not been called in early enough." No, Pelletan did not consider the case a desperate one when he paid his first visit on June 6th. . . . His prescription proves that, since it consists of a dietary to be followed for a long time, and one which is not particularly rigid in any way. "The patient must breakfast at 10 o'clock on chocolate or bread and currant jam. At dinner he must eat meat, soup and sometimes vegetable soup, a little boiled, roast or grilled meat, vegetables such as asparagus, spinach, etc. In the afternoon for his *gôuter*, apple, currant, apricot or grape jam, etc. For his supper, he may eat a little roast or grilled meat but especially vegetables; finally, he may be given a little salad made with lettuce, endive, chervil, cress or watercress. He may drink a little wine at his meals. He must be put to bed at nine o'clock and rise at six a. m." There is a single therapeutic order: Pelletan recommends the decoction of hops already ordered by Desault, and of this the child was to drink, every morning, three cupfuls, "to which must be added a tablespoonful of anti-scorbutic syrup." [1] Four meals a day with meat, salad, wine, meat soup and *sometimes* vegetable soups, which clearly shows that this strengthening diet was to be continued for an indefinite time. These prescriptions, written and signed by Pelletan immediately after examining the child manifestly weaken his narrative of 1817, in which he asserts that, at the first glance, he came to the conclusion that the little prisoner, "whose stomach was very enlarged" and whom

[1] *National Archives,* BB 30, 964. It was the lamented Dr. Max Billard who first published the text of these precious documents, in *Intermediarre des Chercheurs et curieux,* Vol. LXIII, No. 1283, col. 211 and following.

he recognised to be "suffering" from "chronic diarrhea," had but a few days to live.

The poor recluse, then, left his prison and was led "to the doorkeeper's *salon*." By this Pellatan doubtless means Gomin's room, that "little downstairs *salon*" of which Madame Royale speaks and which was no other than the room in the little tower formerly inhabited by the Queen. This room was, in fact, the only one which had a direct view on to the garden. To get there it was necessary to descend the long stone staircase, pass before the door of the guard room on the first floor,—a room always full of soldiers, continue to descend until almost on a level with the Council Room, and then enter the branch of the staircase leading to the ground floor of the Little Tower. On arriving there, they had still to ascend a wooden interior staircase before reaching the *salon* in question, a light, bright and fairly large room from which the fine furniture in blue and white silk damask, belonging to M. Barthélemy, had certainly not been removed. Perhaps the couch with little pink flowers which had been put up there for the Dauphin on August 14th, 1792, was still there. Pelletan had asked that the little patient should be allowed to pass the days there. Did they leave him there at night? Tradition says so; but only tradition, based on a series of narratives whose elegiac poesy is better than their documentation. It appears inadmissible that the commissioner and the officers on duty should have dared to break their regulations to the point of allowing the prisoner to pass the night in a room the balcony of which was within easy reach of the garden, and at a great distance, moreover, from the council room, the headquarters of their surveillance. It was, it is believed, usual for the child to remain alone from night until morning; his door was bolted at night, and even during his last days his jailors paid no further attention to him until the next day. He spent the day of June 6th (18th of Prairial) in the blue and white salon of the Little Tower;

that appears to be undoubted, since Pelletan writes: "The success of this removal was such that the child displayed gaiety and gave himself up more freely to the interest they took in him." But this text does not imply that he was permanently installed in the pretty room.

It must be pointed out that a radical change had been made in the régime of the Temple since the six days of deep silence which elapsed between Desault's last visit and Pelletan's first consultation, that they no longer feared to show the little captive, that he was no longer a prisoner, that the guard tolerated his removal from one tower to another, that attendants and soldiers were at last able to see him at their leisure, either when he descended the staircase or when he took the air on his balcony, which had neither a sunblind nor any other obstruction. And what is still more surprising, the child's very nature appeared to be suddenly modified. He was agitated by the sinister noise of bolts, he who, however, must have been accustomed to it from the many, many months he had heard it; he was playing with a printing plant and had books; therefore he had not forgotten his alphabet and once again took pleasure in reading. He no longer condemned himself to silence; and it was to this time—and to this time only—that Lasne and Gomin alluded later when they said that he often spoke to them, but only "during the last days of his life," on which point they are in agreement with Pelletan, since, according to him, the patient "showed gaiety," not merely by actions but certainly in words. A very strange thing this and a point worth noting, so as not to obstruct the path of future searchers —some will always be found!—anxious to elucidate this supreme enigma of the Royal captivity.

The principal inconvenience presented by the fixed resolution to employ nothing but authentic documents deprives the history of the prisoner of the Temple of the

melancholy and sorrowful attraction which has made it so popular. No feeling of pity is awakened by contact with the rare and laconic documents in the Archives when these are taken as our only guide; no touching words fall from the pale lips of the dying boy; there is no opportunity for an affecting expansion of the subject of the heart-rending contrast between the abolished pomp of Versailles and the Trianon of former days and the bed of sickness on which the descendant of so many kings, absorbed in his dream, lay dying. Nothing more than a few administrative notes, as indifferent and dry as the spirit of offices, and from the arid text of which one attempts in vain to drain the wherewithal to furnish a tear. The Revolution demanded that this King should leave no traces in the annals of French history and that his end should be unwept. Consequently, we are reduced, if comments are prohibited, to a cold daily account in which gaps, lending themselves but little to compassion, abound.

On June 7th Pelletan paid a second visit and left a fresh prescription. He made no change in the diet indicated the day before, but he recommended that they obtain for the patient "white bread made from pure wheat" and that the broth "be made with beef and chicken." [1] Manifestly the child's life was not threatened. It was only in the course of the evening of the same day that Gomin and Lasne became alarmed and sent for Pelletan at dead of night. What had happened? We do not know, but the doctor did not believe there was any danger, for he abstained from troubling himself, replying: "the patient's condition cannot be made very alarming by the

[1] "Care must be taken," he wrote, "that it is not acrid through too short boiling." Pelletan prescribed, in addition, powdered rhubarb, 6 grains, and extract of quinine, 4 grains, mixed, to be taken in a tablespoonful of liquid. Plus a *chopine* of the white codex mixture, that is to say: Hartshorn 10 gr., bread crumb 20., powdered gum arabic 10 gr.; white sugar 60 gr. and orange flower water 10 gr. with ordinary water q.s. And as a drink very weak broth." *National Archives,* BB 30, 964.

circumstances you have detailed to me. . . . Although I am extremely tired with my day's work and it is eleven o'clock at night, I would leave immediately for the child's bedside if I knew I could be of the slightest use to him. . . ." [1] He announced in the same note that the surgeon Dumangin, doctor at the Charité Hospital, would henceforth second him in his visits to the Temple, and he promised to come with this *confrère* the next morning. The next day was June 8th (the 20th of Prairial). The two doctors arrived at 11 A. M.[2] The patient's state was worse. They ordered a continuation of the white decoction, alternating it with buttermilk. The patient was to take "broth every quarter of an hour" and have medicinal enemas, one immediately, the second in the evening, and still another "the next day before the doctors arrived." [3] Dumangin signed first, Pelletan after his *confrère.* Considering it indispensable that a nurse should be at the bedside of the dying boy, who was in the inexperienced hands of two commanders of the National Guard, Pelletan wrote a note which was to be taken post haste to the Committee of General Safety.[4] "We found Capet's son," he de-

[1]Pelletan added: "Night time not being favourable for the application of any kind of remedy, I think you must confine yourself to giving the patient half a grain of diascordium diluted in a tablespoonful of wine." *National Archives,* the same file.

[2]Temple Register: extracts from the reports of the 20th and 21st Prairial, year III. *National Archives,* BB 30, 964. This very precious document, which we shall henceforth follow, has been reproduced in fac-simile in François Laurentie's fine work, *Louis XVII,* in fo. published by Emile Paul.

[3]*National Archives,* BB 30, 964.

[4]Notwithstanding all our efforts here to establish an exact chronological account of the last moments of the prisoner of the Temple, it must be pointed out that this work is made singularly arduous, if not impossible, by the innumerable contradictions raised by each of the incidents of that day. Nothing would appear to be simpler than to enumerate one after the other and in their order the elements of information at one's disposal. Pelletan's prescriptions and those signed by him and Dumangin are clear and precise documents which apparently are not open to discussion. Not so. Everything lends itself to discussion in the Louis XVII question, and these prescriptions have been declared by Pelletan and Dumangin themselves to be forgeries. When, in 1816, Antoine de Saint-Gervais published his *Vie du jeune Louis XVII,* he questioned Pelletan and

clared, "with a weak pulse, and an abdomen distended and painful. During the night and again in the morning he had had several green and bilious evacuations. His

received information from him which he thought absolutely reliable. Thus, he learnt that the surgeon "blamed the jailors for not having removed the bars from the windows and for having left the enormous bolts intact . . ." etc. Pelletan also related that, when expressing himself with warmth on the subject of these bolts and bars, he saw the young prince sign to him to speak in a lower tone. "I am afraid," said the child, "that my sister will hear you and I should be very sorry if she learnt I was ill, because that would pain her." Saint-Gervais likewise heard from Pelletan that, "after an extraordinary weakness which presaged his approaching end, the patient, momentarily coming to himself, made a last effort to put his arm out of bed and offer it to the Doctor, who brought his lips to the prince's hand, moistening it with his tears." On reading this, Dumangin, who was living in retirement at that time at Saint-Prix, sent his *confrère* a somewhat harsh letter in which he claimed the honour of having been chosen, *at the same time* as Pelletan, to attend the son of Louis XVI. "Your narrative, Monsieur," he said, "has sensibly afflicted me on your account, for you appear alone, whereas common duties *constantly called us together* to the Temple. . . . Why, sir, have you forgotten to mention me? . . . Our bulletins, *signed by us both,* must be in the Archives. . . . I confess that, if I had been present at the time of the wording which is before me, you would have had great difficulty in detailing your reproaches to the jailors, in making your speeches, and in bestowing the kiss which I did not see you place on the hand of the dying king. . . ." Pelletan's reply ran as follows: "By a letter of the 17th of Prairial (June 5th) the Committee of General Safety entrusted me with the continuation of the care that Capet's son received from Desault. . . . This letter does not mention you. I found the child in so grievous a condition that I immediately asked that another person of our art should be appointed to assist me . . . you called at my house on the 19th (June 7th), having been appointed by the Committee and we went together to visit the august child. . . . We agreed that I should visit him the next day at my usual hour, seven or eight o'clock, and that you should call upon him about eleven o'clock. You cannot, therefore, either attest or deny conduct which you did not witness, any more than you can say what dictated my native sensibility and the simple proof of which I gave the august child, just as I would have given it to any other in the touching position he was. . . ." *Preuves authentique de la mort de le jeune Louis XVII* by A. de Saint-Gervais, p. 51 and following pages. In 1816 it was so much to the people's interest to have shown tenderness in 1795, regarding the lot of the descendant of the Bourbons, that they wrangled with each other over the question as to who had shown the greatest attachment and most marks of respect. So that we shall never understand, among a thousand other things, how it is that the prescription of the 20th of Prairial (June 8th) is signed by Pelletan and Dumangin, since Pelletan asserts that he went to the Temple on that day without his *confrère,* nor why the other prescriptions are signed by Pelletan alone, since Dumangin affirms that all the visits were made cojointly with his colleague.

condition appearing to us to be very serious, we have decided to see the child again this evening. . . . It is indispensable to have an intelligent female nurse by his side." [1] . . . An estafette bearing this bulletin to the Committee left immediately. At half past twelve P. M. the doctors left the Temple.[2] The Civic Commissioner of the day has just arrived,—namely, Citizen Damont, of the Faubourg du Nord Section.[3] Introduced into the Tower he entered the room where the prisoner was in bed and considered him to be so ill that he asked Gomin and Lasne "if there were not a nurse and officers of health." Lasne and Gomin, manifestly not over anxious to divulge what was happening at the Temple, replied "that a doctor had come recently, but women, no." They still hesitated, it seems, to introduce into the prison a stranger whom they feared might be indiscreet. However, on Damont insisting, Gomin was persuaded to leave for the Tuileries to inform the Committee of General Safety [4] of the situation. Gomin set off a little after the mounted courier sent to the Committee had returned, bringing back an authorisation "to place by the bedside of Capet's son an intelligent and honest woman, whom the doctors would

[1]Temple Register, diary of the 20th of Prairial, 11 A. M.

[2]Temple Register, diary of the 21st of Prairial.

[3]Damont, who, in 1816, wrote a short account of his sentry duty, tells us of the manner in which the Commissioners who mounted guard for twenty-four hours at the Temple were appointed. The section whose turn to mount guard was approaching received notice a few days in advance from the Commission of Administrative Police. The Civic Committee of the section chose one of its members, whose name, Christian name, and address was sent to the Commissioner, which then drew up the Commissioner's authority and sent it to him. Furnished with this document, he called at the prison on the day fixed upon. Thus, Damont knew on the 13th of Prairial that he would be on duty on the 20th, and he also knew that on the 21st he would be relieved by a Commissioner of the Reunion section. The choice of commissioners was not, then, kept secret and was not made suddenly, at the last moment, as was thought.

[4]The Temple Register, in which the events of the day are set down hour by hour, does not mention this absence of Gomin, and it must be pointed out that it is absolutely impossible to make this diary, the only document we can consider as "official," agree with the narratives of Damont or of Pelletan, or with the depositions made later by Lasne and Gomin in a court of justice.

choose." It was necessary, then, to await their promised visit. Lasne and Damont remained by the child's side, doing their best to follow the prescription and "administer" to him the prescribed remedies; but, about two o'clock, after having taken a tablespoonful of the potion the poor little fellow was shaken by a sort of death rattle, and a cold sweat moistening his forehead it looked as though he were going to die. Seized with fear, Lasne and the Commissioner despatched another horseman to Pelletan with the following pressing message: "Citizen, the patient has just been seized with a most violent attack and it is of the utmost necessity that you should come to his side immediately.". . . However, the alarm came to an end. Damont left the room, either because the dinner hour took him to the Council chamber, or because he went away to bring the prison register and diary up to date. This latter duty was not a sinecure, for not only were the smallest incidents to be set down, but the whole of the correspondence exchanged with the Committee, letters sent and received, and the doctors' bulletins were to be copied therein. . . . Either, then, because Damont was busy with this work or because he had sat down at table at the ordinary hour, so as not to alarm the prison staff, Lasne was alone in the patient's room. After about an hour's rest, the sick boy was seized with suffocation and made a sign to his jailor that "a call of nature required satisfying." Lasne raised him up in bed; the dying boy put his arms round the man's neck; he gave a great sigh and "passed away. . . ." The hour was a few minutes short of three.[1]

According to Damont, Gomin, returning from the Committee of General Safety, arrived at the Temple at that very moment and entered the room just as the child gave up his last breath.[2] He who might have heard the words

[1]Temple Register, diary of the 20th and 21st of Prairial and Lasne's deposition before the examining magistrate Zangiacomi in 1840.

[2]Damont's narrative, Laurentie's *Louis XVII.*

exchanged at that moment between the two jailors of the Temple might perhaps have known the solution of the historical enigma which this almost sudden death was all at once about to elucidate, unless it was to render it for ever insoluble. Neither Gomin nor Lasne had foreseen the prisoner's end, for he had been ill for only "the past two days." [1] and in bed but a few hours. How is it that the idea occurred to these two subordinates,—who up to then had shown no spirit of initiative and in everything asked only to order,—how is it that the idea occurred to them to keep the death of this child secret, as though it set a problem, the solution of which exceeded their competence? Had they received preventive instructions or else, during their surveillance,—Gomin for seven months and Lasne for six weeks past,—had they conceived suspicions the coming to maturity of which filled them with terror? If we do not accept one or other of these suppositions their conduct was inexplicable.

Their first precaution was to shut up in one of the rooms of the Tower the turnkey Gourlet, who in the course of his duty had chanced to come into the little Capet's apartment at the moment of death and who for that reason only was to remain imprisoned without communication of any sort with the other employés of the house.[2] This precaution having been taken in concert with Damont, who was making his first visit to the Temple and whose manifest inexperience and naïveté, far from embarrassing the two jailors, on the contrary aided them, through the semblance of authority the Commissioner represented, Lasne and Gomin wrote to the Committee of General Safety a letter which Gomin was to carry himself and in which they announced the event and asked for orders.[3] During his colleague's absence, Lasne set

[1]Lasne's deposition of July 13th, 1837.

[2]Temple Register, *loc. cit.*

[3]Letter written to the President of the Committee of General Safety. "At two o'clock in the afternoon, an attack having seized the patient after he had taken a spoonful of the potion ordered,

to work to play the strangest and most gruesome of comedies. He shut himself in with the corpse and showed himself only from time to time when sending to the chemist for medicines, as though the child were still living. He even, every quarter of an hour, in accordance with doctors' orders, ordered from the kitchen the broth intended for the "patient," himself taking the cup at the outer door of the apartment, in order that no waiter might enter the death-chamber. If we picture to ourselves the complication of this strange scheme, if we reckon the number of lies it necessitated,—for he must necessarily have affected calm, have distributed reassuring words to all that staff who took an interest in "Monsieur Charles" and asked for news of him, have announced that "he was doing better" and "would pull through," have made a pretext that he was sleeping in order to prevent the officers of the guard from showing a desire to see him, and have feigned confidence in an early recovery,—if, above all, we appraise the uselessness of so unusual a stratagem, nay, its dangers in case it were discovered, we come to the conclusion that Lasne, a man of quite military plainness and frankness, must, in thus betraying his own character, have yielded to the impulse of some redoubtable and pressing motive.[1]

Pelletan, summoned by estafette before the death, arrived at half past four. Lasne received him at the door of the room and ushered him into the dead boy's presence. Then, the normal time for a consultation having elapsed,

we wrote to Dr. Pelletan asking him to come immediately to the patient's bedside. The horseman had just left when a second attack seized him and he passed away. As the turnkey has knowledge of the event we have imprisoned him in the Tower awaiting your orders."

[1]The exact text of the Register is as follows: "We decided that, in order to remove all suspicion"—suspicion of what?—"the service should be continued for the child as before the event, that they should fetch from the apothecary's the medicines ordered and the broth from the kitchen, and that we should take care to carry these ourselves, so that the employés would have no access to the deceased's apartment."

Lasne found himself obliged to inform the doctor that he could not let him go, but must keep him prisoner, confined in the Tower, like the turnkey Gourlet, until the Committee had decided what measures were to be taken. Did Pelletan, whose time was precious, protest, demand his immediate liberation, or at least inquire the reasons for this extraordinary internment? Not at all. It is true that, the same morning, he had received directly from Houdayer,[1] one of the secretaries of General Safety, the advice to be absolutely silent regarding what he might see or hear during his visits to the Temple. An astonishing recommendation from a bureaucrat of inferior rank to the chief medical officer of the leading Parisian hospital.[2] Pelletan, already warned—this is the word the secretary of the Committee uses—was not, then, astonished at being, in his turn, kept in custody in that tragic Tower where so many surprises were reserved for those who crossed its threshold. However, he had patients who were waiting for him, duties which claimed his attention, and we see him beginning a letter, which a horseman was to take to the Committee and in which the doctor solicited, but very timidly, his liberation.[3]

Whilst Pelletan was writing his petition, Gomin was

[1]In 1794 we find in the lists of the employés of the Committee: "Office of Arrears, chief secretary Houdayer." *National Archives,* F[7], 4,406B.

[2]Committee of General Safety . . . Section of the Paris police, "On the 20th of Prairial . . . Houdayer told Citizen Pelletan confidently that it seemed to him that the Committee would be pleased if no rumour or gossip concerning the illness in question reached the public. It was a warning to maintain the greatest secrecy, a case of neglecting nothing in order to avoid even the slightest imprudence. *National Archives,* BB 30, 964. Published by *l'Intermediare des chercheurs et curieux,* Vol. LXIX, col. 53. Communication of Mme. de Saint-Léger.

[3]He set forth that, "summoned in haste to the Temple, he was detained there by the jailors of the boy Capet. . . . The undersigned submitted to this measure without difficulty but he begged the citizen president of the Committee to consider that, . . . at the moment of writing, orders had arrived which made it useless to say any more. Pelletan." This letter was published by Dr. Bienvenu. *Un problème médico-légal: Louis XVII est-il mort dans la prison du Temple? Revue internationale illustrée.*

returning from the Tuileries. He had been to the Committee and the members to whom he had announced the death of Charles Capet had decided—under the true or false pretext that the Convention had just concluded its sitting—to postpone the publication of the decease until next day. Gomin, who was accompanied by Citizen Bourguignon, Secretary of the Committee of General Safety, brought back a decree requesting the jailors of the Temple to inform Pelletan and Dumangin "that they must call in two of their most well informed *confrères* to proceed to open the body and ascertain its condition."[1] Pelletan was, therefore, free and left the Temple, but not before assuring Gomin and Lasne of his "most complete discretion."[2] And, assisted by Damont, who, it appears, was delighted to be mixed up in an event of this importance and who, as appeared later, understood nothing of the intrigue going on around him, the two jailors continued to deceive the prison staff, carrying up to the dead child's room the medicines just delivered by the chemist, and the meals supplied from the Tower kitchen. Dr. Dumangin, who still knew nothing, arrived at eight P. M. and was received by Lasne and Gomin, who informed him in great secret of the death, transmitted to him the Committee's decision concerning the autopsy and requested him to arrange with Pelletan as soon as possible. They dismissed him, after recommending him to keep absolute silence.[3]

Lasne, Gomin and Damont were at last able to take breath. They were the only ones in the Tower who knew that the prisoner was no more; the turnkey Gourlet who shared their secret was locked up, unable to communicate with anybody. To keep up the deception, it was necessary for the jailors and the Commissioner to take supper as usual with the officers of the guard, who did not suspect

[1]Temple Register.
[2]The same.
[3]The same.

anything, an evident proof that the comedy was well played. The little dead boy, locked in his dark room in that upper floor, lay on his bed abandoned, without the flame of a candle flickering by his side, without a flower to caress his livid cheek, without a single one of those who had served him daring to shed a tear for him. We feel a sort of restraint in presenting this cold picture, so different from those which legend has composed. There was no concert of the angels, nor the voice of the Queen calling to her child from heaven, nor did the birds of the Tower fly away never to return; Gomin was not stifled with sobs, nor did Lasne retain throughout life the obsession of that last breath which had lightly touched his forehead; nor again was there a pious procession of employés of the Temple, coming to contemplate for the last time the features of the little captive whose soul was at last delivered. . . .

If the members of the Committee and the jailors of the Temple knew or suspected that he who had just died was not the child of the King of France this indifference and dissimulation were justified. In the contrary case, how is it that none of these men thought of the young girl who was afflicted by a fresh grief, after so many others? Neither Lasne nor Gomin, so "good to her," had the thought, when all was silent in the slumbering Tower, to lead her to her brother's bedside, in order, at least, that the body of the little King should not leave without a prayer for the common grave which awaited him. How can one help being filled with indignation at the fact that, in the whole of that incessant correspondence exchanged between the Committee and the Temple, nobody troubled themselves about the orphan sister, nor authorised or solicited an infraction of that pitiless regulation which had separated the two children for twenty months past? No! There was nothing but the stern exigency to hide at all cost the prisoner's death until the moment came when it might be divulged without danger.

What they wanted was to gain a few hours. During the night Lasne and Gomin again sent word to the Committee that "everything was in a state of the greatest security," but a feeling of anxiety remained. What was to be done next day at noon when the Civic Commissioner who was to replace Damont arrived at the Temple? It would, indeed, be necessary to inform him of the death of the child and perhaps he would be less compliant or more perspicacious than Damont—"We beg you," wrote the jailors, "to send us instructions as to the line of conduct we are to assume towards this Commissioner." The Committee replied: "The service must be continued as usual until otherwise deliberated [1] on," for it had taken its precautions and was no longer uneasy. When the new Commissioner arrived they might show him the body, for such measures had been taken that from that moment the dead child would be unrecognisable.

In fact, the next day, June 9th, the morning passed at the Temple without any modification in the theme of the comedy begun the night before. But at a quarter past eleven [2] Pelletan and Dumangin, accompanied by their colleagues Lassus [3] and Jeanroy,[4] arrived to perform the autopsy. Lasne and Gomin immediately [5] introduced them into the death chamber. With them entered Damont and also the turnkey Gourlet, the only one of the employés of the Tower who had been informed of the death. The doctors questioned Lasne and Gomin. "Is this child the son of Louis Capet? Is he the child given you to guard?" Both replied affirmatively. Damont, next questioned, stated that it was indeed the child he had seen

[1]Temple Register.

[2]To-day, the 21st of Prairial, at a quarter past eleven A. M. there arrived . . ." Temple Register.

[3]Professor of legal medicine at the École de Sauté of Paris.

[4]Professor at the medical schools of Paris.

[5]"At a quarter past eleven," according to the Temple Register; "at half past eleven," according to the report of the autopsy.

the day before "sick and living," and that he recognised him through having formerly met him several times in the Tuileries, when his duty as a National Guardsman took him there. Gourlet attested that he had known little Capet "since his arrival at the Temple," in August, 1792.—"These questions having been put, the officers of health proceeded to their operation." [1]

About that same hour, at the other end of Paris, the Convention had just opened its sitting. Immediately, Achille Sevestre, representative for Ille-et-Vilaine and a member of the Committee of General Safety [2] for two months past, appeared in the Tribune. He read a very short report, announcing, in terms of studied dryness, that the son of Capet, indisposed for some time past through a swelling on his right knee and left wrist, had died the evening before and that the Committee had received the news at a quarter past two in the afternoon. "The Committee," he added, "has instructed me to inform you of it. Everything is established. Here are the reports, which will remain deposited in the Archives." He then passed to the reading of a letter from Nice relating the arrest of a hundred emigrés.[3] . . .

Sevestre, a former Clerk of the Court to the tribunal of Rennes, had certainly lost, in the exercise of his duties as a legislator, that respect for minute precision which is dear to lawyers, for his report contains as many inaccuracies as lines. He states, for instance, that the Committee heard of the death of the boy Capet [4] at a quarter past two on the 20th; why did he not set forth the reasons which prevented the said Committee from immediately informing the Convention, which had not concluded its

[1] Temple Register.
[2] He joined the Committee on the 15th of Germinal, year III.
[3] *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXIV, p. 650.
[4] According to the Temple Register the death occurred "at 3 o'clock." It is very possible that Gomin, who carried the news of it to the Tuileries, arrived there just at the moment the Convention had broken up.

sitting before four o'clock.[1] A simple piece of thoughtlessness. What was less excusable was Sevestre's gesture, pretending to handle a bundle of papers and saying: "everything is established . . . here are the reports. . . ." At the time he was speaking the Committee was not yet in possession either of the declaration or of the certificate of death, or of the post-mortem certificate, or of the copy from the Temple Register, or of anything which resembled a report or a statement whatsoever; and it did not appear, indeed, that it ever had the intention of forming a file of official documents confirmative of the event. But they wished to be peremptory in order to cut short any discussion. The deputies, amazed by the announcement of this unexpected news, remained "dumb with astonishment."—"Not a word of pity, not an expression of regret came from that assembly of wretches, impenetrable to all feeling, to all sense of honour, to any remorse."[2] This was the second regicide to be set to the account of the Convention; for, whoever the child—anonymous or Bourbon,—whose body was at the Temple, may have been, whatever doubts may have henceforth been firmly established in many minds, it was, indeed, the royal personality of Louis XVII who had just disappeared with this doubtful prisoner, consecrated, in default of authentic titles by misfortune, griefs, the unanimous and secret pity of the people, and the tragic grandeur of his short history;—an investiture too touching not to be unshakable, in comparison with which any competition was condemned in advance to remain vain.

At the Temple they worked in such a way that the premeditated juggling should be effected without giving rise to scandal. When the guard was relieved at noon the new Commissioner, Darlot, the delegate of the Reunion section, arrived. After the usual formalities,[3] he was in-

[1] *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXIV, p. 650. *Correspondence.*
[2] *Mallet du Pan's,* Berne, June 27th.
[3] Presentation of the letter of the Administrative Commission, of the extract from the nomination by the Civic Committee of the Reunion

troduced into the council room, to which Damont, Lasne, and Gomin, leaving the surgeons to their work, had descended to receive him. Either because they felt some embarrassment, or because they sought to gain still more time, "some time" passed before Lasne and Gomin set forth to the new-comer "the serious motive" for which Damont, who ought to have left the Temple on Darlot's arrival, was still there, "although his duties were over."—"Louis Capet's son had died the day before at three in the afternoon." [1] And immediately they invited Darlot to ascend to the second floor, which he did, and entered the anteroom where "four citizens, busy writing, rose as soon as he appeared." These were the doctors, already setting down their observations, or drawing up the preliminaries of their report. They led Darlot into the adjoining room, where the little body, covered with a sheet, was lying on a folding bed. One of the surgeons raised the shroud and Darlot, "greatly struck" by the appearance of the face, "which was not yet in any way disfigured," very frankly attested "that he *remembered* this dead child very well through having several times seen him walking in the Tuileries Gardens, *with all the pomp of the son of Louis Capet*, and in the little garden where there were rabbits." [2] This most precise declaration appeared so opportune that hardly had they descended to the council room than Lasne and Gomin pressed Darlot to put it down in writing, duly signed and witnessed. A very singular precaution that could only be explainable if some in-

section, and of the Commissioner's citizenship card. *Darlot's declaration. National Archives,* BB 30, 964. This document, like the important copy of the Register, is reproduced in fac-simile in François Laurentie, *Louis XVII.*

[1]This clearly proves that, until the autopsy was begun, Lasne, Gomin and Damont had continued to keep the child's death secret. If they had announced it to the prison staff on the morning of June 9th, Darlot would have learnt it on his arrival at the first guardhouse, as much from the guards as from the turnkeys and doorkeepers who accompanied him, or before whom he had to pass when entering, from the main entrance in the Rue du Temple as far as the Tower.

[2]Darlot's declaration.

credulity had been shown by the prison staff. But this could not be, since nobody in the Temple was yet informed of the prisoner's death, which was to be made known at the same time as the result of the autopsy! How is it that the jailors took it upon themselves to invite this obliging Commissioner to make this formal but stupid declaration? Most stupid, indeed, for the anxiety to thus authenticate the personality of the dead by a chance witness proves there was authorisation for doubting it. Moreover, Darlot's attestation permits one to suppose that Damont and Gourlet, having, like him, recognised the Dauphin, had likewise been requested to set down a similar declaration. They did not do so. Did they refuse? And then, we also recall the remarks formerly made before Hue and Frotté by important members of the Convention, who depicted the prisoner of the Temple as being transformed by stupidity, "depraved, physically and morally," become an object of disgust. . . . If, when still living, he was unrecognisable by Frotté and by Hue, the latter of whom had lived with the Dauphin at the Temple itself, how could a little citizen of Paris who had never seen him except at a distance, in the days of the Tuileries, recognise the features of the little prince on that face set by death?

Meanwhile the four practitioners continued their mournful work, Lasne [1] and Damont entering from time to time. Pelletan alone proceeded to open the body,[2] which was stretched on a table in that anteroom where formerly the Dauphin had so often played. It was Pelletan also who sawed, "on a level with the sockets, the skull, previously stripped of all its hair and skin, cut and turned back in four triangular sections;" and it was he also who, the operation over, "restored" the body, replaced the

[1]Lasne's Narrative to Antoine de Saint-Gervais. *Preuves authentiques . . .* p. 50.

[2]Letter from Pelletan to Dumangin. *Preuves authentiques,* p. 55.

viscera, sponged, plugged, and tightened the bandages. As his colleagues, as well as "the jailors," had withdrawn to the deep window[1] recess, doubtless to get out of the way of the noxious odor, Pelletan profited by their absence to take possession, surreptitiously, of "a few precious remains." He rolled the child's heart in a napkin and put it in his pocket. To finish, he turned back the strips of loose skin on to the skull, brought them together by a few skilful stitches, wrapped the whole "bald" head with a piece of linen or a cotton cap, which he fixed under the chin or at the back of the neck,[2] and, the dead boy's curls remaining there, waiting to be swept up, he allowed Damont to take and carry them off without any of those present appearing to be aware of the subtraction. At half past four everything was over and the body, carried back into the bedroom, was placed on one of the beds.[3] The doctors then left the Temple, where their visit, which could not remain unperceived either by the officers, or by the soldiers on guard, or by the steward Liénard, or by the employés or servants of the house, was doubtless adroitly explained as a simple but very long consultation.

For—and this is almost unbelievable—the secret was still kept!—"The death was concealed," writes Damont, "for the rest of the day—the 8th—and the next day until the *arrival of four deputies*." [4] Now, the deputies did not arrive until eleven o'clock on the night [5] of the 9th, and they were not four in number but only two, Kervelégan and Bergoing, delegated by the Committee of General

[1]Letter from Pelletan to Dumangin. *Preuves authentiques,* p. 56.
[2]Pelletan's declaration. *National Archives,* BB 30, 964, published by Dr. Bienvenu in *Médecine international illustrée.*
[3]The report of the autopsy seems to have been written as the observations were being made and consequently to the dictation of Pelletan, who may call himself its author. "In truth," wrote Dumangin to him later, "you only did your part like each of us. Four copies of an original were made and all were signed by we four. One was sent to the Committee of General Safety, MM. Lassus, Jeanroy, you and I each kept our own. *Preuves authentiques,* p. 55.
[4]Damont's declaration.
[5]Temple Register, report of the day of the 21st of Prairial (June 9th).

Safety "to assure the execution of various decrees concerning Capet *fils*." They entered the council room, examined the register, collated the copy of the report of the autopsy, which had already been entered in it, with the original in their possession, and, having found that the entries were all in order, decided that the moment had come to give "the event the greatest publicity." As the news of little Capet's death immediately spread and put the staff in a great flutter, the representatives declared "that too much importance must not be attached to it. That he would be buried quite simply"; [1] and having assembled the staff, consisting on that day of the commander, adjutant, captain, lieutenant, second lieutenant and sergeant,[2] they requested them to file before the body and themselves headed the column, which proceeded up the staircase. They entered the room altogether and caught a glimpse, by the light of a candle or lantern, of the slender tightly bandaged corpse "the whole of the head of which was covered with a piece of linen or a cotton cap fixed under the chin or at the back of the neck." Was this covering raised? That is hardly probable. All present, asked to declare whether they recognised the son of the tyrant in these lamentable remains, declared that they *recognised him* [3] "through having seen him," Damont specifies, "in the Tuileries Gardens and elsewhere." They then complacently signed their attestation. What surprises one still more is that the declaration of these soldiers was presented and received as a decisive argument, doing away with all uncertainty and proving the death of the son of Louis XVI in the Temple.[4] Since the Commit-

[1]Damont's narrative.

[2]Namely citizens Bourgeois, Commander of the armed force of the Fidélité section, Lucas, Adjutant, Ratreaux, Captain, Séguin, Lieutenant, Droits de l'Homme section, Normand, Second Lieutenant, Homme armé section, Vieillaume, Sergeant, Arces section.

[3]Temple Register.

[4]It is not without utility to point out that this comedy appeared to certain historians to be so inadmissible that they thought fit to invert the order of the incidents in order to give it more an air of greater probability. Beauchesne and Chautelause, among others,

tee of General Safety attached so much importance to the solemn establishment of the little King's identity, why did it not convene, before the autopsy, the witnesses it had at hand? First of all there was Madame Royale, whose affirmation would have been decisive; there was Tison who had lived with the Dauphin for fourteen months; there were Meunier, the head cook, and Baron, the doorkeeper of the Tower, both of them on duty at the Temple since the beginning of the captivity. From these the body was hidden, to appeal to passers by who had not seen the Dauphin for four to five years past, and to them was shown, in semi-darkness, a shaven head, a sawed skull, or a covered face!

The Republic was not disembarrassed. Louis XVII was officially dead. The rest was but a formality. It was as the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette that the dead boy was to be inscribed on June 10th at the Temple itself—on the records of the Registrar charged, according to law, "to verify death by an inspection of the body." On that day honest Meunier, who conscientiously kept the beef tea and chicken broth ordered for the little patient ever ready on his stoves, learning that his broth was useless, gave it to Père Lefebvre, who kept a refreshment bar in the big courtyard of the palace.[1] The news of the death quickly spread in the Temple quarter and found many disbelievers. The newspapers, on announcing it, did not fail to report strange rumours which were afloat.[2]—"Some contend that this death means nothing, that the young child is full of life, that it is a very long time since he was at the Temple. . . . The authenticity of the secret and natural death of a child whom,

placed the recognition *before* the autopsy, but are thus in contradiction with the Temple Register and diary, which they do not seem to have utilised.

[1] Lefebvre's declaration. Laurentie, *loc cit.*

[2] *Courrier universal* of June 13th (the 25th of Brairial).

notwithstanding all demagogic declarations, one cannot regard as an ordinary child, since, instead of running about at liberty in the streets, like the son of *sans-culotte*, a considerable armed force guarded him day and night, ought perhaps, I will not say for the honour of the Convention, but for public tranquillity, ought to have been solemnly and publicly ascertained. . . ." A police bulletin of the 22nd of Prairial (June 10th) ran as follows:— "If the bulletins of his illness, as is the custom, had been sent to the Convention daily, an infinity of slanderous or even calumnious misstatements would have been avoided. . . ."[1] What astonished people was the suddenness of the decease. Nobody knew that the Dauphin was indisposed; there had been no mention of his illness, either at the Convention, or in the newspapers, or even at the Temple, all the rumours of which were known and commented upon in consequence of the great movement of national guards and tradesmen who came and left there daily. Suddenly, all these people learnt that he was dead and that the surgeons had opened him. . . . This appeared suspicious, and popular imagination was given free course.

On the 10th, at noon, Darlot's duty came to an end. He was replaced by Guérin, civic commissioner of the Homme armé section. Lasne received him in the council chamber, according to the protocol, and informed him of the prisoner's death.[2] More wide awake than his two preceding colleagues, Guérin noticed, from the very first moments of his installation, that, "the news of the death not having been preceded by any announcement of illness, a fact which might give place to vexatious conjectures,"

[1] *Tableau de la revolution.* Schmidt, Vol. II, p. 355.

[2] Guérin has left a narrative of his twenty-four hours' duty at the Temple from the 10th of June at noon to the 11th of June at the same hour. His account is published by Dupré-Lasalle in *Discours et requisitiones,* 1 Vol. in 8°, 1886.

the two jailors Lasne and Gomin "sought to divert the effect by every means which prudence suggested to them." They were, indeed, very busy, for the Committee of General Safety, after so many subtleties and irregularities, now affected a great respect for legal formalities and ordered that they be strictly observed. In the afternoon, about half past four a special messenger arrived at the Temple with a decree which it had just issued, ordering the civilian committee of the Temple section "to bury the son of Louis Capet in the ordinary place and according to the usual forms, in the presence of the number of witnesses specified by law and supplemented by two members of the civilian committee of the said section.[1] Whilst Lasne or Gomin informed the section, notice was sent at the same time to Voisin, the conductor of funeral processions, who carried out the duties of manager of such ceremonies. So he went to citizen Bureau, doorkeeper of the Sainte-Marguerite cemetery to order a coffin "for a young girl." Bureau supplied him with a shell "of white wood," four feet and a half long.[2]

At half past seven everything was ready. Public officer Robin presented himself with his register and accompanied by two supplementary commissioners, Arnault and Gobet, ordered to attend the burial. The declaration of death was set down in the presence of the body. Lasne and Gomin figured in it as declarants; the others signed: Then, "to surround the declaration with a still greater number of testimonies," the military staff on guard since noon was brought to the deathbed and the officers were invited "to declare if they recognised the son of Louis." Like their comrades of the day before, all recognised him and signed the register accordingly.[3] At that moment a

[1]The text of this decree is published in A. Bégis's *Louis XVII, sa mort dans la tour du Temple.*

[2]One metre forty-five centimetres. The average stature of children of 10 in Paris is, according to the statistics of M. Alphonse Bertillon, 1 metre 276 milimetres.

[3]Guérin's narrative.

police inspector came with the news that, in view of the burial of little Capet, a large crowd was gathering at the entrance to the Temple. Guérin at once sent an order post-haste to the section for "two detachments of twenty to twenty-five men" to keep back the crowd. The day was declining. Voisin, the conductor, took the little corpse in his arms and descended with his light burden to the bottom of the long stone staircase, where the coffin was placed. He then stretched out the body in the coffin, which remained open for one hour whilst the troops dispersed the idlers who, "out of curiosity or perhaps for some other motive," [1] had gathered in the Rue du Temple. Not until 9 o'clock at night,[2] when it was almost dark, did Dusser, the Commissary of Police, give the order for departure. Voisin nailed up the coffin, threw "a pall" over it and handed it over to the bearers, who, four in number, relieved one another "two by two" [3] whilst en route. Lasne and Gomin followed as well as Brigadier Garnier and Captain Wallon,[4] commander of the prison guard, Guérin, the commissioner of the day, Arnault and Godet, the two occasional commissioners and Dusser, the commissary of police. There was also present a person whose unjustified presence, it seems, was unperceived, which has since then raised many comments, which have remained, however, without a useful solution. This person was Remy Bigot. Although his name does not appear on any of the lists of the Commune we saw him come on guard at the Temple, in the capacity of a member of the General Council, on January 21st, 1794, when, after Simon's departure, the sequestration of the little prisoner began.[5] Bigot reappeared—by what right?—at the burial, as though some

[1] Guérin.
[2] Voisin.
[3] Report of the removal of the body of the son of Louis Capet. Archives by the Hôtel de Ville. *Notice historique sur la chapelle expiatoiore* by the Abbé Savornin, 1865.
[4] Both of the Montreuil section.
[5] Bigot—if it is the same man—returned to the Temple on January 30th and March 1st, 1794.

Convoy du fils de Capet juin 1794

Reproduction of a water-colour belonging to Vicomte Morel de Vindé and forming part of a series, the collection of which bears this notation in the handwriting of Morel de Vindé: "Dreadful series of original drawings made on the ground by an eye-witness of the principal scenes of the Revolution. (Bèricourt). My intention was to have made a volume for my library, but I had not the heart to put them in order."

Collection of M. le Comte de Rohan-Chabot.

mysterious necessity imposed his interference in the important circumstances of the captivity in the Temple. He signed that evening the report of the removal of the body;[1] and two days later appeared again as a witness to the death certificate, in which he declared himself to be an "employé, aged 57, domiciled at 61 Rue Vieille-du-Temple, *a friend of the deceased.*"[2]

The little procession, escorted by eight soldiers, commanded by a sergeant, left the Temple by the main portal and almost immediately turned to the left into the Rue de la Corderie. A barrier of troops kept back the crowd.

[1]The Abbé Savornin, *loc. cit.*, p. 318.

[2]An attempt has been made, by manipulating the dates a little, to explain the presence of the enigmatic Bigot on June 10th, the day of the burial, and on June 12th, the day of the drawing up at the Hôtel de Ville of the death certificate, which must not be confused with the provisional declaration made on the 10th at the Temple itself. If Remy Bigot was, in June, 1795, civic commissioner of the Droit l'Homme section, it would, indeed, have been very natural that he should have been chosen to mount guard at the prison; but this duty did not last more than twenty-four hours and, according to the very terms of the decree of the Committee of General Safety, quoted above, page 213, it could not be renewed twice in the same year. Now, the text of the Temple Register is very precise: The Commissioners on duty were, on the 8th (the 20th of Prairial), the day of the death, Damont, on June 9th (the 21st of Prairial), the day of the autopsy, Darlot, and on June 10th (22nd of Prairial), the day of the burial, Guérin, to whom were added two occasional commissioners, Arnoult and Godet, furnished by the Temple section. Bigot does not figure, then, officially for any of these three days. By what right, then, did he sign the report for the removal of the body, and how is it he returned, two days later, to the Hôtel de Ville to sign the death certificate? Admitting he was commissioner on the 12th, he was not on the 10th; if he were commissioner on the 10th, he was not on the 12th. Moreover, he would not have failed to add to his signature, as all the others did, the mention: *Commissioner on duty at the Temple.* He was not present in that quality, but in that of *a friend of the deceased,* and this again is singular, for Gomin and Lasne, having signed "the declaration of death," ought also to have figured as signers of the "death certificate," the declaration forms having the following notice printed in the margin: "citizens who have made this declaration are obliged to have the certificate drawn up at the Maison Commune within twenty-four hours, under penalty of being punished according to the law." Let us pass over the question of the twenty-four hours, which has been discussed at great length, and ask ourselves why Gomin abstained from being a witness to the death certificate as he had been to the declaration. Who was this Bigot who took his place? A deep study of the civic committees would perhaps elucidate this problem better than one can do it here.

Two detachments of twenty-five men followed the bearers "a fair distance behind, without appearing to form part of the cortège," [1] and the cemetery adjoining Sainte Marguerite's church, at a distance of nearly half a league from the Temple, was reached without difficulty. The route was covered rapidly, for it was hardly half past nine when the convoy, issuing from the Rue Basfroy reached the Rue Saint Bernard. It passed before the closed gate of the cemetery and entered the church,[2] transformed into a school for "the pupils of the Salpêtre." A door in the left aisle, opened on to the cemetery which they entered almost at nightfall—a beautiful clear night at the end of spring.[3]

It was a little enclosure verdant with that thick grass which grows over the dead and with old trees along the walls. A tumble down old place with a slate roof and windows protected with iron bars was hidden away in one corner and served as a habitation for the grave digger Bétrancourt and his wife. The common grave, known as "the trench" among professionals, stretched from east to west in the middle of the ground, passing at the foot of a tall and old stone column formerly surmounted by a cross, which must have fallen and been thrown somewhere in the thick grass. The burial of the prisoner was without ceremonial. Twenty years later the grave-digger's wife related the event as follows:—"They buried him in the dusk; it was not yet quite night. There were very few people. I could easily draw near, and I saw the coffin as I see you. They put it in the common grave, which was the grave of everybody, the little and the big people, the poor and the rich. All went there because so to speak, *everybody* was equal. . . ." [4] Com-

[1] Guérin.

[2] Narrative of Bureau, doorkeeper of the cemetery. We are here following the texts reproduced by M. Lambeau, *loc. cit.*

[3] The observatory bulletin notes: 9:30, clear sky. Two hours later "there rose a great wind."

[4] Peuchét. *Mémoires de tous.* Quoted by L. Lambeau.

missary of police Dusser placed a sentry near the grave and another at the entrance to the cemetery. The eight people present signed.[1] Everything was over by ten o'clock.[2] Lasne and Gomin turned their steps towards the prison.[3] What confidences and reflections did they ex-

[1]This refers to the report of the burial, reproduced by L. Lambeau, p. 105.

[2]But they also drew up a report of the removal of the body which the Abbé Savornin published in *La Chapelle expiatoire,* in accordance with the original preserved in the Archives of the Hôtel de Ville, and which bears only the signatures of Dusser, Lasne and Bigot. Later, Damont wrote: "I was asked by those who were drawing up the death certificate, near the cemetery, to be one of the six witnesses, but I refused under the pretext that at that hour I ought to have been at my post." This was, as we shall see, pure bragging on the part of Damont, who sought to give himself importance. He was due to leave the Temple on the 9th at noon, so that one is authorised to doubt that he continued his duty there beyond the time fixed upon, for it was not the Committee of General Safety who invited him there as he pretends. The Temple Register is very clear on that point. It is true that Damont adds at the end of his declaration: "The indiscretion of the Commissioner who came to replace me next day was the cause of my doing two days' duty in succession near the princess—(Madame Royale)—and the King's valet"—(Tison)—which is a denial of his first statement. Damont prolonged his stay at the Temple simply because Lasne and Gomin, wishing to keep the prisoner's death secret, would not allow this chatterer to leave the prison where he was confined, like Gourlet, and even for a short time like Pelletan. He was present at the funeral as a simple spectator and nobody asked him to sign a document on which his name could not figure in any capacity.

[3]The following account of this nocturnal burial was given in 1815 by its organiser, Voisin, and certain details, for which room could not be found in our narrative, will be found in it: "In my capacity as conductor, I was requested by the authorities on the 24th of Prairial, year III (sic. instead of the 22nd) at nine p. m., to proceed to the Temple to bury the body of the unfortunate prince; in which I was assisted by M. du Cerf (sic., for Dusser), Commissioner of the section and by an officer whose name I do not know. Assisted by four bearers, who suffered a death as tragic as the three doctors*, I was so convinced that I was carrying the body of Louis XVII that, having placed him in the coffin marked by me at the head and foot with the letter D, in charcoal, I had the prince taken in his unclosed coffin and had him brought down to the foot of the staircase where he remained about an hour. I could not fasten up the box, feeling very well that the noise of the nailing down would have filled the august princess who inhabited the same floor (sic)

*Voisin here alludes to the death of Dr. Desault, followed a few days later by the decease of two other doctors, Chopart and Doublet. Chopart, it is true, was very intimate with Desault, but one cannot see that either he or Doublet were ever summoned to the Temple.

change along the route? Whatever may have been their doubts, of which their conduct furnishes so many indications, they possessed at least one certainty, that the little King—whom perhaps they had never had to guard—was now most decidedly outside the Temple.

with sorrow. "At the moment of departure I had the coffin nailed up and did not leave it. On reaching the gate, the representatives of the people (sic), fearing a popular riot, wished me to leave by a side door; but in my capacity as conductor, I was opposed to it and so we passed through the large gateway to reach the Sainte Marguerite parish cemetery, where I had a private grave opened. I covered it up myself with earth." . . . etc. *Archives of the prefecture of Police.* (Burial of Louis XVII and search for his tomb.)

VII

AT RANDOM

At the beginning of the autumn of that year, 1795, a farmer of the town of La Pouèze, in Anjou, called at the headquarters of the Royal army of the West [1] and asked for an interview with Vicomte de Scepeaux, the Commander-in-Chief, and Comte de Châtillon, the second in command. He related to them that he had received at his house a child who said he was the son of a lord of the manor of the left bank of the Loire, Baron de Vesins, who had disappeared since the rout of the army of the Vendée in 1793. Setting forth that he was not sufficiently well-to-do "to treat the child as his birth demanded," the countryman asked that they find for him a refuge where he would be received and sheltered in a manner more in conformity with his rank. MM. de Scepeaux and de Châtillon immediately took an interest in the lot of this little abandoned boy and sent one of their aides-de-camp, Charles de Turpin, to the Château of Angrie, inhabited by his aunt, the Vicomtesse de Turpin de Crissé, to beg her to receive "young Vesins" and keep him with her until he found his family. Mme. de Turpin willingly consented to this and immediately instructed her confidential man, Moulard, to fetch the child from headquarters, which he did the same day.

The Vicomtesse de Turpin de Crissé [2] was a woman of high character, "endowed with great energy, courage,

[1] On the announcement of the Dauphin's death in the Temple, Charette had taken up arms again. The Royal army of Anjou had followed the movement of the Vendée and the whole of the west of France was again in insurrection.

[2] Née Jeanne Elizabeth de Bongars. Her husband, a lieutenant in the body-guard of Monsieur, brother of Louis XVI, had emigrated in 1791.

and intelligence." [1] She had largely contributed to the pacification of the preceding year and was esteemed by Royalist leaders and Republican Generals alike. Both, on many occasions had testified their "general gratitude in the name of the French people" to her, and expressed their congratulations "for the services she had rendered the country." [2] Since the resumption of hostilities she was settled at the Château of Angrie, which belonged to her nephew, Charles de Turpin, and this ancient lordly residence had become a place of refuge for émigrés officers, who, in their destitution, found there, in addition to security, due to the great reputation of the lady of the house, "all the resources one might expect from a noble and generous hospitality." [3]

The child recommended by MM. Scepeaux and de Châtillon received, then, a hearty welcome. Mme. de Turpin de Crissé "came to meet him in the courtyard." The boy was "somewhat ashamed of his poor clothes" and had "an uneasy" air. The Vicomtesse reassured him, urged him not to consider that he was among strangers, and, to dispel his embarrassment, advised him to occupy himself with "some little game." On hearing this, the child began to cry, saying that, "since he had seen his mother perish, he took no further pleasure in amusement." Mme. de Turpin augured "well from so good a disposition." The next day she called in the tailor and ordered for her young guest a little grey coat of fine cloth with black revers, similar to the uniform of the royalist leaders. He ate, of course, at the table of the lady of the château and was somewhat shy "the first time"; but in a few days "he got quite accustomed to all the usages" of the new world in which he was to live. Only, "he took unfair

[1] *Mémoires relatifs aux différentes missions royalistes de Madame la vicomtesse Turpin de Crissé* by Alphonse de Beauchamp, in the *Mémoires secrets et inédits pour servir à l'histoire contemporaine,* Vol. II.

[2] Beauchamp, *loc. cit.*

[3] The same.

advantage of the complaisance of the servants and put them out of patience." He was, moreover, rebellious to all study. Mme. de Turpin undertook to teach him reading, writing, arithmetic and the catechism; but, though he was intelligent, she always found him "inattentive, bored and with a horror of application."

Visitors to the Château of Angrie were numerous. It was, in a way, a place of refuge to which passing *émigrés* came in search of a little respite. Little "de Vesins" showed himself familiar towards them. One day, a certain M. de la Mouricière, doubtless puzzled by his presence, questioned him at too great a length and with too much curiosity, whereupon the child showed his impatience by kicking his indiscreet interlocutor. This time, Mme. de Turpin considered that she ought to put her foot down, so she punished the boy by locking him up "in a room which at the end of the house, looked onto the moat." When the door closed upon him he began to shout a good deal, threatening not only to tear up everything which came within reach but to throw himself out of the window. Soon it looked as though he had decided to be reasonable, for not a sound could be heard. The lady of the château, already somewhat anxious, then told him through the door that she was ready to forgive him if he would apologise to M. de la Mouricière. Receiving no reply, she spoke to him again, but once more without success. It was then that, "seized with fear" at the thought that the prisoner had escaped through the window and fallen into the moat, she opened the door and with her guests rushed into the room. . . . The boy had disappeared. Mme. de Turpin was terrified and her guests entirely lost their heads, but by dint of searching Charles de Turpin, looking under a bed, discovered the little rascal very well satisfied with his vengeance and delighted to have given so much trouble to his benefactress, a trouble which, caused by the simple roguishness of a child, may appear excessive, for the people of those days lived in a state of

perpetual alarm and must have been accustomed to strong emotions.

From one end of the country to the other, in those early months of the Government of the Directory, one heard of nothing else, in fact, but armed robberies, abductions, brigandage, murders, pillage and disappearances. One of these crimes which remained, like so many others, unpunished is connected—as has only recently been discovered—with certain episodes of the complex Louis XVII affair. We have not forgotten, perhaps, that Barras pretended that he had replaced by a substitute and handed to Petitval, the owner of the Château of Vitry-sur-Seine, the child he had found at the Temple on the 10th of Thermidor, thus fulfilling a promise made to the royalist financier in return for his pecuniary assistance when preparing the downfall of Robespierre.[1] Petitval was a perfectly honest and greatly esteemed man and was not known to possess a single enemy. Immensely rich, he assisted "with much generosity and cordiality persons of importance who were in need." He it was, as we have seen, whom Malesherbes, after the death of Louis XVI, had entrusted on the king's orders with the interests of the Dauphin; and in handing over the prisoner to him Barras—it is important to recall the fact—took "necessary precautions to prevent the child being abducted" and stipulated "that he should always remain at the disposal of the Convention."

What happened after Petitval received his "pledge?" Nobody has ever known, and over that sojourn at Vitry there hovers a shadow as dark as that which enveloped the Temple after Simon's departure. We are, therefore, reduced, if not to hypotheses, which would be vain, at least to reasoning, and that silence of Vitry-sur-Seine is explained if the banker recognised that the young guest placed in his hands was not the son of Louis XVI. In

[1] "We had recourse to his purse when it was necessary to prepare the Thermidorian revolution."

THE CHÂTEAU VITRY-SUR-SEINE

From the *Bulletin de la Commission Municipale du Vieux Paris*

that case he would have thought that he had been tricked by Barras, who would have replied by alleging his good faith. He had undertaken to hand over the prisoner of the Temple. Was it his fault if that prisoner were no longer the Dauphin? But a scandal must be avoided; it was not possible that those people, whoever they might be, at whose house the little prince was hidden could conceal him very long. So Petitval agreed to wait. But months passed; the substitute who was at the Temple died; and it became indeed necessary to declare him at the registrar's and bury him under the name of the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Whereupon the banker became indignant. He had received the mission "to establish judicial proof of the substitution and restore to the little King his legal existence," and now in addition it was necessary for him "to endeavour to obtain the cancelling of a death certificate which he declared was a forgery"[1] and this to the advantage of an unknown boy whom the success of his steps would make King of France! As a good royalist, Petitval refused to play this part in a comedy which he considered sacrilegious and to retain in his house the child whom he would certainly not have relinquished if that child had been the Dauphin, in which case the banker would have given proof of loyalty, but would also have shown great imprudence, for the Barrases, the Fouchés, the Rovères, the Talliens, the Frérons—and others—now knew that he was in possession of their secret and feared the probity of this honest accomplice.

These are mere explanations—hazardous ones we must confess of the following brutal fact. On the morning of April 21st, 1796, the inhabitants of the Château of Vitry-sur-Seine did not wake up. They were all dead. Mme. Duchambon, Petitval's mother-in-law, lay in her bed with her throat cut. Two of her lady friends stopping at the château, as well as two lady's maids, had

[1] *Revue historique, loc. cit.* pp. 74-75.

been massacred by sabre cuts, the head of one of them being separated from the body. Petitval's body, with shattered skull, was discovered on a pathway of the park. His *valet-de-chambre* had been struck down on the steps leading to the front door. . . . Altogether "eight or nine persons had perished." Several servants, who had hidden themselves or run away, had survived, including a waiting maid who, wild with terror, had passed through the band of assassins, carrying in her arms a young child, Petitval's son. Nothing had been stolen from the château.

The newspapers mentioned this butchery [1] very summarily, and we should know nothing more on the subject if we did not possess the report of the secret sitting of the Directory [2] at which the causes and circumstances of the murder were discussed. Ah! the five directors had no flattering illusions regarding certain of their former colleagues of the Convention! They agreed in charging with the Vitry-sur-seine assassination the representatives who, after having received Petitval's money, had knowingly lured him on. The banker had threatened to denounce publicly the shameless swindle of which he was the victim. Rewbel stated the matter clearly:—"Petitval has been killed, not only in order to avoid the payment of debts due to him but also in order to seize documents he possessed, and prevent revelations." [3] Moreover, skilful detectives, Dossanville and Asvedo, had known for some time past that "powerful men had decided on the banker's death." [4] The Directors were so little acquainted with the reasons for this slaughter that Barras, giving a few details of the crime, told his colleagues that "the lady's maid who looked after *the child you know* had

[1]Among others the *Gazette Français* of the 5th of Floréal, year IV (April 24th, 1796); the *Publiciste philanthrope,* and the *Journal des Hommes libres.* The incident is related there in a few lines. See also Aulard's *Réaction thermidorienne,* Vol. II, p. 138, where a police report of the 3rd of Floréal is given.

[2]Sitting of the 9th of Floréal (April 28th). *Revue historique.* See note to p. 204.

[3]*Revue historique,* p. 79.

[4]The same, p. 82.

her head cut off." They decided, however, to let justice "follow its course,"—which stopped short before the first enquiries; in such sort that none of the documents of the legal enquiry conducted by the justice of the peace were published and the exact number and names of the victims were kept secret.

As to "*the child you know*," he had left Vitry-sur-Seine perhaps several months before the massacre. There is nothing to show in the dialogue of the Directors that they concerned themselves about either him or the place where he was; in their opinion he was evidently a person of little importance, and this indifference again shows that none of the governors believed in the royal individuality of the guest sheltered for some time past by the unfortunate châtelain of Vitry.

To mention this tragic interlude in the place assigned for it chronologically we have had to turn away from Angrie where the Vicomtesse de Turpin was bringing up the child entrusted to her by the leaders of the royal army. We must admire the indulgent kindness of that noble woman who, despite difficulties of all sorts, occasioned by her delicate situation as conciliator between the belligerents, had undertaken the education of a little stranger so untractable. He was a child "with blue eyes, aquiline nose and fair hair, with a beautiful face and fine blood and slender waist." [1] Notwithstanding these advantages, in consequence of what lack of reasoning did the Vicomtesse, taking so much care over this intruder and occupying herself with him with attentive solicitude, never perceive that he was not of the class of society to which he pretended to belong; how is it that the manners and language of the pupil did not reveal his common origin to his circumspect hostess? Chance alone saw to that. On arriving at the headquarters of the army of

[1]Depositions of Mathieu Hardoux, and of Michael Landais, gendarme at Rouen. See *Louis XVII* by J. de Saint-Leger, pp. 294 and 297.

Anjou, the Chevalier du Vesins, who had recently disembarked from England, learnt that "one of his nephews" was living at the Château of Angrie. He protested that no individual of his name had remained on the Continent; the whole of the de Vesins family had emigrated and was living in London, whence he came. The remark was related to the Vicomtesse de Turpin; but, far from being angry with the imposter and turning him out immediately, "she did not hurry to send him away" and did not even show him her discontent. It was only when the Republican troops approached Angrie that she judged it opportune to remove him from the château. She entrusted the child to a servant named Simon, with instructions that he be taken back to his parents.

It is a good distance from Angrie to Vesins to which Simon proceeded at random,—at least fifteen leagues, and the roads were difficult. Simon was astride a red horse, carrying the little boy behind. They crossed the Loire and on the first night slept at La Pommeraye. The next day they continued on their journey by way of Chemillé. The little rogue persisted in upholding that his father was a lord and pointed out to Simon farms which he pretended belonged to him.[1] But when they arrived at Vesins, the landlord of the Hôtel du Rocher immediately recognised the youngster as Mathurin Bruneau, the son of the village cobbler who had been dead for several years and whose wife was also dead. As it was market day, Simon stood at the entrance to the inn and shouted out, after the manner of a stall-keeper at a fair: "Who would like to claim and recognise this little fellow?" Several curious folk gathered round and informed Simon that a sister of Mathurin was living at Vihiers, a small town two leagues away. Simon went there and found the woman, who immediately recognised the boy and embraced him heartily; but, as she was not rich and could not

[1]Deposition of René Montauban, otherwise called Simon. Archives of the Clerk of the Court of Rouen.

take charge of him, she begged Simon to take him back to the Château of Angrie. The Vicomtesse's servant made up his mind immediately to do so and returned with the child to Mme. de Turpin's. Out of charity she consented to take back the imposter, who as a result of this adventure brought back a name. He was now Mathurin Bruneau, the orphan son of a cobbler of Vesins,[1] and he remained at the château, no longer among the masters, but living with "the servants," until the day when Mme. de Turpin, obliged to flee to escape the invasion of the "Blues" and take refuge with her family in the woods, intrusted Mathurin to one of her keepers with whom, "mingled with the village children," he appeared to her to be in safety.[2]

The sojourn of the pseudo-son of the Baron de Vesins at the Château of Angrie lasted about a year.

In the early decades of the year V, which corresponded to the beginning of October, 1796, a young boy was travelling alone on foot through the Department of the Manche. Stopping at village after village, he prettily asked for hospitality, which was never refused him, and thus made his way stage by stage towards Cherbourg, where, it is believed, he wished to embark. In order to excite the pity of the peasants "he gave himself out to be the descendant of a very distinguished family which, in consequence of the events of the Revolution, had fallen on evil days." [3]—"The features of his face were agreeable. He had long and naturally curly hair, an artless smile, a persuasive tone of voice and, in addition, a great air of dignity and candour." Moreover, he expressed himself with

[1]Declaration of René Montauban, otherwise called Simon. Archives of the Clerk of the Court of Rouen.

[2]Most of the details of this episode were related by Mme. de Turpin when giving evidence later in a court of justice. Archives of the Clerk of the Court of Rouen. See *Louis XVII, Charles de Navarre,* by Mme. J. de Saint-Leger, pp. 269, 319, 320, 339, and other versions of the same incidents, pp. 280, 281, 282.

[3]*Un faux Dauphin dans le departement de la Marne. Jean Marie Hervagault* d'apres des documents inedits—1781-1812 by Gustave Laurent, Châlons-sur-Marne 1899.

ease and appeared to have received some education, but, either because he was not endowed with the skill and prudence indispensable to every imposter, or else because he did not yet know how to play his part, his conduct began to puzzle people, he was reported to the police, and, on his arrival at Cherbourg, was arrested. "A quantity of rich jewels" were found upon him.[1] The little vagabond's description was communicated to all the districts of the Department and thus it was discovered that the child was the son of a tailor of Saint-Lô named René Hervagault, to whom the judicial authorities handed him over without other penalty than a severe reprimand.

René Hervagault was at that time forty years of age. Born at Saint-James, in the diocese of Avranches, he had settled down at Saint-Lô after his marriage with a very pretty girl, Nicole Bigot,[2] whom he had married,

[1]Report of Citizen Chaix, commissioner of the Government to the tribunal of Reims, quoted by G. Laurent.

[2]As one may imagine, this name of Bigot, which appears on the death certificate of the child of the Temple and which we come across again in the case of the family of the first of the "false Dauphins," has raised numerous hypotheses; the one most generally spread was that Hervagault père had handed over, for a good sum of money, to royalist or other conspirators this son whom, for a very good reason, he did not like; that little Hervagault had replaced the Dauphin in the Temple, whilst the young prince took his substitute's place in the Hervagault household; but that Nicole Bigot, not having consented to give up her son without someone near to her watching over him, had requested one of her relatives in Paris—René Bigot—not to lose sight of her child. Thus was explained the unjustified interference of the René Bigot, who appeared at the Temple for the first time in January, 1794. It was then that he brought his nephew to the prison to replace the Dauphin. We again meet René Bigot at the time of the death, when he declares himself the "friend of the deceased," he being placed there in order, later, to be able to attest that the child that had just died was little Hervagault buried under the name of the boy Capet. . . . These suppositions are ingenious, but careful examination obliges us to put them on one side. Nicole Bigot, the daughter of André Bigot and the granddaughter of Claud François Bigot, all peasants of Colombier, Haute-Saône, do not appear to be in any way related to René Bigot, son of Pierre Florent Bigot, and grandson of René Bigot, who were Parisians from father to son. She was certainly neither his sister, nor his niece, nor even his great niece, nor his cousin-german. The only point that appears to establish a very vague and distant connection between these two Bigot families lies in the Christian names of Pierre Florent, under which René's father

it was said, more out of interest than love. Nicole Bigot was not a native of Normandy. Descended from peasants of Franche-Comte,[1] she had been brought, it was believed, to the Bessin by the young Duc de Valentinois, son of the Seigneur de Torigny, who had known her at Versailles where she had been a lace-maker. According to tradition long credited in the district, this nobleman, anxious to provide for his mistress, who was about to become a mother, had married her to one of the numerous dependents of Torigny, René Hervagault, who having served in the French guards under the nickname of *La Jeunesse*, scorned the prejudices common to backward peasants of his province. Appearances, moreover, were saved by his prompt consent. The marriage was celebrated in Paris at the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois on February 24th, 1781; the child was inscribed for baptism, at Saint Lô, under the names of Jean Marie on September 20th of the same year, a minimum but sufficient delay at which no one had strictly the right to be scandalized; inasmuch as five other children followed in a few years, although the Duc de Valentinois had long since ceased to take an interest in their mother.

It was this little Jean Marie Hervagault who, in 1796, when fifteen years of age, deserted the parental roof. Did a taste for adventure induce him to undertake this escapade? Did he note a marked preference on the part of Hervagault *père* for his other children? Can we suppose that, through an indiscretion, he had become acquainted with the rumours formerly circulated on the sub-

is designated and which are somewhat similar to those of one of Nicole's uncles, who was named Pierre Laurent. Moreover, to find there an indication of some relationship we should have to admit an error of wording, fairly frequent, it is true, in the eighteenth century, in the drawing up of the certificate. We also observe that René Hervagault's marriage with Nicole Bigot, neither of whom were inhabitants of Paris, took place at Saint Germain l'Auxerrois; and it was also in this parish that René Bigot was married three years before. But these coincidences, due purely to chance, perhaps, are not indications of relationship.

[1]She was born at Colombier near Vesoul, on August 28th, 1757.

ject of his birth. There are many riddles at the beginning of his adventures, and although it has been claimed that their mystery has been penetrated, all, as we shall see, have not been solved. One must first of all point out that singular carelessness of the tailor Hervagault as regards the eldest of his children. Jean Marie was evidently looked after but little; he was hardly happy in his father's house, since he departed from it so easily and so willingly. Hardly had the departmental gendarmerie brought him back to Saint-Lô than he escaped again, this time directing his steps towards Calvados, in the hope, perhaps, of reaching Trouville and Havre. He had obtained—where?—girl's clothes, but confided to every comer that he had adopted this disguise in order the better to put people off the track and facilitate his passage to England. At the Châteaux where he called he said he was the son of the Duc d'Ursel, son-in-law of the King of Portugal; elsewhere he claimed that his father was the Prince of Monaco, which tends to prove that someone—perhaps the mother—had revealed to him the secret of his birth.[1] The surprising thing was his knowledge of the names and matrimonial unions of the highest nobility of France. Soon he left it be understood that ties of relationship united him to Louis XVI, Queen Marie Antoinette and Joseph II of Austria. . . . He received a hearty welcome everywhere; he was assisted, furnished with subsidies, and thus he reached Hotot, in the district of Ange. There he was arrested, taken before a Justice of the Peace, and sent to the prison of Bayeux, where Hervagault *père*, informed of his incarceration came to claim him and bring him back to Saint-Lô. This was in the spring of 1797.[2]

Although the magistrates advised the tailor to keep a sharp eye on his son, the latter had no liking at all for the narrow and monotonous life of the paternal house-

[1]The Duc de Valentinois, *châtelain* of Torigny, was, as is known, the Prince of Monaco.

[2]He was arrested on the 26th of Ventôse, year V (March 16th, 1797).

hold, and at the beginning of 1798 we find him again *en route*. He was wearing an old blue coat, ample trousers *à la hongroise*, and *sabots*. His intention, perhaps, was to get to the Vendée, for he first of all reached Laval; but the difficulty of entering those western regions, which were closely watched, made him decide to take the Alençon road. On reaching that place, without resources, he knocked at the door of a lady named Talon de Lacombe, who lived alone in a property at Joncherets, at a distance of half a league from the town. He introduced himself under the name of Montmorency and said he was on his way to Dreux, where the Château of his family, dispersed by the Revolution, stood. As he was exhausted with fatigue and without a crown in his pocket, Mme. de Lacombe overcome with pity, gave him shelter and invited him to remain with her until he had recovered his strength. She supplied him with linen, clothes, money and treated him as a distinguished guest. Jean Marie played his part with the most convincing ease and assurance. Every evening in the home of his generous hostess, surrounded by neighbouring château owners attracted by the presence of this heir of one of the most illustrious names in France, he related with touching minuteness of detail the misfortunes of his noble family. His manners were distinguished, his tone so sincere, his physiognomy so captivating, and he slipped so generously into the hand of the groom who saddled his horse or the servant who waited on him at table one of the *louis d'or* given him by the good lady, that nobody doubted his illustrious origin. Mme. de Lacombe, seeing him re-established, expressed a desire to take him herself as far as the family château and hand him over to his parents. He raised no objections and on reaching Dreux with his benefactress began to seek and make enquiries everywhere. But nobody could give him any information. They knew the name of Montmorency only through a recollection of the Constable killed in 1562 at a famous battle, whereupon Mme. de

Lacombe, realising that she had been duped, abandoned her *protégé* and sadly retraced her steps to Alençon, "regretting the loss of forty *louis d'or* which the alleged Montmorency had obtained through her too ready generosity." [1]

Hervagault continued his journey. He crossed Paris without being noticed, and in the first fortnight of May we find him at Meaux, penniless, for he was not a hoarder. Wandering through the streets of the town in search of a charitable soul he found it in the person of a tradeswoman, Mère la Ravine, who was setting up her stall on the fair ground. The young vagabond's good looks, the pretty suit of striped nankeen which he owed to the generosity of Mme. de Lacombe, and his air of discreet melancholy interested the itinerant trader, to whom he related a fresh romance. With the four *louis* which she gave him in his pocket, he went immediately and reserved a seat in the Strasbourg mail coach which was to pass through Meaux in the evening. The next morning, May 24th (the 5th of Prairial, year V), he arrived at the Châlons stage, had breakfast served him and got back into the coach with purse absolutely empty.

After travelling for half an hour, he asked that the coach be stopped as he wished to get down. There was nothing unusual in such a request in those days of interminable journeys. Perotte, the driver of the coach, agreed to draw up, whereupon the young traveller stepped down and reached a neighbouring hedge, behind which he disappeared. Soon the postilions lost patience. Perotte called out but received no reply. The occupants of the coach had also got out and began to search among the bushes, commenting on the disappearance of the young boy, whose prettiness and modesty had charmed them. They called to him in all directions; shouted that they could not wait any longer and that they would leave him

[1] *Histoire des deux faux Dauphins* by Alphonse de Beauchamp, 1818 p. 60.

there. . . . Absolute silence reigned. There was nothing else for them to do but to get back into their seats and start off again, and soon the coach disappeared in the direction of Vitry-le-François, then called "Vitry-sur-Marne.

When the vehicle was out of sight Hervagault left his hiding place and, wandering about the country, thus reached the Marne and directed his steps towards a hamlet standing at the foot of the slopes on one side of the river. The place was Mairy, at a distance of two leagues from Châlons. To the first peasant he met he declared that he was without shelter and was frightened to spend the night in the fields. The man examined him, was taken with his timid appearance, and agreed to lodge him if he would be content to share the bed of a young labourer. But Hervagault received this proposal with disgust and asked insolently "for whom he took him and if he had the air of living with valets?" The astonished villager thought the boy was insane and went and told his story to the Justice of the Peace of Cernon. The *garde champêtre* was put on his track and the same evening the adventurer was arrested. As he refused to answer the questions asked him, he was sent the next day to Châlons and imprisoned.[1]

At his first examination he assumed a mysterious tone, declaring that he was thirteen years of age but maintaining silence regarding his birthplace and the object of his journey. However, as the magistrate insisted on knowing at least his name, the child showed impatience and muttered: "you have sought enough. You'll learn it only too soon!" They had to be content with this vague declaration. The Minister of Police, informed of the incident, ordered the insertion "in the principal newspapers" [2]

[1]We are here following Hérelle, Alphonse de Beauchamp, and Gustave Laurent, whose narratives having been written in accordance with the judicial documents, differ but slightly.

[2]Newspapers of Champagne or Paris? No trace has been found of this insertion, which G. Laurent places in June, 1798.

of a notice that in the prison at Châlons was "a young boy who stated he was *aged about thirteen and who did not appear* to be older." The note continued to describe the prisoner's costume and to point out that "his conversation revealed more than an ordinary education." Nothing resulted, however, from this publication and the prisoner remained nameless. Here we have a first stumbling block in this apparently fairly clear episode. The son of the tailor of Saint-Lô, born in September, 1781, was approaching, in June, 1798, the end of his seventeenth year. Now, the Châlons adventurer did not appear to be more than thirteen and he was not therefore the son of the tailor Hervagault. We are surprised that the attention of none of his historians has been arrested by this difficulty. Is it not apparent that it compromises the probability of the whole narrative of adventurers? For if we can readily admit that a child inspires interest and reaps the benefit of his weakness, it is not the same in the case of a completely formed youth, perhaps already bearded, capable in any case of earning his living, and consequently we can explain neither the indulgence of the Bayeux magistrate, nor the passion of Mme. de Lacombe, nor the singular generosity of Mère Ravine, nor the deference of the commissioner of Châlons, nor so many other marks of attachment which the little wanderer received wherever he went. At the prison where he was he again inveigled everybody. Mme. Vallet, the wife of the doorkeeper and her daughter Catherine, specially charged to look after him,—he was, then, indeed, a child—declared him "charming." A week had hardly elapsed since the beginning of his detention when there arrived a box, addressed to the unknown boy by an anonymous sender,—a box containing choice eatables, a watch and "a magnificent silver service," which the captive was authorized to use, and which he received like a person long accustomed to the luxury of silver plate. He showed himself, moreover, to be very "refined." He required fine linens, could not

bear to sleep for two nights running in the same sheets and as they could refuse him nothing those on his bed were changed every day. He ordered clothes from Hyacinthe, the tailor of the town and was obligingly supplied with them. At the apothecary Melchiors he had soon run up an account for two hundred francs for *eaux de toilette.* He had no money, but with a prodigality which seemed natural to him he did not spend any the less, and his jailor paid for him. In a few weeks this honest man had advanced for his prisoner 2400 *livres,*—delighted, moreover, to contribute to the well-being of this engaging boarder. Never before had such squandering been seen in a prison—unless it was at the Temple in August, 1792, when, destitute of everything, the royal family was installed there. . . .

Then this extraordinary thing happened. The prisoner, asked to declare who his parents were, carelessly stated his name to be Louis Antoine Joseph Frederic de Longueville, the son of the late Marquis de Longueville, Lord of Beuzeville and other places; and whilst the magistrate was making in Normandy an enquiry which lasted for two months and was of course fruitless,[1] a flash of light illuminated the minds of a few citizens of Châlons overwhelmed by the confession of the interesting prisoner who was the talk of the whole town. *Louis* was the name of the last King of France, Antoine recalled that of the poor Queen, Joseph evoked the recollection of the brother of Antoinette, Frederic was the name of the Philosopher-king. The child was assuredly of illustrious birth. Might he not be the son of Louis XVI, whose death had formerly given rise to so many legends? From hypothesis they quickly passed to certainty. The mischievous prince claimed a Norman origin. This, without betraying the secret of his august rank, was an allusion to the title of

[1]Despatches of the 24th, 25th, and 29th of Fructidor and of the 2nd supplementary day of the year VI. Vitry files. Quoted by G. Laurent.

"Duke of Normandy," which he had borne in his early years. People discussed, became excited, grew heated. Mystery and adventure exercise a powerful charm over all minds! They went to the prison to study the features of young Longueville; examined his gait and gestures; and came to the conclusion that he was certainly a Bourbon. That is how, through the conviction of a few "behind the scenes," Père Vallet's boarder was promoted to the rank of King of France, and how the rumour spread in Châlons.

"De Joas conservé l'étonnante merveille." [1]

But Joas persisted in keeping silent. He did not pretend to be the Dauphin, but he did not undeceive any of those who attributed that personality to him. The "initiates," as his partisans called themselves, dispensed with his confession and surrounded him with attentions and homage. A leading tradeswoman, Mme. Saignes,[2] of a romantic turn of mind, despite her more than ordinary corpulence, her red hair, little eyes and big nose, appointed herself his chamberlain and major-domo. She transformed the "prince's" cell into a "little palace," furnished with her finest furniture and hung with tapestries. She acted as his governess and even servant. It was she who persuaded the doorkeeper to release the prisoner, who, dressed as a girl and charming in that borrowed costume, went for walks with Catherine Vallet under the quincunxes of the Jard. It was also Mme. Saignes who, in ambiguous words, spread the astonishing history among all her customers and recruited a court of faithful subjects for the anonymous king. Among the most assiduous were a lady named Felix, M. and Mme. Jacobé de Rambécourt, M. Adnet, a notary, Mlle. Jacobé de

[1] See Racine's *Athalie*. Joas, a royal child saved by a miracle from a cruel death and brought up secretly in the Temple by the high priest Joad.—Translator's note.

[2] Pierette-Julie, divorced wife of Pierre Joseph Saignes, hairdresser. Mme. Saignes, who, in 1798, was 48 years of age, was established at Châlons as a furniture dealer and upholsterer.

Vienne and Jacobé de Pringy, M. de Torcy, M. Jacquier-Lemoine and also a former bodyguard of Louis XVI, M. de Beurnonville. When the conversation of these courtiers deviated towards the tragic past and revolutionary catastrophes, large tears which he had difficulty in withholding were seen to form in the child's beautiful eyes. On the advent of the *fête des Morts* he distributed alms, asking for prayers "for his father who had died on the scaffold of the Terror" and when, on a certain day a blunderer took it into his head to recall in his presence the punishment meted out to Marie Antoinette he made a gesture of despair, burst into tears and fled into the next room.

The magistrates of Châlons were in a terrible dilemma. Dondeau, the Minister of Police, worried them incessantly. "I should have thought," he wrote, "that with a little attention, it ought not to have been difficult to make a young boy, little familiar with dissimulation of judicial forms, speak." [1] To finish with the matter he demanded the child's "exact age" and his exact description,[2] and a few weeks later he triumphantly announced that the mystery was unveiled. Thanks to the particulars communicated, he had discovered, the father of the prisoner of Châlons,—namely, a poor tailor of Saint-Lô named Hervagault, who declared that he was ready to take back his son if only the gendarmerie would undertake to hand him on from brigade to brigade as far as Caen.

We should scruple to complicate an imbroglio in itself sufficiently troubling; but we cannot help asking ourselves how it was that Père Hervagault, on learning that a child of thirteen and a half years, dressed in a nankeen suit, had been arrested at Châlons, was able to guess that it was his son, then in his eighteenth year.

[1] Letter of the 27th of Vendéniare, year VII. Quoted by St. Laurent.

[2] The 21st of Brumaire, year VII. *Journal de la Manche* of the 19th of Sept., 1906: *Un aventurier saint-lois* by Léon Gosset. Written in accordance with documents of the case and local narratives.

and who had left Saint-Lô enveloped in an old blue great-coat. Nor can we discern by what method the Minister—unless he was endowed with double sight, which was certainly not so in the case of Dondeau—came to address himself precisely to Saint-Lô in order to decide on the identity of a child imprisoned in the Marne. Had he then made enquiries at all the Police Commissaries in France?—or else had Père Hervagault, on his part, undertaken some researches which attracted the attention of the authorities? No, most certainly not, otherwise we should find trace of them either in the local archives or in those of the Ministry. The intervention of the Saint-Lô tailor appeared at first so ill-founded that the Minister put the magistrate of Châlons on his guard against a probable collusion.[1] Meanwhile, an order was given to take care that the prisoner was "closely watched."

Now, no complaint had been laid against him. He had wronged nobody. His purveyors refused to be paid. The apothecary Melchior benevolently abandoned the sums due to him, "because," he said, "this young man has a good character." Hyacinthe, who had supplied his clothes, and Mme. Saignes, who had furnished his cell, declared that they could not recollect the amount of their expenses; whilst the doorkeeper, Vallet, would not claim a *decime* of the 2400 *livres* he had advanced, declaring that he would always retain "great friendship" [2] for his prisoner. Vallet was dismissed and lost his situation on account of this fine action, certainly unique in penitential annals. As to the others, on learning that "their prince" was the son of a little Norman tailor, after a brief period of fright, they felt their faith in his royal origin redouble. It was perfectly clear to them that the Dauphin, having escaped from the Temple, had been replaced in his prison

[1] "The claim of the tailor Hervagault," wrote the Minister, "does not offer a sufficient guarantee to consider the prisoner as his son. It is necessary for this alleged father to justify in the best manner, both by documents and by witnesses, the individual he claims is his son." Vitry file, quoted by G. Laurent.

[2] *Journal de la Manche, loc. cit.* Article by M. Léon Gosset.

by another child whose personality the son of Louis XVI must have adopted, Hervagault, be it so. In future they would not name "the prince" otherwise and this incarnation, humiliating though it might be, would surely protect him against the dangers which threatened the descendants of kings. And all the "initiates" agreed in considering the apathy of the tailor of Saint-Lô, who for six to seven months had resigned himself so easily to his son's disappearance, as surprising. Astonishment—and conviction increased when it was learned that the letters addressed by this heedless father to his child who at last had been found were written "in an almost respectful tone." [1] However, this intervention satisfied the judicial authorities. The prisoner, confessing that he was the son of the tailor, nothing more remained to be done than to obtain the father's formal recognition. The Correctional Tribunal decided on the 13th of Pluviôse, year VII (Feb. 1st, 1799) to postpone judgment until the day when "the individuality" of the prisoner was sufficiently established and Jean Marie Hervagault was handed over to the gendarmes to be taken to Saint-Lô. On the day of his departure he was to be seen consoling his faithful supporters who, in tears, had gathered in front of the prison door. He set off abundantly provided with money. It was learnt that at the first halting place he treated the escort royally and, "judging from the welcome he received all along the road, one would have thought that his arrival at all the places he passed had been announced." [2] Two months later he reappeared at Châlons. Père Hervagault having signed the declaration of recognition with docility, and the Tribunal of the Marne condemned Jean Marie to one month's imprisonment.

At the expiration of his sentence he was again directed towards the chief town of the Manche. But he did not get as far as that, for at Guiberville, not far from

[1] G. Laurent, p. 30.
[2] The same, p. 36.

Torigny, he was arrested on a charge of again attempting to swindle and taken to Vire, where,—tried without incident, but with severity, he was condemned to two years' imprisonment. Regarding this new and long imprisonment we have little information, at least if we keep to authentic documents. From certain and rather suspicious testimony, it would appear that the Marquise de Tourzel, informed of the sojourn at Vire of the false Dauphin, took an interest in him and, curious to know him if not personally nor even in effigy, but according to a precise description, asked for this description.[1] Allusion has even been made to letters sent by the former governess of the children of the King of France to the young prisoner of Vire and to his replies in which he gave a favourable account of the progress of his literary education. This is negligible gossip. More authentic are the relations kept up between Hervagault (the name by which we will henceforth call him) and his followers of Châlons. Mme. Saignes, especially, signalised herself by her ardent zeal, striving to "moderate the severity of imprisonment by the amenity of her correspondence." All the gifts collected for the unfortunate "Dauphin" were transmitted by her "religiously," [2] and when, in the summer of 1801, the day of liberation approached Mme.

[1]The following is the text of this description as reproduced in Gruan de la Barre's *Les intrigues dévoilées,* Vol. I, p. 536, and in which everything bids us to accept it only under reserve: "Description of Louis Charles of France (?) set down in the prison of Vire, September 10th, 1800: age about fifteen; height about five feet; light chestnut hair, large, well formed and well marked eyebrows, darker than the hair; prominent, bright and very beautiful eyes; well formed nose, average forehead and mouth; small dimpled chin; a mole at the corner of the right ear . . . a scar under the right eyebrow caused by the operation performed on M. Louis at the prison of Châlons (?), another small scar between the nose and upper lip; on the middle of the right leg, in the small part of the calf, on the right side, a shield-like impression bearing in the middle three *fleurs de lys* above the royal crown and around them the initial letters of the Christian names of M. Louis, his father, his mother and his aunt Elizabeth. In addition, face slightly marked with smallpox." At the bottom of this document were the words "For Mme. de Tourzel."

[2]Alphonse de Beauchamp, p. 67.

Saignes, in order that the poor child should avoid finding himself again exposed without assistance to the hazards and risks of a life of adventure, secretly took the road to Vire to receive her prince at the very door of the prison. Another "initiate" of Châlons, Citizen Peudefer, offered to assist her in this honourable mission; but in order not to awaken suspicion, he reached the capital of the Normandy Bocage by another road. At last Hervagault was in their arms. They carried him off, comforting him and assuring him of the fidelity of his friends of the Marne. Five days later he reached Châlons with his bodyguard. It was thought prudent not to enter the town during the day, so they waited until nightfall to reach Mme. Saignes' house where a reception had been prepared. Acclamations, homage, the kissing of hands and revelry followed. The triumphant Mme. Saignes overflowed with joy and incessantly repeated: "Ah! I told you it was the—There he is!"

The—meant "the King of France," but it was agreed the words should never be uttered. It was necessary to act with great prudence in order not to awaken the sleepy suspicions of the authorities and especially the animosity of the ex-member of the convention and regicide Batelier, who had become Commissioner of the Directory to the Tribunal of Vitry and remained an ardent champion of the revolutionary idea.[1] Once in possession of the "desired object," Hervagault's trusty followers sought a comfortable place of refuge at the house of some personage sufficiently important to be able, through his position, to protect him against the annoyances of the

[1]See a complaint of the General Council of the Commune of Vitry against Batelier. *Moniteur.* Reprint, Vol. XXV, p. 370. It looks as though certain peculiarities of the Hervagault affair had their origin in "parish squabbles," and a close study of the antagonism between the Royalist society of Vitry and the ex-member of the Convention would perhaps explain the ardour shown in defending and attacking the pseudo-Dauphin. It is to be noticed that, under the empire, Batelier remained on duty. He appears in the *Almanach de l'an XIII* as Imperial Attorney General to the Tribunal of Vitry.

police. M. Jacobé de Rambécourt, a wealthy landowner at Vitry, asked for the honour to receive him—thus procuring the satisfaction of setting at defiance the Jacobin Batelier in his own jurisdiction. Allied to the noble families of the Perthois, M. de Rambécourt, a former equerry and lord of Clauseret, had been a member, in 1789, of the assembly of the nobility, at the time of the convocation of the States General. At Vitry he possessed a large mansion, where the young King could worthily wait for his approaching enthronement. M. de Rambécourt, accompanied by a lady called Michel, esteemed at Vitry for her Royalist feelings, went to Châlons to fetch "the French Telemachus" (one can have no idea of the number of metaphors under which the prince's incognito was hidden), and bring him back to Vitry, where an apartment in the Rambécourt mansion had been got ready for him.

Hervagault was entertained there "with as much profusion as elegance," and his sudden adaptation to this ceremonial, to which for some time past he had appeared to be accustomed, still further strengthened the faith of his followers, who, however, had no need of this additional proof. The Court was composed, in addition to M. and Mme. Jacobé de Rambécourt, of M. and Mlle. Peudefer, the ladies Saignes and Félix of Châlons, M. de Torcy, son of the deputy of the Marne on the Council of the Five Hundred, and the other supporters already mentioned. On the 6th of Fructidor, year IX, on the eve of the anniversary of Saint-Louis, the King's fête was celebrated at Pringy at Mme. Jacobé's. Hervagault was presented with a magnificent bouquet, which he deigned to accept amidst cries of joy and gratitude from the whole weeping assembly. According to the testimony of M. de Beurnonville, the ex-guardsman, it was at this meeting that, solicited by his partisans, His Majesty consented to prove his royal identity. One of them, having lived in Rome at the time of the emigration, had heard it related that the Dauphin, after his escape from the Temple, was

taken to the Eternal City, where the Holy Father Pius VI, in order to be able to find him again in case of fresh adventures, "placed upon his leg, in the presence of twenty cardinals, a mark by means of which the son of the King of France might in the future distinguish himself from eventual imposters,"—a strange method of recognition and a very improbable episode which we find, without being able to know the reason, in the narrative of the majority of the false Louis XVIIths. Hervagault listened to the anecdote with a smile on his lips and, as they implored him to put their unanimous anguish to an end, he kindly consented to undo the buckle of his right garter, pull down his silk stocking and show the imprint of the shield of France which he bore "below the articulation of the right knee." [1] Although this was not "a proof," for, if he were a circumspect deceiver, Hervagault had had ample time to tattoo himself during his imprisonment at Vire. The "initiates" declared it was marvellous and contemplated with rapture "that holy mark placed by the infallible hand of the Vicar of God!" It is extraordinary how blind and hostile to all criticism convictions are when based on sentiment, and this was clearly seen on the day when the Dauphin of Vitry consented to relate his eventful life from the day of his incarceration in the Temple until his arrival on the banks of the Marne. It was at a *soirée* at the house of the notary Adnet, a friend of M. Claude Jacquier, whose house, "one of the most sumptuous residences of Vitry, situated in the Rue Pavée, Hervagault occupied after his return from Prigny. He was treated there with the etiquette of Versailles, important personalities of the town counting themselves fortunate in being able to render him "the humblest services," which he accepted without either haughtiness or disdain but with complacent dignity. Now, as the notary, at the request of his numerous guests had taken the liberty of imploring Monseigneur to relate his departure from

[1] *Gazette des Tribunaux,* September, 1847. See the description, p. 296, note.

the Temple and what happened to him afterwards, the supposed Dauphin launched into a narrative, "invented with art," which, it must be hoped, has not been handed down to us textually, otherwise we should be justified in judging the audacious bragging of the narrator as severely as the ignorant patience of his audience.[1] There is mention in it of Simon and his wife, "debased with blood and wine, and whose disgusting mouth uttered nothing but obscenities"; of a devoted nurse who attended the young prince at the Temple itself, of daily interviews with his sister, "when they reunited to him at meal and play times." Not a word, on the other hand, about the six months' isolation which elapsed between Simon's departure and the 9th of Thermidor. We hear of an unknown man "dressed as a sailor" and of M. de Frotté "armed to the teeth" carrying off the child in a washerwoman's basket, the arrival at Charette's camp, then a sojourn with the King of England, the journey to Rome, the extravagant welcome of the Pope, who impressed his indelible mark on the knee of the young prince, who, henceforth certain not to lose himself, went to the Court of Spain and was engaged (he was eleven years of age!) to a widow Princess Bénédictine, the Queen's sister. Nine sovereign princes, whose ambassadors hastened to Lisbon, recognised him King of France and formed a league on behalf of his cause. Then came a journey to Berlin and the return to France, whither the son of Louis XVI was summoned by the Clichy Committee. Surprised by the *coup d'etat* of the 18th of Fructidor (and still dressed in feminine apparel!) he wandered from town to town as far as Cherbourg. . . . We know the remainder. And this scenario of a newspaper serial, in which everything is higgledy-piggledy,—chronology, historical events and even probability, was set forth in fine language, sprinkled with grandiloquent phrases dear to the style of the period,

[1]This narrative is reproduced by Beauchamp. *Histoire de deux faux Dauphins,* pp. 75 and following.

such as "Ah! delightful banks of the Tagus on which the seven hills arise! . . . Magnificent palace of the Quélus! It was within thy walls that I first knew love! Heaven, what happy recollections flock to my inflamed imagination! Ah, too modest Bénédictine!" . . . No, it is impossible that, having submitted to this piece of eloquence, the "initiates" of Vitry felt themselves "a prey, no longer merely to enthusiasm but to fanaticism," and declared that he was indeed Charles Louis de Bourbon, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette of Austria. Hervagault had, up to then, given too great a proof of skill and tact to have compromised by a rhapsody of that kind the position he had acquired.

It is curious to point out that, in the case of all those who gave themselves out to be "escaped Dauphins,"—and there were a great number of them, no fewer than thirty,—the stumbling block was always the recital of the circumstances of their abduction and the peripetias which followed. Concerning those important events, not one of them was able to supply a version which agreed even approximately with what history tells us. The part, at least at the outset, was, however, easy to play, since it sufficed to say: "I do not know." Hervagault, who appeared on the stage before all the others, had only to maintain silence to receive applause; his audience furnished him with his replies in profusion; consequently it is probable that the speech summarised above was never delivered. At the time Hervagault was living in Champagne there was published in Paris a novel—without value, moreover—entitled *Le cimetière de la Madeleine*, by Regnault-Warin, to which the false Louis XVIIths of the future were imprudently to go for their documentation, for the theme of the story was the escape of the son of Louis XVI, then a new but dangerous subject, as the printer of the work found when he saw his forms broken up by the police of the Consulate and when he heard the doors of the Temple prison close upon him and the author,

that prison which the latter had thus an opportunity of visiting, which he had never done before, although he speaks a good deal about it in the incriminated publication.[1] The book must have aroused considerable curiosity, since, in proportion as the clandestine editions were seized, its vogue increased.[2] Did a copy reach Vitry? Did Hervagault have an opportunity to read it? That is possible. But he would have committed a great error in borrowing from this purely imaginary work, which contemporaries appear to have accepted as the most authentic of histories. Hervagault, in fact, possessed over his successors the undoubted advantage of having been the one they tried to copy but who imitated nobody. His youthfulness, physical appearance, roguishness, heedlessness and even reticence brought him more partisans than long speeches would have done. Moreover, so little acquainted with the events of the Revolution as the generality of French people then were, these Royalists of Champagne, by harbouring the Pretender, knew they were risking if not the scaffold at least deportation. They must have had, to believe in the illustrious origin of their feted guest, other motives than the tattooing of the royal knee or the love for the "too modest Bénédictine." The Pretender, on his part, possessed other and more convincing arguments: the strange conduct of his pretended father, the tailor of Saint Lô, who, as though he had been forced to it, had come to Cherbourg to fetch him at the time of his first escapade; who had never thought of going to Vire to take him back after his two years' imprisonment; who took no further interest in his lot and kept quiet, since the authorities no longer required him to take action. He was able, above all, to argue from his age—sixteen years in 1801, instead of twenty, which the true Hervagault would have been, and nobody on that

[1]See at the beginning of the third volume of his *Cimetière de la Madeleine* a preface in which the author relates his quarrels with the Consular police.

[2]See Tourneux, *Bibliographie*, Vol. III, No. 12437.

point would have contradicted him, for, in that summer at Vitry, his physiognomy was still so "childish" that, when the young boy walked through the streets of the town, escorted by M. Jacobé de Rambécourt, respectful and full of attention towards his pleasing companion, the passers-by took him to be a "young lady disguised," and the reputation of the austere nobleman even somewhat suffered.

There now came on the scene an unexpected personage: Citizen Charles Lafont-Savine, ex-bishop of Viviers. Descended from a family of the old nobility, he had been brought up by his mother, a Castellane, "an ardent, witty and frivolous woman," who recommended the reading of *Emile* and the *Contrat social* to this favourite child, who was intended, however, for the Church.[1] First of all Vicar-general of the bishopric of Mende and then at Laon, Lafont de Savine had, at thirty-six years of age, in 1778, been consecrated bishop of Viviers. He united to his extensive knowledge an astonishing memory, a gift for languages and eloquence, and a very clear mind "when he did not devote his attention to the objects of his successive infatuations."[2]

His episcopal palace, situated on the bank of the Rhone, was one of the finest in France. He had populated its gardens with nightingales and golden-crested wrens; his pack of hounds was renowned; his worldly magnificence rivalled that of the Rohans and the Dillons. Was it in order not to leave this comfortable existence that, elected in 1789 deputy to the States General, Mgr. de Savine resigned after ten days,[3] and that, later, he was one of the

[1]Simon Brugal *Le schisme constitutionnel dans l'Ardèche.* Lafont de Savine.

[2]*Biographie moderne ou Galerie historique civile, militaire . . .* 1816.

[3]*Moniteur.* Introduction. Reprint, Vol. XXXII, p. 613.

four French prelates who submitted to the Civil Constitution of the clergy? He took the oath in his chair at the Cathedral and consequently maintained in his diocese, carried out both the duties of constitutional bishop and those of the Administrator of the Department. It was then that he began to show eccentricities. Taking off his cassock for the uniform of a National Guard, organising patriotic balls in his palaces and permitting his priests to marry, he at the same time, one must admit, used the influence of his popularity to shield numerous unsworn ecclesiastics from demagogic wrath. He gave full rein to his humanitarian reveries. On account of his incoherent genius, he was nicknamed "the Jean Jacques of the Clergy." His charity and philanthropy never abated, but this did not prevent him, after Thermidor, being brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal [1] which acquitted and conferred upon him a *satisfecit*. But, having abdicated his dignity and being without resources, he settled down in Paris and obtained a post at the Arsenal Library.

This ex-bishop of the Ardèche was living, then, among books and learned men,[2] satisfied with his lot. But, in spite of his downfall, he had remained a nobleman and a good Frenchman. The thought that this little Duke of Normandy, whom he had seen at Court and whose birth

[1] *Tribunal révolutionnaire.* Sitting of the 21st of Vendémiaire, year III (October 12, 1794) "Charles Lafont-Savine . . . appointed administrator of the Department, Bishop since 1778, was the first founder of patriotic societies; did his best to propagate the republic spirit; only left his bishopric in consequence of a decree of the National Convention and when requested to do so." *National Archives,* Y. 466, No. 235. Wallon. *Journal du Tribunal révolutionnaire,* Vol. VI, p. 208.

[2] The amount of the librarian's salary was very irregular. From Ventôse to Prairial, year III, Savine received 150 *livres* a month, in Messidor and Thermidor 300 *livres* and in Fructidor 833 *livres;* in Germinal, year IV, he "touched" 1500 *livres* for the first fortnight and 84 *livres* 13 *sous* for the second. The figures increasing or diminishing according to whether payment was made in cash or in *assignats.* Savine's salary from Prairial, year IV, became regularly 88 *livres* 6 *sous* and 8 *deniers.* Information supplied by M. Henri Martin, curator of the Arsenal Library.

had formerly inspired him to an eloquent mandate [1] had died in isolation, worn out at ten years of age by want and lack of care troubled the misled prelate to such an extent that his conscience was haunted by a sort of remorse. Into his heart, liberated from the past, the King entered before God. Either because Savine refused to believe that wretched end possible or because his perspicacity told him that the precautions taken to publish whilst hiding it were suspicious, he undertook a personal enquiry, and, thanks to the connections which his diversified life had not failed to create for him in all classes of society, he succeeded in questioning the surgeons whom the Committee of General Safety had ordered to perform the autopsy on the prisoner of the Temple. They did not hide from him "that they had indeed opened the body of a child but had not recognised that child to be the son of the former King Louis XVI.[2]

Evidently he did not content himself with that single detail and must have collected other information, for his conviction was absolute when, in the autumn of 1789, he learnt (perhaps through the notice inserted in the newspapers by order of the minister) that the Châlons prisoner detained was a child whose age—thirteen years—corresponded with the date of the prince's birth and whose description agreed with the portrait and descriptions of the young King. Savine immediately resigned his post as librarian [3] and hastened to Châlons, where, on calling upon the prisoner, he immediately and without hesitation recognised him as the surviving Dauphin. Savine no longer appeared on the books of the Arsenal Library after the end of Nivôse, year V. There and then he appointed himself as Hervagault's councillor. It was due to him alone, it seems, that the "initiates" of Châlons came to understand that the prince was unable, without exposing

[1] Abbé Sicard. *L'ancien clergé de France,* Vol. I, p. 222.
[2] *National Archives,* F[7], 6312. Examination of Lafont-Savine.
[3] Abbé Sicard, *loc. cit.*

himself to fresh tortures, to claim his august name; that of Hervagault, to which a still confused intrigue bound him, would serve him as a protection against man's malignity: if he rejected it, it would mean a State prison, secrecy, poison . . . and Savine repeated to his dear prince "Monseigneur, you are Hervagault, or you will die!" The ex-bishop did not limit his good offices to that piece of advice: it was he who proposed to undertake the prisoner's education, to prepare him for ascending the throne some day; he would be his professor and guide; he would give him lessons in Latin, literature, history and, for the first time since his abjuration, he proposed to open a catechism, an orthodox catechism[1] in order that Simon's former pupil, who had forgotten his prayers, might be educated in the faith of his ancestors. There is not doubtless in French history a fact more revelatory of the formidable moral disorders of the social confusion occasioned by the Revolution that this almost unknown episode of a lost child being welcomed as a king by a few provincials, fashioned for the "duties of the crown" by a notorious democrat, and instructed in the religion of his predecessors, those most Christian monarchs, by an excommunicated renegade.

After reappearing at his library[2] for six months, Savine, in 1801, returned to Hervagault at Vitry and prepared him for his first communion. He obtained for him various works on the Revolution,[3] prepared a programme of studies and resumed the Latin lessons. It is astonishing to see this prelate, who had formerly known the Court and its staff, conversing about things of the past with a

[1]Abbé Sicard, *loc. cit.*

[2]From Prairial, year IX, to Ventôse, year X, Savine, who lived "in the first courtyard of the Arsenal," was employed in sorting the books from the literary depositories of the Cordeliers and of Louis-la-Culture. Information communicated by M. Henrî Martin, Curator of the Arsenal Library.

[3]Alphonse de Beauchamp.

youth whom he thought was the son of Louis XVI and still be undeceived after those reiterated exchanges of common recollections. On the contrary, his faith in the prince's personality increased daily. The Abbé Barret, "the chaplain" and consequently the confessor of the pseudo-prince, was also one of his most enthusiastic partisans, and we have here a disturbing fact which has not escaped the notice of Hervagault's historians. Even those who never admitted the possibility of his Royal origin, struck by this epidemic of credulity, came to ask themselves whether this child "had not overheard some disclosure, some secret unknown to all; if he had not been mixed up, as a supernumerary, in one or other of the intrigues of the Temple." One cannot see, in fact, who could have taught the lesson to the son of the tailor of St. Lô and instructed him, even summarily, in the peculiarities of the life of Versailles, the Tuileries and the prison, to the extent of being able to deceive a prelate and nobleman who was, perhaps, a wild enthusiast but not a fool and in no way naïf. Nothing in Mgr. Lafont de Savine's correspondence denotes mental derangement. Certain letters are even remarkable when one remembers that their author had touched the bottom of the revolutionary rabble and received the confidences of the worst demagogues. When putting Hervagault's friends on guard against the dangers which threatened him, he made allusion, in prudent and almost terrified terms, to some international sect, "a power superior to all others," he wrote, "and which governs Europe to-day, a power from which the Dauphin would not escape if ever he appeared to resume his flight towards his first destiny. I even fear that this terrible power, which has eyes and arms everywhere, possesses spies in its pay who watch over this child and allow him to live only on the condition that he is lost in nothingness and disdain."[1] Notwithstanding this good

[1] *National Archives,* F⁷ 6523, quoted by J. de Saint-Léger. *Louis XVII dit Charles de Navarre.*

advice to be discreet, Hervagault's extraordinary adventure was noised abroad throughout the whole district and still further, since the news of the survival of the mysterious child reached Madame Royale, who was in Vienna, and Louis XVIII, then at Mittau. The latter declared, on this subject, that "if, against all probability the statement were true, the person who was most interested in it—that is himself—would experience sincere joy and believe that he had found his son again."[1] One can understand, then, that the ex-member of the Convention Batelier, Governmental Commissioner to the Tribunal of Vitry-sur-Marne, was aware of everything that happened at the house of M. Jacquier Lemoine and at the Rambécourts'. He informed Fouché, then Minister of Police, and in reply received a warrant for the arrest of the Pretender. On September 16th, 1801, a gala supper gathered the "initiates" around their prince and at the very moment they were about to sit down to table there entered the room Commissary of Police Drouart, accompanied by Bonjour, a non-commissioned officer commanding a detachment of the gendarmerie. Great was the commotion. Those present surrounded Hervagault, who alone kept a good countenance. Understanding that he was going to sleep in prison, he ordered his host in an imperious tone "to go into his room and fetch his coat," and the astonishment of the commissary equaled that of the gendarme when he saw that honoured landowner hasten to execute the order of the "scamp," bring back the garment and humbly assist his guest to put it on. Their fright increased when the accused, catching sight of the Curé Barret said to him, "Abbé, go and fetch my spectacles

[1]See an article by N. Ernest Daudet in the *Figaro* of August 9, 1904. The correspondence between Madame Royale and her uncle shows that nuns had, in 1798, informed Père de Lestrange, Abbot of La Trappe, that a pretended Dauphin was going about. The abbot transmitted this information to the Princess, who wrote about it to Louis XVIII, from whom she did not hide her opinion that the story was an idle fancy which, she added, "according to everything I know thereon is in no way probable."

which are on the *table de nuit*," whereupon the venerable priest obeyed and, weeping and bowing almost to the ground, presented the glasses. At that moment the notary Adnet arrived. He had just learnt of what was happening and was so moved that he drew near with open arms ready to embrace the prince. But the latter disdainfully held out his hand, on which the other bestowed a respectful kiss. All the guests—the richest and most highly placed in the society of Vitry—then left the house as the accused was led away by the gendarme. They followed him as far as the prison and behind them, through the town in an uproar, came the servants carrying the dishes and the wines of the supper which was to continue in the jail until far into the night.[1]

This prelude set the tone of that imprisonment before trial. Every day there was hand kissing and four ample meals served in costly dishes by servants of the Jacquier household. During hours at which "the Court" was not assembled, the prisoner was never alone, his faithful followers taking turns to attend upon him, so that he should not become bored. He had a secretary who opened his mail and to whom he dictated his correspondence, for he hardly ever wrote and never signed his name. On Sundays, when at mass time the "scamp" went to church, he was always followed by a valet carrying a cushion and a prayer book. . . . On hearing all this, the Prefect of the Department advised that the proceedings be abandoned and that all those eccentric persons should be sent "to the lunatic asylum." But Batelier held his ground; he knew that they accused him of wanting to commit a fresh regicide and perhaps he did show, in getting up the case, a personal animosity: he prolonged the enquiry for five months and on February 17th, 1802, only, the Tribunal of Vitry condemned Hervagault who during the trial sheltered his dignity behind almost absolute

[1]Letter from Batelier of the 7th of Vendémiaire, quoted by G. Laurent, p. 63 note.

silence, to four years' imprisonment. Mme. Saignes, accused of complicity, heard a verdict of acquittal pronounced in her favor.

The two parties appealed: the Procurator in the hope of obtaining Mme. Saignes' condemnation; Hervagault's partisans with the certainty that this iniquitous judgment, solely inspired by Batelier's rancour, would be reversed before another court. Never before, in fact, in legal annals had a condemnation for swindling been pronounced without a complaint being previously laid. Now, not only did the "swindled persons" not complain but they begged to be allowed to continue their presents. No law, they said, through the medium of Mâitre Hatot and Mâitre Caffin, council for the accused, no law forbid the son of a poor tailor being treated with honour or forbade the kissing of his hand or the serving of him at table. They knew that their guest was no other than Jean Marie Hervagault, born at Saint Lô of modest parents; it was as such that they entertained him, fêted him, surrounded him with care and homage. Such was the thesis which Mâitre Caffin prepared to uphold before the Court of Appeal at Reims. Hervagault had been transferred to that town on March 16th, 1802. Mgr. de Savine had followed him then in the capacity of Grand Almoner and, considering that it was urgent that this descendant of kings should found a family of authentic Bourbons, before succumbing under the blows of his redoubtable enemies, he offered him the choice between sisters as "amiable as they were interesting," all three natives of Dauphine—which was almost symbolic—and daughters of the Marquis V. de L. . . . , who himself was the natural son of Louis XV and Mlle. de Nesle. Hervagault, faithful to the memory of the King of Portugal's sister-in-law, resisted somewhat and gave way to the prelate's entreaties only out of consideration to the future of the monarchy.[1] Unfortunately, Fouché,

[1]Beauchamp, pp. 179 and 180. Beauchamp who, with an interval of fifteen years, wrote two narratives of Hervagault's adventure,

Minister of Police, was informed, most probably by Batelier, his former colleague at the Convention, of the incidents which troubled Champagne, with the result that he "lodged a detainer against" Hervagault with the commissioner of the government sitting at Reims. "In case this individual should be acquitted," he wrote, "you must take the necessary measures to have him brought before me immediately," [1] and from the first days of incarceration in his new prison the accused was, "as a measure of high policy," kept in a sort of solitary confinement, only the magistrates and his advocate obtaining authorisation to enter his cell. He was a prisoner of State.

However, the interest inspired at this time by the adventurer's enigmatic figure was declining daily. Too many people had unconsciously prompted the rôle, so one can no longer be astonished it was known by heart. We must, therefore, curtail the narrative of this uncommon life by confining ourselves to a narration of its most striking peripetics. On April 3rd, 1802, contrary to general expectations, the tribunal confirmed, as regards Hervagault, the Vitry judgment and condemned Mme. Saignes to six months' imprisonment.[2] The crowd which had taken the audience chamber by storm cheered the "Dauphin's" counsel and received the announcement of the verdict "with marks of vexation and indignation." A collection in favor of the condemned man resulted in "considerable proceeds" and, rich in money and jewels, he was locked up in prison. The disheartened Savine, whom the "initiates" nicknamed "the French Blondel," lived in a state of great anxiety, for, well informed, he knew that Fouché would not allow "the son of Louis XVI to complete his term of imprisonment peacefully; he feared deporta-

gives August 25th, St. Louis's Day, as the date on which the formal demand for the hand of one of the granddaughters of Louis XV was made.

[1] Letter of the 24th of Ventôse, year X (March 15th, 1802).

[2] G. Laurent has published in full the speech for the prosecution of Chaix, the Government Commissioner to the Tribunal of the Marne.

tion, perhaps worse, and consequently organised a watch in the neighbourhood of the jail in order to be the first to be informed of any suspicious preparation.

He determined to rescue his well beloved prince from the hands of the gendarmes, and with this object in view waited for four months, sometimes sleeping in a ditch by the roadside in order to be certain not to miss the passing of his idol. On August 24th, 1802, he learnt that Hervagault had left for Soissons, "where he was called to give evidence as a witness in a criminal case." [1] The ex-bishop set off in pursuit, arrived at Soissons at the same time as Hervagault, hurried to the prison and asked for an authorisation to enter it. As this was refused he put a *louis d'or* in the doorkeeper's hand with the request that it be handed to the accused. His emotion and insistence awakened suspicion. Whereupon they asked for his name and profession. "Ex-bishop of Viviers," he replied. He was then taken to the sub-prefecture, where his passport, which he was requested to produce, was found to describe him as an "employé." This resulted in the arrest of the ex-prelate, who thus entered the prison they had just refused to open to him.[2] But Hervagault was only passing through Soissons and the same evening he was taken to Reims. Savine remained imprisoned at Soissons until the day he was sent to Paris. Questioned, he declared clearly "that he believed that his pupil was the son of Louis XVI, basing his opinion on information collected since he had been searching for the origin of this young man." [3] Whereupon he was sent to Charenton and, to crown his misfortune, this escapade drew Fouché's attention to the Dauphin of the Marne. Curious to see this youth who wherever he passed aroused such ardent devotion, he ordered that Hervagault be brought to Paris. On the night of September 12-13, 1802, the gendarmerie

[1] *National Archives*, F[7], 6312.
[2] The same.
[3] *Histoire des deux faux Dauphins. . . .*

removed the prisoner from prison and conducted him from brigade to brigade towards the capital. He passed through Soissons on the 14th, through the Villers-Cotterets on the 15th, and on the 18th arrived at Bourget, where he was handed over to the gendarmes of the Seine. . . . But Fouché was no longer minister, the ministry of police having been suppressed three days before, and Hervagault, with whom they did not know what to do, was sent to Bicêtre, the great receptacle of all crimes, of every misfortune and of every depravement.

And yet it was at the time when Hervagault entered this hell that he was nearest to supreme triumph. It is not rash to take seriously an allegation of his first historian, Beauchamp, whose sources of information are not to be despised, since this writer, attached to the offices of the general police from the days of the Committee of General Safety until 1806, was able to satisfy his curiosity as a historian by delving into the files to which his duties allowed him free access.[1] Now, he states that Fouché proposed to Bonaparte that he turn the false Dauphin of Vitry to account by solemnly recognising him as the son of Louis XVI, by then obtaining from him, either by terror or by seduction, the renunciation of his rights to the throne. "But," he adds, "Bonaparte rejected this means of usurpation as unworthy of his high fortune and henceforth Hervagault was destined to imprisonment and misfortune." [2] However, the unfortunate

[1]It is easy to prove that Beauchamp had in his hands, not only the Vitry and Reims files but also the documents which now compose the Hervagault file at the National Archives.

[2]*Histoire des deux faux Dauphins* by Alphonse de Beauchamp. Paris, 1818. This work was, as already stated, the second study devoted by Beauchamp to Hervagault, the first having appeared in 1803 under the title *Le faux Dauphin en France, ou histoire d'un imposteur se disant le dernier fils de Louis XVI, rédigé sur des pièces authentiques et notamment sur le jugement du Tribunal Criminal du département de la Marne.* It is not without utility to point out that, in raking up this delicate subject again at the time of the Restoration, Beauchamp, who prided himself on his Royalism, nevertheless displays a certain leaning towards his hero; he does not waver in his opinion that he was an imposter, but he accumu-

man struggled. Reduced to the pitiless regime of Bicêtre and believing that he was abandoned by all his partisans, "he strove to overcome the inaptitude which had up to then made him rebellious to study;" he applied himself and read with profit; we are even assured that he succeeded in translating Latin authors and took pleasure in reading Horace and Tacitus—as Louis XVI had done in the Temple.

Meanwhile his faithful followers continued their efforts and spent money without reckoning. The whole of the Jacquier family left Vitry to settle down at Nancy, where an attempt was made to group proselytes. It was affirmed that the son of Louis XVI existed; that his two uncles, the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois, notwithstanding their repugnance, but forced by foreign Courts, had solemnly and by an authentic document recognised him. A manifesto was printed [1] which was soon to appear. It was in order to forestall its effect that the Princes had attempted, through George Cadoudal, to assassinate Bonaparte. But the Dauphin had been opposed to that crime. Was it not to his interest to manifest himself only after the Usurper had firmly established the monarchy? "Legions were being prepared secretly notably in Normandy in Picardy and in Franche-Conté," and the number of partisans increased daily. The Jacquiers possessed friends in all the administrations and even in the office of the general police; they were certain

lates facts of a nature to make one believe the very opposite. It is true, that, in 1818, Hervagault being dead, he no longer troubled the reigning king: it was a question at that time of ruining the credit of another false Dauphin and they could not better succeed in so doing than by making the first, to the detriment of his imitator, interesting.

[1]Was this the *manifesto of Charles X, King of France,* referred to in Fouché's bulletin of January 11th, 1805? See *la Police Secrète du Premier Empire: bulletins quotedieus adressés par Fouché à l'Empereur* published by Ernest d'Hauterive, in accordance with unpublished original documents. Vol. I, December 18th, 1805. No. 766. The manifesto, reported at Toulouse in 1805, appeared in 1806. *Bibliotheque Nationale.* La 35, 14.

of not being troubled; never would the Government dare to run the risk of an exposure. . . .[1]

It did better: it waited until time and the intoxication of victory made people forget the past. Who would have the audacity, after Austerlitz, to set up a ghost of twenty years against the master of the world? Consequently Hervagault for forty-one months led a life of poverty and abandonment. When, on February 17th, 1806, he at last left Bicêtre (at twenty-five years of age if he were really the son of the tailor of St. Lô) he was without a *sou* in his pocket and as a reference possessed nothing but a paper stating that he had left the infamous prison and obliging him to return to Saint Lô by a given route.

It has since been learnt that, on leaving Bicêtre in the morning, the liberated man, still clothed in his prison rags, directed his footsteps towards the Faubourg St. Germain, where he made enquiries for the residences of certain noble families of the old Court. He knocked at several doors, but the footmen refused to listen to the ragged enquirer. How was he to find shelter for the night in Paris where he knew no one? At dusk he returned to the centre of the town. One of his companions at Bicêtre, named Emmanuel, had given him the address of his wife, who lived not far from Saint Jacques la Boucherie, and towards this old church, standing amidst a network of tortuous streets, Hervagault proceeded. He discovered the house indicated and made enquiries for the woman Emmanuel, but found she was absent and was told to come back later.[2] Just opposite the church door, in the Rue des Ecrivains,

[1] *National Archives,* A F IV, 1492. Fouchés bulletins. See d' Hauterive, Vol. 1, No. 927, February 18th, 1805. Indeed, notwithstanding the fact that she was reported by local authorities to be the prime mover in a vast conspiracy, or rather in a gigantic swindle, Mme. Jacquier was not disturbed. The authorities contented themselves by watching her discreetly. Also see the same work Vol. 1, no. 942.

[2] At a little later period we find a mention of a certain Emmanuel, an Israelite, and hawker, married to a woman named Sophie Moyse. This Emmanuel was killed on July 28th, 1830, during street fighting. Perhaps he was the son of Hervagault's prison companion.

was a well-stocked pastry-cook's, kept by M. and Mme. Boizard,[1] and opposite the shop-window, set out with tarts and brioches, stood Hervagault, worn out with fatigue. The pastry-cook's wife, watching over her goods, caught sight of this poverty-stricken and sorry individual and, overcome with pity, asked him what he was doing there. As he humbly replied that he was waiting for a neighbouring lady, she invited him to enter her shop, took him into the room at the back, gave him a chair and returned to her customers.

Returning shortly afterwards to the back shop in order to keep an eye on the unknown man, she found him with his face buried in his hands and sobbing over a little portrait of Louis XVI, painted on silk, which he had unhooked from the wall. The good woman expressed astonishment. Had he known the King? Had his parents served that unfortunate prince? Hervagault, stifled with tears, was unable to reply. At that moment M. Boizard appeared on the scene, asked for an explanation, reproached his wife for having been too confiding, and began to question the young man whom she had imprudently welcomed. Had he even any papers?—— The wretched man drew the paper on which his route was marked from his pocket. What! he had come out of Bicêtre! Why had he been in prison there? Were his parents still living?—— To these questions the vagabond replied only with tears. The Boizards, moved as much as puzzled, honest folks and, moreover, Royalist and charitable, supposed that their visitor belonged to some noble family that had emigrated, and not having the

[1]This episode, which is related by Beauchamp, in accordance with reports which have not been found, is one of those which it is very difficult to control. However, although the directories of the time do not mention any pastry cook bearing the name of Boizard, we find a certain Paul Jean Boizard whose trade is not indicated, and who was born in Paris on November 6th, 1754, and married on November 7th, 1787, at *St. Jacques la Boucherie* to Jeanne Marie Bachard, a simple presumption of the veracity of Beauchamp's narrative.

courage to send away a young man with so honest and gentle an appearance they offered to shelter him for the night, hoping to hear more the next day. But they obtained no disclosure, their guest confining himself to repeating that he was "a child of misfortune" and begging "that they guide him out of Paris and leave him there without troubling any more about him." Seeing that he was weak and suffering, the pastry cook and his wife had no difficulty in retaining him until he was in a condition to set off. They procured suitable clothes for him, took him to the opera and the Varieties and showed themselves full of obliging attentions towards the forlorn creature, no longer doubting, after close observation, he was "the son of some very great lord." Worried with questions, he ended by declaring that he was the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, but begged that they keep the secret. "I am frightened of being arrested," he said. "I have already been so wretched!" [1]

What an agitating piece of news for those Parisian shopkeepers who had lived in the days of the good king and the beautiful queen! To think that they sheltered in their room the fair Dauphin of the Trianon, the child of the tragic legend, the pupil of the odious Simon! They were so wonderstruck and agitated by it that they feared to be undeceived and were never tired of questioning "the prince," of hearing him relate his recollection of the Tuileries, or Varennes and of the Temple. There was not a personage of the old Court he did not know. He remembered the names of certain commissioners who had guarded the Royal family at the prison and asked what had become of them. Unable to contain herself any longer, Mme. Boizard went to share her happiness with an ecclesiastic whom she revered, the Curé of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. "He is an impostor; the Dauphin is dead," said the priest. Then, after a moment's reflexion, he added: "There are, however, some very strange things.

[1] Beauchamp, pp. 234 and following.

. . ." Being watched and not daring to ascertain the identity of the personage himself, he concluded: "Return in a few days and I will give you my definite opinion." The pastry cook's wife returned, in fact, and this time the Curé was very affirmative: "The Dauphin is dead. Rid yourself of the man." That was how, well provided with money, well supplied with clothes and books by his hosts, who also made him a present of the portrait of Louis XVI, Hervagault left Paris in the early days of March, 1806, continuing his mysterious and fatal odyssey.

On March 11th, he called on the Prefect of the Manche, who urged him to live honestly "by his trade as a tailor."—"My trade! My trade!" exclaimed Hervagault, raising his eyes heavenwards and seeking, wrote the Prefect, "to give himself the airs of a fallen prince." However, "he saw clearly that he must live unknown and promised never to forget the obscurity of his family," but "all this with entangled expressions and the tone of a man who obeyed authority but without absolutely renouncing his rôle." [1] He did not renounce it, indeed, for when summer came, he disappeared, went back to Vitry and, after an absence of nearly a month, returned to Sain Lô. Hervagault *père* did not wish to have anything more to do with this incorrigible young man and begged the Prefect to rid him of him. "*Incorporate the delinquent in the Colonial battalion of Belle-Isle-en-Mer,*" scribbled Fouché, who was once more Minister, after two years' holiday, on the margin of the report.[2] So we see the false Dauphin with a band of recruits on their way to Brittany. Before reaching Montcontour he succeeded in escaping from the gendarmes. Seen at Auray, calling at house to house, this time under the name of Hervagault,

[1]Letter from the Prefect of the Manche to the Minister. *National Archives,* F[7] 6312. It is somewhat interesting to note that, at the time Hervagault set out for Normandy, a watch was kept over the Marquise de Tourzel and her family, who were staying at the Château d'Abondant, Eure-et-Loir. *National Archives,* A. FIV. 1497, and o'Hauterive, Vol. II, No. 473.

[2]The same reference.

he was captured, placed under close watch, and taken to Belle Isle. But immediately his good looks brought about fresh miracles. Major Adelbert, the head of the battalion, "intimately convinced of his fabulous origin," treated him with distinction; whilst other officers, including General Rolan and General Quantin themselves, showed themselves extraordinarily indulgent towards the scamp, a precious portrait of whom is furnished by a note of that period. "With an interesting but effeminate face, he possesses a delicate complexion which is due, it appears, to his long imprisonment and the use of wine and strong liquors. His character is irascible and passionate. He is naturally acute, but has no education; he hardly knows how either to read or to write. His whole system consists in treating everything around him with disdain, in receiving with a sort of contempt what is stupidly offered him, and in affecting generosity. . . ." [1] But to those who were impressed by the touching legend, what was there astonishing in Simon's pupil having no more instruction than his "Mentor," in the fact that he loved wine; what was there astonishing in the little Dauphin, formerly frolicsome and wilful, having become an "irascible and passionate" man?

To be able merely to suppose that this poor degraded fellow was the descendant of the Kings of France is sufficient to enable us to pardon him everything. The most justified grievances turn, in the eyes of believers, in his favour. That was why he was to be seen so little at drill and still less on fatigue-duty. Nor did he appear any longer in barracks, but was lodged in a private house and went about on horseback "dressed in civilian clothes and followed by an orderly attached to his service." From the continent he received letters, money, jewelry, "sweetmeats," and found open credit in all the shops of the little town of Palais, where his debts soon

[1] *National Archives*, F[7] 6312.

amounted to 2,500 francs.[1] One day, riding on his island, which had become almost his kingdom, he met the Abbé Cavadec, the Curé of Sauzon. Hailing him, he asked whether he knew any trustworthy persons who could go to Paris, where he would be well received. In the presence of the Ecclesiastic's amazement, he exclaimed: "Don't you know who I am?" Whereupon the Curé hastened to make off, having no desire to compromise himself, "and be shut up for the rest of his days in the cells of the Castle of Ham, like three or four other priests." [2] Such was Hervagault's reputation that he was promoted to the position of being a "danger" to the State, with the whole administration of the Empire, it appears, leagued against him. In November, 1808, the Colonial battalion embarked at Lorient on the *Cybèle*. One of the officers on board was a young surgeon of twenty-two, named Robert,[3] who was called upon to attend the soldier Hervagault, in whom "he discovered estimable qualities." Friendly intercourse sprang up between the two young men, who were almost of the same age, and so much so that Hervagault, touched by the attentions Robert showed him, confided to him that he hoped he would see the frigate captured by the English. "My fate would then be assured," he murmured. Despite this hardly patriotic wish Hervagault, when the *Cybèle* was attacked a few days later by an enemy corvette, fought so valiantly that the captain—an Italian named Christiano—said openly: "That young man has merited the Cross of the Legion of Honour ten times over, but I cannot recommend him for it without compromising myself." As Robert expressed astonishment at this remark, he learnt that, "according to formal orders from the Gov-

[1] *National Archives*, AF IV 1502.
[2] The same file.
[3] Joachim-Marie Robert, born at Vannes January 18th, 1786, medical officer of the third class on the frigate *Cybèle* from November 11th, 1808, to March 27th, 1809. Archives of the Ministry of War.

ernment, Hervagault was to be shot if the vessel was threatened with capture by the English."[1]

The medical officer, very surprised at this disclosure, obtained an explanaton when, in the course of April, 1809, the battalion having landed at Sables d'Olonne, Hervagault revealed his royal origin to Robert. "If I had made this confession sooner," he added, "you might have believed that I wanted you to interest yourself in my lot. But now your protection is no longer necessary to me and you cannot doubt that I am telling you the truth." [2] When they were on shore, Hervagault entertained Robert with a "splendid" dinner and visited with him some château along the coast, the inhabitants of which showed him "marks of the profoundest respect." Then he pushed on into the interior of Vendée and the surgeon returned to his depot. In order to preserve the recollection of "these extraordinary events" he kept a diary, in which they were set down with the greatest precision.[3]

We here lose trace of Hervagault. Apparently he deserted, borrowed money, came to Paris and hid himself for a fortnight, first of all at the house of a lady named Deservinanges, formerly attached to the household of the Comte d' Artois and then with his pretended sister, Mlle. Hervagault, 40 rue de la Porte Montmartre. He went to Strasbourg, and crossed the Rhine with the object of reaching Vienna, but the movements of the French army forcing him to retrace his steps, he stopped at Versailles at the house of a Comtesse de Bethune,[4] who died during his stay. He then decided to get to England, but was arrested at Rouen, where a document reports his passage: a letter from the Prefect of the

[1] *National Archives,* F[7] 6979. Document 115.

[2] The same.

[3] The same file. It must be pointed out with what reserve Beauchamp, when he wrote his history of the *Deux faux Dauphins,* at the time of the Restoration, summarised this document of which he evidently had knowledge.

[4] Or Béclune. The name is hardly readable.

Seine-Inférieure before whom he appeared. He was penniless; upon him were found only a gold watch, worth from four to five *louis*, a rosary, and a small volume bearing the title *Histoire de Nôtre Dame de Liesse.* Around his neck, attached to a black ribbon, was a copper medal on which was engraved, on one side, the figure of the Holy Virgin and on the other a Christ with the legend *Consummatum est.* Whilst they were searching him he was seen to put a piece of paper in his mouth and tear it up between his teeth. They took possession of the fragments, joined them together, and read four lines of verse insulting to his majesty, the Emperor.[1] Medal and quatrain are still attached, in the portfolio at the Archives, to the report which the Prefect submitted to His Excellency. Hervagault, brought to Paris under good escort, was imprisoned without judgment at Bicêtre as a measure of high policy. This time, conquered, he understood there was no hope of revenge. In that hell from which he was never to come out alive, debased by promiscuity with the most repugnant characters, undermined by vile diseases, he foundered in abjection and despair. Hervagault *père* and Nicole Bigot were, however, still living, but they do not seem to have paid the slightest attention to the lot of their child. . . .

On the day of his death—it was May 8th, 1812—a priest who was present during his last moments attempted to exhort the dying man and arouse his contrition by pointing out to him that his imposture was the cause of his misfortune. At the word "imposture," Hervagault, with a start, protested at the moment of appearing before God that he was the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Overcome with agitation, he sank further under his bedclothes, turned his head and maintained an

[1]"Ennemi des Bourbons dont je reçus l'homone (*sic*)
Vil flatteur de Barras, j'épousai sa. . . .
Je proscrivis Moreau, j'assassinai s'Anguin (*sic*)
Et pour comble d'horreur, je monte sur le thrône."
National Archives, F⁷, 6312.

obstinate silence until the end.[1] His name appears in the register of the *Grand Hospice de Bicêtre*.[2] We also find it in the burial book of the chapel of the establishment,[3] and again in the register of the Commune of Gentilly, where, under the proper date, in the list of deaths, we read the following details, evidently transcribed from the jail book: "Jean Marie Hervagalt, aged 30, bachelor, son of , and of ," as though the pen of the careless writer of this incomplete certificate had refused to violate the secret of the dead man, whom the pauper's grave was to receive.

[1]Beauchamp.
[2]Archives of the Prefecture of Police.
[3]"Has been buried by me, the undersigned priest, Jean-Marie Hervagault, Langolin, Chaplain."

CHAPTER VIII

ENQUIRIES

Mgr. de Savine left Charenton transformed by captivity. Whether because the lesson had taught him not to run about after nomadic Dauphins or because he was "too closely watched" [1] all relations ceased between him and Hervagault as soon as the latter entered the prison of Bicêtre. However, the ex-prelate did not abjure his faith in the prisoner's royal origin. In September, 1803, we see him circulating in Paris "a manuscript account of his fortunate meeting with the son of Louis XVI" and of the plan he had formed of marrying "the descendant of Kings with one of the granddaughters of Marshal de L. . . . ." [2] This profession of devotion inspired in the police spy who reported it the conviction that "the ex-bishop was out of his mind." This last attempt being unsuccessful, Savine renounced the apostleship in order to devote himself entirely to penitence, and withdrew to his province, to Embrun, where his old mother was still living. But this woman, formerly given to philosophy and a "free thinker," was herself, at ninety years of age, touched with grace. Having become an ardent Christian, she had contended for the honour of entertaining the Holy Father at her house on the occasion of his passage through Embrun and, as her desire could not be granted, she implored the favour of sending at least one of her own armchairs to the house

[1] *National Archives*, F[7] 3704. September 12th, 1803, and *Tableau de la Situation de Paris, A. Aulard. Paris sous la Consulat*, Paris, Vol. IV, p. 369.

[2] The same.

where the Pope was stopping.[1] When the former Bishop of Viviers presented himself, repentant, at the Château de Savine, quite determined to live there in retirement, his mother refused to receive him, on the plea that she would never pardon the unworthy prelate's scandalous conduct.[2] He accepted the affront with resignation and began to weep over his mistakes. "My eyes are open to my past errors," he wrote in 1805. . . . "I disavow and deplore with all my heart the unexampled faults I have committed. . . . I beg the clergy of Viviers to pardon my misconduct and to remember it only in order to pity me and to pray to God for me. . . ." [3] In another letter, dated 1811, he drew so "deplorable" a picture of his ascetic interior that the pious journalist, in setting down these details, chose to believe "that the Bishop, in the excess of his contrition, had somewhat exaggerated the colours." [4] That was not so. Mgr. de Savine had condemned himself to austerities the severity of which hastened his end, and heaven thus spared him fresh perplexities, for, less than a year later, the enthusiastic credulity of the versatile Bishop would have been subjected to cruel trials.

If Louis XVIII, when entering Paris on May 3rd, 1814, imagined that the acclamations which welcomed him were due to sympathy inspired by his person, he flattered himself with an illusion as false as it was unjustified, for the cries of love were addressed, not to himself, who was quite unknown to the new generation, but to the daughter of Louis XVI, seated by his side in the gala coach. There was repentance in that great popular demonstration and, like the ex-bishop of Viviers, Parisians acknowledged their fault in their own fashion by falling into raptures on seeing the triumphal entrance into their

[1] The Abbé Sicard. *L'ancien clergé de France,* Vol. I, p. 30.
[2] Simon Brugal, *loc. cit.*
[3] *L'ami de la Religion et du Roi,* Vol. V, p. 337.
[4] The same, Vol. IV, p. 465.

city of that daughter of the King of France who, the last time they had seen her, twenty-two years before, was being conducted, amidst hooting, with her father, her mother, her brother and her aunt, towards the old prison Tower which all her family were to leave for the scaffold or the common grave. There was great emotion when it was learnt that Madame, on reaching Nôtre Dame, where the procession first went, threw herself on her prayer stool and remained for a long time prostrated with her face in her hands, shaking with sobs, and that she fainted on entering that Château of the Tuileries which evoked so many recollections and was haunted by so many phantoms. Out of that tragic distance there arose—more pity-exciting than all others—the face of the little Dauphin, of him who ought to have been the hero of that triumphal entry, and whose absence was the cause of bitter remorse at the bottom of every heart. Although he was not one of the survivors, it was, then, by the legend of the Temple that Louis XVIII benefited on that day of resurrection, and soon people were astonished that he did not appear to realise it.

A month had hardly elapsed when an unpardonable blunder was committed. June 8th, 1814, was the nineteenth anniversary of the death of Louis XVII, and one might have expected that this date, coming round for the first time since the Restoration of the Bourbons, would have furnished the opportunity for a solemn commemoration. He to whom the crown had come, owing to so many deaths, owed at the very least, people thought, the homage of a ceremony propitiatory to the young prince from whom he inherited. Without a word of agreement having been uttered, the whole of France united in prayer in memory of the little King and Martyr. There were funeral ceremonies at Amiens, Orleans, Tours, Rennes, Tarbes, Alençon, La Rochelle and many other towns. . . .[1] But at Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, the parish

[1] *National Archives*, F1a 581.

church of the Palace of the Tuileries, nothing! It is true a mass was said at Saint Roch, where the Duchesse d'Angoulême attended in deep mourning, but care was taken, in the report of that anonymous obit, that the name of the Dauphin should not be mentioned. *L'ami de la Religion et du Roi,* the official and scrupulous recorder of such ceremonies, manifestly avoided, when relating that requiem, any allusion to Louis XVII. "There was celebrated on June 8th, at Saint-Roch," it announced, "a solemn service *for the Princes and Princesses who* were victims of the Revolution." [1] One can only explain this astonishing reticence by the precaution not to compromise the reigning King by associating him with a formal recognition of the hypothetical death of his predecessor.

Louis XVIII was hardly installed before he gave orders that the exact spot where the bodies of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette [2] were buried in the Madeleine cemetery be sought for; but they forgot to undertake a similar enquiry regarding Louis XVII. The child of the Temple, who had so many devotees in France and especially at Paris, was as much disdained by his relatives at the Tuileries as though he had belonged to the usurper's dishonoured race: not to mention him was to pay him court.

[1] *L'ami de la Religion et du Roi,* Vol. I, p. 254. A funeral service had, it is sure, been celebrated at Nôtre Dame on May 10th, 1814, in honour of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth and *Louis XVII.* It is a singular thing that the death of the last named in the Temple is not once recalled in the article which *L'ami de la Religion* devoted to that ceremony. There were, indeed, four absolutions but as the Abbé Legris-Duval, in his discourse, associated the Duc d'Enghien with the four above mentioned deaths, we do not know whether one of those absolutions was applied by name to the lost Dauphin. Was the young age of the deceased an obstacle canonically to the celebration of a religious ceremony? No, since the religious journal mentions a few lines lower down, and, moreover, in terms equally strained, "a service celebrated at Chartres *for the two kings we have lost.*"

[2] This exploration was made without publicity on May 18th, 1814, by the Marquis d'Ambray, High Chancellor of France, accompanied by the Comte de Blacas. The report of their visit was published by the Abbé Savorin in *Notice historique sur la Chapelle expiatoire, . . .* p. 200.

And when, in January, 1815, the remains of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were exhumed to remove them to Saint Denis, it was already agreed that they should tacitly renounce rendering similar homage to the mortal remains of their child. Fatality pursued the innocent boy beyond the tomb, and, as in the distant days political parties disputed over his guardianship, it seemed as though his shade was still suspected by the Government and was more embarrassing than his frail personality had been to the Committees of the Convention. These omissions did not fail to disturb public opinion. People whose recollections went back to the time of the Revolution remembered the incredulity with which the sudden announcement of the Dauphin's death was received in 1795. The negligence of the Restoration revived these doubts, which the Government of Louis XVIII ought to have striven to suppress, and the survival of Louis XVII was already rallying many people of undecided mind when the rumour spread that the Dauphin had just been found in Brittany.

In the month of September of 1815, a suspicious person who had recently landed at Saint-Malo was arrested by order of M. Pierre Pierre, extraordinary lieutenant of police of that town. The poor devil in question appeared to be thirty years of age and was without papers. He declared that his name was Charles de Navarre, a native of New Orleans and that he was a baker by trade. But soon, "changing his tone," he affirmed with assurance that he was the Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI, and he handed to M. Pierre Pierre a letter which he had just written to his uncle, the reigning king, Louis XVIII le Desiré.

The lieutenant of police immediately telegraphed and the same day sent in a report to M. d'Allonville, Prefect of Ille-et-Vilaine. All the authorities of the Department

were informed of the event, and the correspondence exchanged between them on that subject gives evidence of an assurance and a security more declamatory, perhaps, than sincere. For, much more than had formerly been the case in Champagne, Brittany now blazed up at the news that "the little Dauphin" had returned. If the functionaries affected contempt for this "wretched person" who was disturbing public tranquillity, the common people, country folk, and even the middle-classes of the whole district displayed joyous amazement, so much did the suffocating nightmare of the Temple still weigh on every heart.—"A huge crowd followed the *fellow* when he was led through the streets of Saint-Malo," wrote Comte de Kererpertz, sub-Prefect of Fougères.—"A thousand absurd rumours have been current and are still current, and the populace has gathered in the neighbourhood of the prison," reported the Chevalier du Petit-Thouars, his colleague at Saint-Malo.—"All minds are in the state of agitation."—"This arrest is the sole topic of conversation at Saint-Malo and Saint-Servan. It was the news of the market here. People the least tender towards the August Family who govern us show themselves very touched by the lot of this unfortunate young man. . . ." Such was the impression produced by this touching resurrection, and one must confess that the "fellow" in no way justified it. His manners were common; he spoke like a peasant, adorning his phrases, for instance, with such expressions as "*pour lors*" and "*quoique ça*" and making such errors in pronunciation as "*ils tombirent*" and "*le Rugent*" (for "*le Régent*"). But it was known that, at his first examination, he had lost his temper, demanding to be taken to Paris and declaring that before the King, his uncle, and the Princess, he would prove the strength of his statements in a striking manner. Moreover, his intention was to let Louis XVIII reign in peace, "even to serve him faithfully," and only to ascend

the throne when this well-beloved uncle was dead.[1] These audacious remarks impressed people's imaginations as so many irrefutable arguments and simple folk, imagining that a man could not be sufficiently bold to lie so unblushingly, gave way to the belief in a miracle, awaited and hoped for for a long time past.

The rumour of the Hervagault adventure had hardly passed, twelve years before, beyond the confines of Champagne; the thoughts of the country were not directed at that time towards the eventuality of the re-establishment of the Bourbons and, moreover, people ran a great risk under the Consulat in appearing to be interested in recollections of the monarchy. But now "the return of the lilies" restored the old traditions to a place of honour again. The "August Family" benefited by a revival of enthusiasm; and when France learned that Louis XVII was not dead, one could count by thousands the belated Chouans and old Royalists who, from the depths of the Vendée to the Canebière, cried triumphantly: "I told you so!" In their loyal naïveté, they did not think they were displeasing the Government by acclaiming the legitimate and at last rediscovered king, and in their candour they considered that Louis XVIII ought to be as happy as they were themselves to see the son of Louis XVI emerge from the darkness.

Such were the reasons for the prodigious success of Charles de Navarre. Not that the Dauphin of Saint-Malo equalled the one of Vitry; as far as we are able to judge, he was very inferior, and we shall set down here only those episodes of his long and intricate history which are of a nature to throw some retrospective light on certain peripetias of the captivity in the Temple.

Arrested, as we have seen on September 9th at Saint-Malo, Charles was transferred to Rennes, and from there

[1] *Archives of Ille-et-Vilaine.* Phelippeau file. Documents reproduced in full by J. de Saint-Léger. *Était-ce Louis XVII évadé du Temple?*

to Rouen, although he had asked to be taken to Paris "before his uncle" (Louis XVIII), and, if he was recognised to be an impostor, "tried according to the severity of the law." He had even as early as his arrest addressed to the king a letter, devoid of literary pretensions,[1] assuring him of his submission and offering to provide proofs of his noble birth. Consequently, he did not hide his disappointment when he found himself imprisoned as a vagabond, on January 29th, 1816, in the Rouen house of correction and mendicity, which, in comparison with the old prison of the Parisian suburbs, was called Norman Bicêtre. This was a singular jail. Charles de Navarre's entry in the jail-book set forth that "every measure must be taken in regard to this fellow to prevent him from having any intercourse or communication with anyone whatsoever without a written permission signed by the mayor . . ."[2] and so long as the prisoner was penniless he had to submit to the common régime, eating from a bowl and sleeping on a straw mattress like the others. He had entered Bicêtre "almost

[1]The text of this letter, which is preserved in the office of the clerk to the Tribunal of Rouen is as follows: "Saint-Malo, December 15th, 1815. Your Majesty, I beg to inform you that the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI, is imprisoned at Saint-Malo and begs your Majesty to enable him to reach you. He will give you all the particulars which prove his birth. I have had the honour to write you fourteen (*sic*), without having received any reply, since my arrival from the La Plata River. All the letters may have reached you; but you have doubtless taken me for an imposter. But, having yielded to a very serious passion, I delivered myself to the police, who have put me in prison, having passed myself off as an American and under an assumed name, Charles de Navarre. On attending before Your Majesty you will see whether I am deceiving you and thenceforth I abandon myself to the severity of the law. I remain, submissively, Your Majesty's very humble and faithful subject." J. de Saint-Léger, *Louis XVII dit Charles de Navarre,* p. 8. This letter is not in Charles' hand. He dictated it to one of the prisoners in the Saint-Malo prison, named Pinçon, an ex-soldier. Charles also dictated a letter sent to the Governor of the Island of Guernsey, as follows: "Governor, you are aware that on the 9th inst. the son of Louis XVI was put in prison in the said town, where he is now, in the hope of being summoned to Paris to be questioned. I beg you to bring this to the notice of his Britannic Majesty and his court. I salute you. Fraternally, Daufin-Bourbon."

[2]*National Archives,* BB[18] 979.

naked," and in order to enjoy from time to time the litre of wine and pipe of tobacco which, through habit, had become a need he had to work in the wooden-shoe workshop. Employed there for two months, his companions noted that he was not a beginner in the craft, and when someone complimented him on his skill he replied that "he had learned to make sabots near Angers and in the neighbourhood of La Flèche." [1] Nevertheless, he contended that he was the son of Louis XVI. And although this did not beyond all measure surprise his companions in captivity, a rabble full of vices, deceit, lies and poverty, the rumour spread outside the prison that the Bicêtre house of correction contained a nameless prisoner who said he was the Dauphin of the Temple, with the result that a few inquisitive persons begged the doorkeeper Libois [2] to grant them the favour of catching a glimpse of the personage at the time he took exercise in the courtyard. This man Libois, in addition to exercising sovereignty over the house of correction, carried on the more lucrative trade of tavern and restaurant keeper, and in the presence of his customers' liberality, his severity as a jailor weakened. By being generous, a citizen of Rouen named Vignerot,[3] was able to talk with the Dauphin at leisure, to furnish him with proper clothes and pocket money. And he did not abstain from priding himself on this good fortune when talking to his fellow citizens. Soon other visitors came, amongst them the Abbé Matouillet,[4] a priest attached to the Cathedral, who recruited numerous adherents for the prisoner. After two months' imprisonment, Charles was no longer working in the wooden-shoe shop but was elegantly dressed, had money in his pocket and spent his time drinking, smoking and receiving.

[1] Deposition of Pierre Mathieu Malandin, sabot maker, prisoner.
[2] Jean Batiste Marie Libois, 59 years.
[3] Manufacturer, Rue du Renard.
[4] The Abbé Matouillet frequented the Bicêtre prison before Charles' sojourn. He became, in 1819, Curé of Crécy, Eure-et-Loir.

The etiquette of these audiences was summary. It sufficed to enter the doorkeeper's, order a bottle of wine,[1] and wait until the turnkey Blanchemain went and fetched Louis XVII, who, without being pressed, soon appeared. About thirty years of age, of noble stature and "good appearance," with an agreeable face notwithstanding "a somewhat twisted" nose, "a very fine and very white skin," and, moreover, without affectation, "the King" sat down with his visitors, smoking his pipe without cessation and drinking in such a manner as to lead one to believe he was the doorkeeper's partner. One bottle followed another, accompanied by a dish of oysters and Neufchâtel cheese. Coffee and Calvados brandy assisted in prolonging the conversation, which Charles did not think, moreover, of abridging, for he willingly related his history, how he owed his salvation to the washerwomen of the Temple, who had got him out of prison in a cartload of dirty linen, after which he was sent to Charette's army enclosed in a barrel. He narrated his sea voyages, his travels in America, and lingered over the miseries he had endured. One after the other, baker's boy, stone-cutter and soldier, he had at one time been treated as a prince, at another as an outlaw. Reduced to hide and wander in the woods, he had become familiar in the course of his Odyssey with numerous great lords, even potentates, and with many of the common people, farmers and workmen, and it was these who seemed to have had the most influence on his habits and manners. He did not know how to write, and as to reading was obliged to spell each letter. He said "I remember a collidor," meaning

[1] "He told him that, to see the person in question, it was necessary to ask for a bottle, which was done. They shewed them into a room, saying they would ask Louis XVII to come down." Potel's deposition. Archives of the Clerk of the Court of Rouen. All the documents borrowed from these Archives and quoted below are reproduced in full in Mme. de Saint-Leger's *Louis XVII dit Charles de Navarre,* which is the most important collection of orginal documents concerning the legal enquiry relating to the trial of Mathurin Bruneau.

corridor; or, "I talked with M. Danguigné," for it was thus, after the manner of a peasant, he pronounced the name of M. D'Andigné. On leaving him, late at night, his adherents, as excited by so many emptied bottles as disturbed by the spectacle of a misfortune borne so cheerfully, cursed the cobbler Simon, the primary cause of this case of decadence.

One must not, however, accept this portrait without retouches. Charles de Navarre was essentially a man of varied nature. If, ordinarily, he revealed himself under the appearance of a cunning, brutal and sometimes coarse lout, he retained most of the time that attitude of indifference peculiar to people who, accustomed to calamities, have lost the faculty of being astonished and are ignorant of fear. One of his familiars, who flattered himself that he could "read his soul," declared that he saw there "a frank character, a just pride, united with courage, a resignation drawn from the blood of the 'Martyr-King.' "[1] In the case of this adventurer, who appeared to care for nothing in the world save bottle and pipe, there was at times an awakening of dignity, a tone of command which awed the least credulous. The king's attorney, having visited Bicêtre on March 17th, 1816, listened to Charles de Navarre when he complained of being arbitrarily detained and demanded judgment. "We noticed in him," wrote this magistrate, "a certain haughty air, a tone of severity which this maniac's agreeable appearance and the excellent memory with which, it is said, he is endowed favoured fairly well. . . ."[2] He was of princely generosity and would put a handful of *louis* into a servant's[3] hand, or give his gold watch to a lady as means of thanking her for a letter which had reached its destination.[4] When his courtiers kissed his hand, he was neither confused nor embarrassed, and if

[1]Branzon's deposition before the examining magistrate Verdière.
[2]*National Archives,* BB[18] 979.
[3]Blanchemain's deposition.
[4]Libois' deposition.

one of his lady visitors threw herself on her knees, he would say, "Rise, Madam," in a tone of courtesy and simplicity which won hearts for him.[1]

There was now an uninterrupted procession in Libois' cheap eating-house. Feasting and merrymaking continued there day and night. Charles rose late, or, more strictly speaking, had no fixed hours; but as soon as he was up the audiences began. People were no longer content to drink; they must dine. It even happened that his adherents contrived a Good Friday to procure for the "King's" table a dish of green peas, a remarkable early vegetable, formerly the ceremonial viand on such a date in the days of Versailles.[2] Charles supported his wine like a man whom excess does not frighten. However, he was often drunk, either through lack of prudence or because his boon companions pressed him to drink in the hope of detecting his inmost thoughts. But he never contradicted himself and his theme never varied: in his confidences there ever returned the mention of a deposit "made at the Tuileries by his father, Louis XVI, who had entrusted the secret to him and which he could find without difficulty, so fixed in his memory was the hiding place," allusions to a word of recognition agreed upon at the Temple between Madame Royale and himself, and by means of which he would remove the Princess' last doubts, and finally a mark which he bore above the left knee, a decisive proof in his opinion. He would agree, in advance, to the most ignominious death if his august sister rejected any one of these proofs of identity. These statements, affirmed with assurance, brought conviction to the minds of his listeners, who were eager to propagate them and recruit followers for this prince of cheap romance sheltered in the Norman Bicêtre. Despite the silence maintained by the Government and the secrecy

[1] Libois' deposition.

[2] "The fact is true. I do not know who sent them but I believe it was the Lady Dumont. They were pickled green peas. All of us ate them and I did not find them good." Libois' deposition.

with which it strove to surround this embarrassing adventure, the people of Rouen began to be concerned, although in those days they had the reputation of taking more interest in the fluctuations of prices on the Bourse than in the peripetias of a royal misfortune.

People talked of Louis XVII in drawing rooms as well as in shops. Secret meetings brought together the common people at the house of an old soldier named Joseph Paulin, who had had a diversified life and who pretended that he knew a good deal about the imprisonment in the Temple. Neuvaines were offered up and pilgrimages organised to obtain the protection of Heaven for Charles. At the same time the "Society," without daring to declare itself openly, sent a few scouts to Bicêtre. There were to be seen in Libois' tavern a retired officer named Pinel, a certain Dumets, ex-head clerk at the Prefecture, and Mme. Moine, a woman of action, very enterprising and most listened to.[1] There called there people who had come specially from Elbeuf and Louviers, even from Vendée, such as Comtesse Doulcet de Meretz. The prisoner had to take a secretary, then a second and then a third. One of his fellow prisoners, Tourly, an ex-bailiff, condemned to ten years in irons, was entrusted with the correspondence and the signing of it, for Charles declared that he would write nothing in captivity; Griselle wrote the "Prince's" memoirs with the aid of portions borrowed from Regnault Warin's romance, *Le Cimetière de la Madeleine;* whilst Larcher, "a false priest," and swindler, made a specialty of proclamations intended "to convince the noble peers" and rally the army and the people. These pieces of eloquence were larded with Latin quotations such as *gloria in excelsis Deo! . . . Ubi est Deus eorum?* and King Louis XVIII was called therein, without consideration, "an arrant usurper" and "an audacious traitor." [2] When later, the ex-

[1] Libois' examination.

[2] J. de Saint-Leger, *Louis XVII dit Charles de Navarre,* pp. 134-135.

amining magistrate placed these documents under Charles' eyes, the latter read them with amusement, laughing until the tears rolled down his cheeks. "That old fool Père Larcher," was, he declared, alone responsible for such charlatan tricks, which for his part he considered quite useless,[1] and he was filled with indignation that they should have been stamped with his royal seal, the crowned beehive underneath which were three bees, a gun and a cannon crosswise, and, in the exergue, *Louis XVII Charles de Bourbon, roi de France et de Navarre par la grace de Dieu.*

Yes, Bicêtre was a strange prison. Some uncommon ceremonies were sometimes witnessed there, such as the reception of Colonel Jacques-Charles de Foulques, who arrived from Falaise to offer his services to Charles and take an oath, with one hand on his heart and the other on the Gospel, "to be faithful to the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI." [2] He was immediately promoted ambassador and left for Paris, charged to hand to H.R.H. the Duchesse d'Angoulême a letter from "her brother the King" who, full of confidence, awaited a reply, whilst drinking hard and smoking his pipe.

He may have thought himself, in fact, very near triumph if he judged by the emotion his pretensions caused. The magistracy appeared to be disarmed and for close upon the eighteen months he had carried on his intrigue he had not been examined a single time and had received no admonition. The Prefect, Comte de Kergariou, feigned ignorance of what was happening at Bicêtre; whilst the police and the administration closed their eyes to the subversive feasts in Libois' and to the scenes enacted on the stage of his privileged eating-house. After Larcher's accidental death, Charles de Navarre appointed as the head of his civil household a

[1]Larcher died the victim of a fire at Bicêtre itself on the night of September 13, 1816.

[2]J. C. de Foulques' deposition, sitting of February 14th, 1818, and Branzon's examination May 2nd, 1817.

certain Branzon, an ex-manager of the Rouen toll-house who was imprisoned for embezzlement. He was a clever man, with a knowledge of the world and of how to write. In the year VI he had been imprisoned in the Temple as an emigré. Although he denied, later, that he had done anything more than "put Charles' ideas into French," he gave the affair, in reality, a new course by elevating the tone of the correspondence and by ridding it of the vulgarities and clumsy boasting in which it had been dragged up to then. Immediately the imposture assumed the low water mark of dupes of quality. Charles' *clientèle* had been composed of hardly any others than middle-class folk, country gentlemen and discontents of all sorts; but henceforth it was to effect its ravages in the army and at Court. The first pilgrim of distinction who turned his steps towards Bicêtre was Captain de la Paumelière, of the third regiment of the Guards, who was sent by his colonel "to see." La Paumelière paid the prisoner two fairly long visits, ascertained "that he was well acquainted with the Vendée war, its incidents and actors," [1] and withdrew in a very agitated state of mind. The Marquis de Messy, major general and provost marshal of the Department of the Seine, informed of the result of this visit, applied to a Rouen lawyer, Maître Poirel, in order to obtain further information. Poirel, in his turn, went to see the prisoner; entered the prison a doubter, and came out very disquieted. "Well-proportioned," he wrote to the Marquis de Messy, "Charles is about five feet three or four inches, and as to his physiognomy it takes more after the Austrians than the Bourbons. He has bright piercing eyes, an aquiline nose, and a prodigious local memory. Speaking English, Spanish, Italian, German and Russian, he pretends to speak French badly; but when he launches out he is not the same man: he speaks his language well. He claims that it was to him Bonaparte referred when he said: 'If I

[1] *National Archives*, F[7] 6979.

wish to disconcert all ambitions, I would make a man appear whose existence would astonish the Universe.' His character is severe. . . . In familiar conversation he is caustic and a good observer. A few days ago, when Louis XVI's will was read to him, he burst into tears and withdrew to his room. . . ."[1]

The Marquis de Messy did not abstain from "circulating copies of this letter among the public" and from sending officially the original to the Minister of Police, M. Decazes; but already Charles de Navarre, feeling he was sailing before the wind, crowded all sail and forged ahead. On March 3rd he again addressed himself to *his sister*, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, sending her, through one of his adherents, a letter in Branzon's style, which, though somewhat affected and stiff, was polite and fairly touching. "It is the companion of your misfortunes, my sister, who writes to you again. . . . You inhabit the abode of honours and veneration; your brother laments in the place destined for crime, destitute of everything and without any other consolation than that which comes from God. . . ." He then slipped in an allusion to the famous "word of recognition agreed between us twenty-two years ago . . . ," and finally declared that "he wished to pardon everybody" and "carry out the will of the most virtuous of monarchs to the letter."

Did this letter reach the Duchesse d'Angoulême?

[1]This letter, as well as a second one addressed to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, is reproduced in full, in accordance with a report of the examining magistrate Verdière, in *Etait-ce Louis XVII évadé du Temple?* By Mme. J. de Saint-Leger, pp. 94 and following. (Perrin, Paris.) Under the pretext of reminding his sister of common recollections, Charles calls up a few episodes of life in the Temple. He does not seem to have been very well informed regarding the captivity of the royal family. He pretends, for instance, that after his six months' sequestration the Dauphin and Madame Royale were reunited, which was not so. He also speaks of the deposit made by Louis XVI in a hiding place of the Tuileries *after* August 10th, which is materially impossible. Moreover, all through his letters it is clear that Charles advanced with infinite precautions. If the real Dauphin had written to his sister, it would have been in quite a different tone, and he would have recalled to her circumstances of the captivity more striking and more personal.

Probably, although Charles' emissary did not succeed in gaining admission to the Princess. For the effect of the missive was not long in showing itself. On March 15th, Charles, informed by someone attached to his "secret police," dispatched the janitor and tavern keeper Libois, transformed for the occasion into an introducer of ambassadors, to the Hôtel de France to meet persons who had come from Paris and with whom he wished to converse. Libois carried out the errand and found at the Hôtel "two gentlemen in plain clothes and without decorations" who asked him at what hour they could visit the supposed Dauphin of France, adding that they came on behalf of the Duchesse d'Angoulême.[1] They immediately produced their passports. Upon one Libois read the name of the Comte de Montmaur, Captain of the Guards of Monsieur, the King's brother; the other traveller was the Duc de Medini." [2] He guided them to the prison and introduced them into a little room of his apartment where Charles de Navarre was waiting. Everything passed off in a very proper manner. "You have come on behalf of my sister? Have you a letter from her?" asked the prisoner. The noblemen replied: "As a proof that we come on behalf of Madame, here is the letter you addressed to her." Charles took the letter and made a gesture as though to throw it into the fire; but he restrained himself and retained the paper, which he nervously rolled between his fingers. "Remain with me," he ordered Libois, and he proceeded to ask the visitors to state their names and titles. To the Comte de Montmaur he remarked in a severe tone: "You are a Captain in my uncle's Guards. That is no recommendation to me, for he has never loved me!" However,

[1]We are here following Libois' deposition before the examining magistrate. File of the Clerk of the Court of Rouen. Enquiry against Phelippeaux-Bruneau.

[2]Or Midini? Libois confessed that he unfolded only M. de Montmaur's passport, whose companion declared his name, which Libois did not remember correctly, for it would indeed seem that this "duc de Medini" was no other than a M. Margerit.

he ordered a bottle of Madiera, a more distinguished beverage and one more fitted to the gravity of the occasion than the litre of *piccolo* [1] with which he was ordinarily satisfied. Branzon, awaiting the moment when the bottle was uncorked, proceeded to verify the visitors' powers and examine the passports, and the conversation began.[2]

It lasted for an hour and a half. In the evening the two personages reappeared and this time remained nearly "three hours" with "the Prince." Libois, "who came and went," heard Comte de Montmaur state "that Madame had a secret presentiment of her brother's existence." The princess' envoys insisted on knowing "the mysterious word of recognition"; but Charles refused to tell it to them, as "the word must leave his lips only in his sister's presence." [3] The prisoner communicated to the two noblemen the *Memoir de sa vie* dictated by him to Tourly. They asked for authorization to take it to Madame, but it was refused. They then took their leave, passed the night at the Hôtel de France, and the next morning left for Paris by the coach.

This last detail sets one thinking. How is it that the envoys of so high and powerful a Princess, entrusted with an official mission and under such solemn circumstances, had not at their disposal one of the post-chaises of the Court? That the names on their passports may have been, if not imaginary, at least borrowed is probable; but the title of "Captain of the Guards of Monsieur" could not be assumed with impunity. Must we see in these emissaries secret agencies of the police, hoaxers, or perhaps Charles' accomplices, audaciously assuming a part traced out for them in order to strengthen his credit, increase the number of his dupes and consolidate their faith? It is certain that that visit, quickly noised

[1] An inferior wine of certain districts in France: e.g., Beaugency *piccolo*—Translator's note.
[2] Libois' deposition. Archives of the Clerk of the Court of Rouen.
[3] Examination of Branzon and Libois.

abroad, had a considerable effect on the cause of the pseudo-Dauphin. A few days later the Comte de la Tour D'Auvergne, arrived from Paris, sent, it was said, by the Dowager Duchesse d'Orléans. He shut himself up with the prisoner from nine o'clock in the morning until evening. It was about this time also that the interview took place with Mme. de Tourzel, who had not been able to resist the desire to embrace her dear Prince.[1] She, also, remained a long time with Charles, and when Libois entered the room he saw her holding the prisoner in her arms. Both of them were in tears.[2] This was the most glorious period of Charles de Navarre's captivity. Without having too many illusions, he may have believed himself to be on the eve of becoming King of France. He set to work to prepare himself for it and, wearing a uniform of the dragons and a helmet with a white feather,[3] had several copies of his portrait painted in miniature. He even ordered the artist Guérard to prepare a stencil in order to add to the costume, when the time came, the blue ribbon of the Holy Spirit.[4] He waited day after day for the Marquis de Brûlard, who was to bring him 500,000 francs and "take steps to receive him in Paris at the head of 50,000 men." [5] What reveries, plots and comedies were there at the base of this gossip? The affair was carried far, judging from a letter in which Charles, when sending one of his most enterprising devotees to Mme. Dumont, already expressed himself as a King. The same courier, he wrote, "will order the Minister on my behalf . . . to carry out my intentions and send me at once the aide-de-camp I am

[1]"He told me . . . that since his imprisonment at Bicêtre he had seen several ladies, among others the Marquise de Tourzel, who, he said, had been his governess." Branzon's examination.

[2]Although the fact has been attested by three witnesses and set down in the *Mémoires de la Rochefoucault,* Vol. V, p. 67, it remains open to suspicion, for there is no mention of it in Libois' deposition.

[3]Examination of Libois and Halot, the doorkeeper's boy.

[4]Examination of Guérard, artist, 5 Rue des Quatre-Vents.

[5]Halot's deposition.

awaiting. And let care be taken that the letters for my two cousins and that for my sister be not delivered before I come out and that for my cousin, the Duc de Bourbon, as soon as he arrives. . . ." [1]

He left Bicêtre escorted by troops, as he announced, but it was not to take him to the Tuileries. The Prefect of the Seine-Inférieure, learning that determined partisans planned to abduct the pretender,[2] dispatched to the Bicêtre prison on the night of April 29-30, 1817, a detachment of gendarmerie, commanded by a major. Charles was handed over to him by Libois and taken to the prison of the Palais de Justice and placed in secret confinement with an order "to allow only one turnkey, appointed for the duty, to approach him and to inform only the examining magistrates of his presence in prison." It was, perhaps, owing to this act of authority that the table of events in French history was saved from the anomaly of the statement that "Louis XVII succeeded Louis XVIII," which would have been much to the fright of schoolboys of the future.

This opportune suppression restored a little composure to the Government and justice. Comte Decazes showed himself, indeed, singularly hesitative and timid regarding the supposed Dauphin. His most ardent wish was that "the affair should not be noised abroad. He incessantly recommended prudence, circumspection, and hinted to the Prefect that, when forbidding all communication between Charles de Navarre and his followers, "it was not necessary to display too much affectation and show." As to the magistrates, they had remained absolutely inactive during the fifteen months the scandal of Bicêtre had lasted, waiting until chance gave them the opportunity either to proceed against Libois' boarder or to

[1] Archives of the Prefecture of Police. Bruneau file.
[2] Letter from Comte Decazes to the Prefect and Archives of the Clerk of the Court of Rouen.

shout "Long live the King," as he passed. They had hardly succeeded in those fifteen months, by means of Judicial commissions and enquiries among neighbouring prosecutors, in discovering the impostor's social state. Truth to tell, the police had showed so much zeal in the matter that it had succeeded in finding for M. Charles not merely one but two names. It was first of all established that he was Charles Mathurin Phelippeaux, born in 1788 at Varennes-sous-Monsoreau, in Maine-et-Loire, where his mother was still living and kept a baker's shop attached to a little inn.[1]

The woman Phelippeaux was brought to Rouen. All in tears, she deposed that, Charles having stopped at her inn in September, 1815, she had indeed thought she had recognised him as her son, who had left as a conscript in 1807. But, all the same, she was not sure of it, for her Charles had not an aquiline nose like the Charles in prison, and she could not find on this man's foot the trace of a serious burn her boy had received when about ten years old. Upon the whole she remained perplexed and, notwithstanding the objurgations of the examining magistrate Verdière, she did not show herself more affirmative. It became, indeed, necessary to be content with this fragile recognition and, failing something better, Charles de Navarre became officially Phelippeaux. But, one day in the summer of 1817, chance—a very mischievous chance—brought the Vicomtesse de Turpin de Crissé to Rouen. The very same lady who, in 1795, had charitably sheltered the pseudo-son of M. de Vesins at her Château of Angrie. M. de la Paumelière, the Captain of the Royal Guard whose name we have mentioned, having gone to the hotel in the evening to greet her, spoke to her—again by chance—of Charles Phelippeaux and the comments aroused by his long imprisonment.

[1]Letter from the sub-prefect of Saumur. Archives of Ille et Vilaine. Phelippeaux file. *Etait-ce Louis XVII évadé du Temple?* P. 17 and following page.

Still by chance, the narrative recalled to Mme. de Turpin the more than twenty-year-old adventure of the little vagabond to whom she had given shelter in the days of the wars of the West. She related the story to M. de la Paumelière, who, seized with a sudden inspiration and without losing a moment, went to the Prefect's in order to report to that functionary the presence in Rouen of a lady who, having formerly been the dupe of an impostor, would necessarily know how to penetrate the incognito of Charles de Navarre. Immediately full of ardour, the Prefect hastened to the hotel where Mme. de Turpin was stopping. She had already retired for the night, but he insisted on her getting up and listening to him. He begged her to come the next day to the Palais de Justice, where they would confront her with the prisoner. She asked to be excused, on the plea that she must leave for Paris at four in the morning; but the Prefect insisted, pleading public interest, even that of the monarchy, so that Mme. de Turpin at last consented to retard her journey. Thus presented, the episode is hardly probable: it rests on coincidences and short cuts as acceptable in a rapid vaudeville as it is inadmissible in the always logical concatenation of realities. But we are here following Mme. de Turpin's own narrative and she certainly had her own reasons for concealing the motives of her visit to Rouen, those of M. de la Paumelière's call, as well as those of the Prefect's apparently unjustified eagerness. This is, indeed, one more enigma added to so many others. However that may be, Mme. de Turpin was received next morning at eight o'clock by the examining magistrate, to whom she again related the Odyssey of the supposed young nobleman who had formerly been brought to the Château of Angrie by the leaders of the royal army and whom they had recognised a year later to be only the son of a cobbler, Mathurin Bruneau. The magistrate then sent for Charles de Navarre, who showed himself ill-disposed. "Is this going to be an-

other scene of a comedy? I am tired of all this," he at once declared. The magistrate was unmoved. "Phelippeaux," he began. . . . "Phelippeaux?" exclaimed the astonished Mme. de Turpin, who at the first glance had recognised, after twenty-two years, her guest of 1795. "Yes," replied Charles. "I have borne more than one name and I belong to many families."—"Do you know the Vicomtesse de Turpin?" continued the judge.—"Do I know her? Yes, certainly."—"Well, here she is." The prisoner looked at the visitor attentively. "No," he said, "she had more frizzy hair."—"I have changed a good deal," observed the lady. The examining magistrate, who thought he was about to provoke a sensational revelation: "Under what name did you come to the Château of Angrie in 1795?"—"Under the name of Baron de Vesins."—"Well, this is Madame de Turpin." The accused again looked at the Vicomtesse, endeavouring to fix his recollections. "If it is you," he asked, "how many daughters have you?"—"Two."—"Yes. What is the name of the elder?"—"Aglaé."—"And the second?"—"Félecité."—"But you had someone else in your family at Angrie?"—"Charles de Turpin, my nephew, and now my son-in-law." "That is so," approved the accused, who, without embarrassment, continued his questions. "Who was it 'turned' on the pavilion?"—"Major de Fougeroux, whom you feared and hardly liked." And there were Charles and the Viscomtess recalling former days in the presence of the magistrate, disconcerted at seeing the surprise on which he had counted turn into almost tender confidences. Mme. de Turpin considered it proper to conclude the conversation by a little good advice: "If you had profited by my lessons, you would not have been here or I either."—"I am here," replied Charles, "because the laws are bad and unjust, but I am going to change them. . . . And you will be the first to gain by it."—"Change them?" said the lady to the magistrate. "This poor man is insane." The

prisoner rose saying: "Since you are Mme. la Vicomtesse de Turpin, I wish you a very good morning." And he withdrew with dignity.

The result of this interview was that henceforth he was Mathurin Bruneau. Judicial commissions were sent to Vesins and Viliers, where they found the cobbler's sisters, who consented, as Mère Phelippeaux had already done, to recognise the prisoner of Rouen as their brother Mathurin, who had disappeared many years before. Their conviction did not appear immovable. And the medley of the pretender's identification did not stop there. Soon it transpired that people recognised him to be Hervagault, who had been dead five years! A lady named Jacquier, hearing the rumour that Louis XVII was pining in Normandy prisons, came to Rouen and certified that the Dauphin Bruneau was the one she had known at Vitry, who had been declared by Mgr. Lafont de Savine to be the only true Dauphin.[1] Even this was surpassed. Chance, which really took a great deal of trouble, also brought to Rouen the assistant surgeon Robert, who had formerly been Hervagault's bosom friend on board the *Cybèle* in 1809. Robert sauntered into the refreshment room of the Palais de Justice and, after having carefully examined Charles de Navarre—Phelippeaux—Bruneau certified that "*he was the same man!*" The magistrates were astounded and all the more so as the assistant surgeon denied that he was to be counted among the "disciples." M. M.—— ——, after enquiry, saw in him, on the contrary, "only a man infinitely wise and very devoted to the Government." [2]

M. M. —— —— was the *deus ex machinâ* sent by the Minister Decazes to lead the imbroglio towards a happy and discreet conclusion. It had been suggested to Charles that he would do well to have the assistance of a lawyer,

[1] Archives of the Prefecture of Police. Bruneau file.
[2] *National Archives*, F[7] 6979, document 115. *Etait-ce Louis XVII* By J. de Saint-Leger.

and whilst his followers were looking for someone a Parisian jurist-consult came forward and offered to devote his whole zeal to the cause of the unrecognised prisoner. He was accepted with gratitude. This lawyer was M. M. —— ——, known on the judicial press through the publication of a copious collection of *causes celèbres*. Now, M. M. —— was no other than a spy sent to the Pretender by the Government, the lawyer being thus in a position to collect every secret, not only from the accused but from his followers, to obtain their confidence by underhand manœuvres, to facilitate and to intercept their correspondence, to lavish advice harmful to his client's cause, to watch over the magistrates and report to the Minister all those who showed either interest or curiosity in Charles de Navarre. This person was evidently absolutely unscrupulous. He performed his repugnant duty zealously, for the Archives preserve the almost daily reports he sent from Rouen to the Minister. But what are we to think of the Government which used such means, and have we not here an evident proof of the fears of Louis XVIII?

What they wished above all to prevent was any connection between the Duchesse d'Angoulême and the prisoner of Rouen. The Princess' self-willed and inflexible character being known, they knew that if ever a certainty of her brother's survival took root in her mind, no power, not even that of the State, would force her to keep silent.

People "who know everything" have not hesitated to condemn the daughter of Louis XVI, convicted, according to them, of having disowned her brother who she knew was living, in order not to compromise the rights of her husband to the crown of France. She has even been nicknamed Duchess Cain. But that is the coarse

method of a writer of cheap romance; the study of so delicate a problem demands more subtlety and consideration. No psychology remains more impenetrable than that of the orphan of the Temple and the shocks she received during her life explain the stiffness and apparent hardness of her character. To her who, from the age of reason, after the happiest and most adulated childhood, was compelled to affect attitudes; who lived surrounded by hostile jailors, who passed the perilous age of transformation in frightened solitude, who knew naught save mourning, coercion, mysteries, hatreds, rebuffs and lies, to this one it is permissible not to be "like others" and to arm with irreducible distrust her heart which had not flowered.

What did Madame Royale know personally concerning her brother's fate? Nothing but what she has set down in her journal of the Temple. On the day of Simon's departure she believed the Dauphin had left the Tower and her conviction was strengthened by the silence which reigned after that time on the second story of the prison. During seventeen months she heard not a word about the little Prince; and even when the presence of Laurent, Gomin and Lasne mitigated her captivity they replied to her quickly discouraged questions merely by evasions. It appears improbable that from the 8th to the 10th of June, 1795, she did not perceive any of the unusual movements caused in the sonorous Tower by the death and autopsy of the captive child, by the procession of soldiers admitted to "recognise" the body, by the visit of the members of the Convention, who, as already pointed out, abstained, contrary to practice, to ascend to her apartment. We are astonished that she guessed nothing from the discomposed faces of Gomin and Lasne, who would have had to have been exceedingly clever actors to have revealed nothing of that anxiety and sorrow which—later—they pre-

tended they experienced.[1] How is it that she had no suspicion of the truth when, on June 20th, Mme. Chantereine, the amiable lady's companion provided for her by the Committee of General Safety, arrived, when her cell was at last opened, when she was able to descend to the garden according to her fancy, or move about in all the apartments of the two Towers, when she learnt that linen, dresses and books were placed at her disposal, when she noticed the suppression of the civic commissioners and the reduction of the guard to fifteen men, when finally she saw that the whole of the suddenly dispelled nightmare, isolation, soldiers, jailors, bolts, cannons and so many regulations, guardians, precautions, mysteries and cruelty had had, for a year and a half, but one object: the sequestration of a poor child of ten, whose face she must not see or whose voice she must not hear? She must, then, have made enquiries as to her brother's fate she could have insisted on precise details. They even told her, as the date of the death, that of the autopsy, as had been done in the case of the whole of the prison staff.[2] But it is again very surprising that we do know and that she did not say who undertook to inform her of it and what precautions were taken, if not to spare her sensibility at least to prevent her being astonished that she had not been informed sooner and summoned to be present during the last moments of the little dying boy so dear to her heart. Only Gomin or Lasne was qualified to inform her of the circumstances

[1]One cannot understand, when reading Beauchesne's touching narratives, how it is that Gomin, shutting himself up to weep over the royal child he loved so much, did not burst into tears when, on the day of the death, on the day of the autopsy, and on the day of the funeral, he was in the presence of Marie Thérèse, to whom he was able to say nothing of what was happening on the lower floor. If, during those three days, he avoided ascending to the prisoner's apartment, how is it that that unusual abstention did not awaken the Princess' anxiety, and if he dared to visit her three times a day, how is it that she did not detect anguish and sadness on the face of her most attentive jailor?

[2]Madame Royale writes in fact in her diary "he expired without agony on the 9th of June. . . ."

set down in her diary; therefore it was through one or the other she became acquainted with her recent loss. Mme. Chantereine knew nothing except by hearsay, but doubtless she had received orders and must have confirmed the story of the two jailors when talking to the orphan princess. We must admit that Madame Royale placed faith in it. However, it was not long before suspicion arose in her mind, for as soon as the Temple doors were thrown open the lady visitors she received and in whom she had every confidence were convinced that the Dauphin was not dead and must necessarily have suggested consolatory hopes to the young Princess.

Among the visitors were Mme. de Tourzel and her daughter, Pauline, both of whom had lived a few days at the Temple at the beginning of the captivity. To reject the authority of Mme. de Tourzel and suggest that she did not believe in the young Prince's death when she herself in her *Memoirs* writes "that she possesses the certainty of it and cannot conceive the slightest doubt" is a very delicate matter. Had she already that certainty when she came to the Temple in September, 1795, to greet Madame Royale? The latter asked her to peruse the pages of the registers of the council room, and the Marquise de Tourzel read therein "the whole progress of the young King's illness, the details of his last moments and even those concerning his burial." That is to say, she took cognisance precisely of those pages of the diary referring to June 8th, 9th and 10th, 1795, the only ones of which a copy has been preserved and which, contain, in fact, a minutely set down account of the grim comedy the death of the little prisoner occasioned, the hastily-made autopsy and the feigned recognition. If this document served as the basis of the noble lady's conviction, it was because she failed to see what it contained; it stated that a child had died in the Temple, but in almost every line it implicitly testi-

fied that that child was not the Dauphin.[1] The agitated attention of the Marquise was directed to the circumstances of the death and not to the flagrant juggling regarding the identity of the deceased. Gomin, who knew this report full well and who was aware of its redoubtable omissions, surprised Mme. de Tourzel in the act of reading it. "He flew into a violent passion, reproached me very bitterly for the imprudence of my conduct and threatened to lay a complaint." [2] Madame Royale had to intervene to calm Gomin's alarm. "Fear of compromising himself made him lose his head," wrote Mme. de Tourzel.

As to the young princess, this strange scene cannot have contributed to strengthen her belief in her brother's death. In relating these interviews of the Temple in her *Souvenirs de quarante ans*, Pauline de Tourzel strives to understand it and on several occasions, when enumerating the sorrows which had afflicted the Princess, she affects to pass over the name of the Dauphin in silence. "Madame was alone," she says. "The King, Queen, Madame Elizabeth, all had perished around her, all had disappeared."—"Were we destined to inform her that, after having lost her father, she had also lost her mother and Madame Elizabeth? . . ." Nobody else; and one must not omit to point out that, the day after one of these conversations with Mme. and Mlle. de Tourzel, the daughter of Louis XVI wrote to her uncle the following famous letter, a faithful echo of her conversation and which has been so much critised: "It is she whose father, mother and aunt they killed who implores you, on her knees, on behalf of the French people, for mercy and peace."

As Pauline's granddaughter, Mme. Blanche de Béarn, the nun Sister Vincent, affirms, that her grandmother "was quite convinced of the escape of Louis XVII, removed

[1] See the analysis of this document on p. 250 and following pages.
[2] Tourzel.

from the Temple and replaced by another child"; as she also declares that her grandfather and father never believed in the Dauphin's death;[1] as, on the other hand, she assures us that Madame Royale always sought for her brother "since, a few weeks before her death, she again wrote to the Comte de Béarn to discuss this serious question, which she had so much at heart";[2] as, finally, in the preface to the *Memoirs* of Mme. de Tourzel, the Marquis de la Ferronnays—evidently well informed—writes: "Mme. la Dauphine for many years retained the hope of finding her brother," it remains established that if, in 1795, the former governess of the children of the King of France was really convinced of the death in the Temple, she was the only one of all her people to hold that opinion and that the sister of Louis XVII did not share it.

No one need be astonished that she did not confess her doubts to anybody and, that, having become Dauphine of France by her marriage with the Duc d'Angoulême, she had to hide them with still greater reserve; but they subsisted in her mind for a very long time, as is proved by facts. We have seen that she was interested in the account of Hervagault's adventures, of which she was informed by Père de Lestrange, the abbot of La Trappe. When, in 1816, Charles de Navarre sprang into notice, Madame's perplexity still endured: she let that be seen when she permitted a list of questions to be sent to the Pretender of Rouen with the object of discovering, according to the veracity of the replies, "if he was really the Dauphin." This list of questions was drawn up by Turgy,[3] the ex-waiter, who, having followed Madame to Bâsle, to Austria, Courland, and to England, had become since the Restoration, the Chevalier de Turgy, first *valet de chambre* to Madame la Dauphine, usher of her boudoir

[1]Declaration of Sister Vincent, granddaughter of the Comtesse de Béarn, née Pauline de Tourzel. *La Revue de Paris,* September 1st, 1904. *L'evasion de Louis XVII* by H. de Granvelle.

[2]The same.

[3]*Journal des Débats,* May 29th, 1817, p. 2.

and *officier* of the legion of honour. Now, as the holder of this eminently confidential post, he would not have run the risk of so compromising a step without the order or at least the authorisation of the Princess. These questions, put in the form of riddles, refer to certain details of the private life in the prison in the days when brother and sister were still with the Queen and Madame Elizabeth.[1] They did not reach Charles de Navarre, since M. M., —— the lawyer-spy intercepted them and sent them, with his daily report, to the Minister of Police, who classified them in his file, where we find them. A fresh proof that the Government of the Restoration feared the noising abroad of the "Louis XVII affair" still more than they hoped for the confusion of the prisoner of Rouen.

The object of all its efforts was to prevent anything being said either about the sequestration or about the death of the little captive in the Temple, or about those who may have been witnesses of it, or about anything concerning the circumstances of the captivity. When, under pressure of public opinion, an inquiry had to be undertaken, it was with the manifest desire that it should lead to nothing. They decided to study the question of the burial—by far the least dangerous, for they were sure that the soil of the Sainte Marguerite cemetery would retain its secret. What likelihood was there of finding and identifying the remains of the predecessor of Louis XVIII among the bones with which this saturated soil abounded,

[1] "*Questions asked by a person who was placed near Madame and who, during the sojourn in the Temple, says that he was entrusted with the correspondence*:—1. What happened on January 21st when the firing of cannon was heard? What did your aunt say then and what did they do for you out of the ordinary?—2. Where did you gather together my correspondence? In what room?—3. What did you do to me on New Year's Day and how, in what room?—4. What was your means of amusement? What did you do with soapy water?—5. What did Simon entrust you *to hand to me* and which you gave me one day when I was cutting your hair? 6. What did you say one day to your mother when speaking of Marchand, the waiter, and beginning with the words, 'Mamma, the window is open'?—7. Where were *Les Droits de l'homme* placed, in what room?" *National Archives* F[7] 6979.

this burial place since 1652 and which, from the time of the Revolution until the year XII, had received in its common grave the bodies of a quarter of the capital and of nine prisons or hospitals?[1]

To the almost threatening apostrophe of Chauteaubriand who, from the Tribune of the Chamber of Peers, demanded, on January 9th, 1816: "What has become of that Royal ward left under the tutelage of the executioner, that orphan who might say, like David's heir: "My father and my mother have abandoned me?" Where is the companion of those afflictions, the brother of the orphan girl of the Temple? Where can I address to him this terrible and too well-known question: Capet, dost thou sleep? . . ." the Government understood it was high time to reply. From the very first enquiry the problem was seen to be insoluble. They questioned Voisin, the man who directed the funeral in 1795, and, taking him out of Bicêtre where he was an inmate, got him to indicate within the cemetery enclosure the site of a grave he had dug himself and in which he stated he had placed the Dauphin's coffin, which he had marked "at the top and bottom with a D traced in charcoal."[2] After Voisin, Bureau appeared. Doorkeeper of the cemetery for twenty-eight years past, he testified that no special grave had been dug, but that the Dauphin's coffin was put in its

[1]Lucien Lambeau. The *Cimetière Sainte Marguerite.*

[2]Voisin's deposition contains certain details which may not be without interest. "He placed," he says, "the coffin in a private grave which he himself had dug specially in the morning—a grave at least six feet in depth. . . . The only ones who entered the cemetery were the soldiers, Dusser, some members of the Charity Board and the civic commissioners of the Temple section. . . . The coffin was about five feet long, the young monarch being tall for his age. Voisin himself filled in the grave with earth. He carefully closed the cemetery door and afterwards went to see (on the following days) if the earth had been touched, but he saw nothing altered. . . . They used the cemetery for about five weeks longer and during that time he dug only a few private graves, but at a distance of about six feet from that of the young king. . . . The individuals of the same age whom he buried at the same time in separate graves were all of the feminine sex, as far as he was able to recollect. . . . Archives of the Prefecture of Police.

proper place in the common grave. Dusser, the ex-commissary of Police of the Temple section who presided over the burial, questioned in his turn,[1] affirmed that "the young and interesting victim" was buried in a separate grave and that "the most severe measures were proposed against him, Dusser, through him not having been able to hide under these circumstances his pure Royalist sentiments." The sycophantic tone of all these former Brutuses was disgustingly platitudinous: they bethought themselves, since the return of the Bourbons, that little Capet had not merited his fate and, in speaking of him, they competed with each other as to who could weep the most!

Dusser having been heard, they sought for Bétrancourt, the grave-digger, only to learn that he was dead. But his widow was still living and her deposition was interesting. She related that, on June 11th, 1795, early in the morning, as she was hanging out her washing in the cemetery, her man, working at the "trench"—the common grave—called out to her and invited her to come down into the hole. When she had slipped into it, Bétrancourt, "thrusting his spade into several places," pointed out to her "that there was nothing underneath." As the woman complained at his having disturbed her for so little, he said: "Well, you are not very curious. You don't even ask what has become of the coffin?" Thereupon he declared that she would never be anything else but a stupid and whilst she was continuing to hang up her washing, she saw him, at a distance, "continue to cross his arms, leaning on his spade in the attitude of one who is thinking." Shortly afterwards, however, he confided to her that, on the very night following the interment, he had withdrawn the Dauphin's coffin from the trench and buried

[1]Dusser, completely paralysed in 1816, could not go to Sainte Marguerite and had to dictate his testimony. The original of his deposition is at the Archives of the Prefecture of Police.

it "in a grave dug against the foundations of the Church under the door of the left transept." [1]

The enquiry of M. Decazes' agents were, then, face to face with four versions: the common grave, the spot pointed out by Voisin, the one indicated by Dusser, and the clandestine translation operated by Bétrancourt. A fifth was made known by Toussaint Charpentier, head gardener of the Luxembourg, declaring that, three days after the burial at Sainte-Marguerite, the coffin of the royal child had been transported to the Clamart cemetery and interred, he being a witness, in the presence of a few members of the Committee of the section.[2] And there were still other versions. One is given in a little note, without either date or signature, preserved in the file of the National Archives and certifying that the excavations undertaken at the Sainte Marguerite cemetery resulted in the discovery of a "broken stone and a lead box containing papers which were handed to the Minister of Police." [3] Another, which does not appear to have been known to those making the enquiry of 1816, comes from General Comte d'Andigné. A prisoner at the Temple in 1801, he had amused himself with some of his companions in captivity in digging the prison garden, with the result that their space uncovered the skeleton "of a big child who had been buried in quicklime." The bones were respectfully covered up again; but Fauconnier, the doorkeeper of the Temple at that time being present at that fortuitous exhumation, d'Andigné said to him: "This is evidently the body of Monseigneur le Dauphin?" Fauconnier "appeared somewhat embarrassed but replied without hesitation: 'Yes, sir.' "

[1]Widow Bétrancourt, specifies as follows: "Her husband dug a separate grave, near the door of the communion, along the wall of the church and perpendicularly to the said wall. The grave stretched as much outside as in the wall and in its thickness, in such a manner as to be able to get half the coffin therein." Archives of the Prefecture of Police.

[2]Charpentier's declaration has been published by Peuchet. *Mémoires de tous.* Vol. II, p. 344.

[3]*National Archives,* F[7] 1496.

The question, as we see, was sufficiently difficult to justify renunciation and that was the decision to which Louis XVIII came. On the day fixed for the exhumation, the whole of the clergy of Sainte-Marguerite, headed by M. le Curé Dubois, with albs, surplices, stoles and choir boys carrying the cross, were awaiting the delegate of the Minister of Police when an envoy of the Prefect appeared and announced "that there was reason for postponing the operation." It was resumed many years later, as we shall see, and only then did people understand why the Government of the Restoration had shown so little insistence in excavating that ground where they manifestly knew they would not find bones worthy to occupy, without usurpation, a place in the vaults of St. Denis. The grave diggers had disputed over the body of the child of the Temple as political parties had disputed over his person and royalty; and these clandestine rivalries had lead the little dead boy to the same slough of intrigues and mysteries in which the living boy had sunk.

The failure of this first enquiry did not abolish doubts and did not calm the emotion caused by the appearance of the pretended son of Louis XVI. Since they had not found the Dauphin's body, as they had found those of his father and mother, he was, therefore, still living. Such was the opinion of simple-minded folk, and from all parts of France devoted Royalists, who knew or thought they knew something concerning the Prince's escape, imagined, by revealing it, they were making themselves agreeable to the Government and strove with the best faith in the world to prove to Louis XVIII that he was a usurper. One could fill a volume with the declarations with which the pigeon-holes of the Ministry were stuffed about that time. Faced by this threatening schism, the Government showed itself supremely skilful; it took the direction of

THE CEMETERY OF SAINTE-MARGUERITE. HOUSE OF THE GRAVE-DIGGER

From the *Bulletin de la Commission Municipale du Vieux Paris*

the movement and, in order to stifle it, encouraged it. On April 2nd, 1817, Decazes dictated a note to officers of the peace requesting them to collect "the names and present profession of persons who had formerly shown interest in and been attentive to the son of Louis XVI during his captivity, notably Laurent, Gomin, Loine (Lasne), Drs. Dumangin, Thierry, Soupé Jupalès (Pipelet?), and the doorkeeper of the Temple, "whose name is unknown, three municipal officers and two commissioners who treated the Dauphin well and whose names are also unknown." The municipal police magistrates immediately set to work to hunt, but of all the persons mentioned or indicated in the Minister's note, how many do you think were interrogated? *Not a single one!* Laurent, it is true, was dead; but it was easy to find Lasne and Gomin, and they took good care not to question them. They learnt that Dr. Dumangin lived in retirement at St. Prix, yet they considered it more prudent not to awaken the recollections of this practitioner. On the other hand, without looking for them, they found Dr. Pelletan and the commissioner Damont.

We have not, perhaps, forgotten that it was Pelletan who, at the conclusion of the autopsy, wrapped the heart taken from the little corpse in a napkin. He carefully preserved it. The return of the Bourbons raised this viscus from the rank of an anatomical specimen to that of a relic, which was so much the more precious as it was the only authentic remains of the body of Louis XVII. Pelletan offered it to Louis XVIII. And Louis XVIII refused it! Pelletan insisted, addressing himself to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who neglected to reply. An inquiry, conducted by M. Pasquier, proved the authenticity of the heart; but all the same the Bourbons refused to accept it. Their behaviour was brutal; the word of honour of a man of the importance of "Chevalier Pelletan," an eminent *savant*, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and professor at the Faculty of Medicine of Paris,

Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, was worthy indeed of being taken into consideration.[1] Was Pelletan, tainted with Bonapartism, in bad odour, as was said, at the Court?[2] Maybe; but what about Damont,

[1]This question of Louis XVII's heart has occasioned numerous polemics, which have been summed up in a letter from Dr. Arnaud of Arles, published in the *Revolution française* of October 14th, 1882. An attempt has been made to justify the behaviour of the Court, either by the distrust the political past of the great surgeon may have inspired or by his spontaneous confession that the heart had remained for a certain time at the house of one of his house-pupils. This heart, preserved by Pelletan and deposited after his death in the Archives of a Parisian notary, was accepted in 1895 by Don Carlos and is probably to be found to-day at the Château of Frohsdorff.

[2]Quite an arbitrary supposition, however. The file of the Prefecture of Police contains two autograph letters from Pelletan which, unless I am mistaken, must have so far escaped the notice of searchers into this question. Pelletan relates how, from the first day of the Restoration in 1814 and even before the King's arrival, he informed M. François d'Escars (*sic*) that he possessed the heart of Louis XVII. When Louis XVIII was installed at the Tuileries M. Descars (*sic*) "was of opinion that it was to him, in preference, that the thing ought to be presented." Pelletan received the advice to call upon M. de Blacas and paid him twelve to fifteen fruitless visits.—"I rarely found him," writes Pelletan. "He was always in a hurry. I received from him but the testimony of his remembrance and of the difficulty of finding a favourable moment to speak to the King on such a subject. . . . In the meantime, the Duchesse d'Angoulême came to visit the Hôtel Dieu and I had the honour to be presented to her by the administrators as the head surgeon of that hospital. Her Royal Highness deigned to approach me and kindly told me that she had known me since former days. She asked me if, in reality, I had attended her brother and if it was true that I could recognise his body by the section of the skull I had made. I replied in the affirmative and Her Royal Highness moved away from me. The next day I received a letter from the Duc d'Havré, who informed me that Her Royal Highness desired to receive me on the following day. I was received with kindness. Her Highness deigned to thank me for the care I had given her sick brother and enquired into the means I had employed to abstract the heart. . . . She spoke to me of its theft and restitution, kindly adding that, apart from the confidence I merited, this incident was a proof that there was no mistake about the object in question. She reiterated her most flattering thanks and told me that she would speak about it to the King." But, sent from the Vicomte de Montmorency to the Grand Almoner, from the Grand Almoner to the Abbé de Quélen, and then to Chateaubriand, who came to see the heart at Pelletan's house, the surgeon never succeeded in being received by the King and was justly astonished not to be among the commissioners chosen to be present at the exhumation—"nobody," he adds, "being more capable than myself of recognising the precious remains. Nothing but an intrigue could

candid Damont, the commissioner of the Faubourg du Nord Section on duty at the Temple on June 5th, 1795, who, at the end of the autopsy, took and carried away the hair cut from the body? The police notes were extremely favourable to him. He was seventy-two years of age, a member of the charity committee of his quarter, and the lock of hair he had appropriated had never left his residence; it was still enclosed in the fragment of newspaper in which he had wrapped it on the very day of his pious larceny, and he had made for it a reliquary in white velvet, figured with golden *fleur de lys*, itself enclosed in a red morocco case with lock and key and bearing this inscription: "Hair of His Majesty Louis XVII, preserved by Mr. Damont. . . ." No relic presented more marks of absolute authenticity than this one—if it was the Dauphin who died in the Temple. From 1815 Damont was engaged in earnest entreaties to be allowed to present it to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Though cordially received by the Duc d'Avaray, "he had been unable to obtain an audience with Madame, who certainly showed little eagerness in receiving souvenirs of her brother. Not until July, 1817, after applications lasting two years, was Damont received by the Duc de Gramont, Captain of the body guard. He proceeded to the Tuileries carrying his reliquary, was received at the Pavillon de Flore, and admitted to the presence of M. de Gramont, who, opening the box, examined the hair and declared "that it was not the Dauphin's hair, the boy's curls being much lighter. He had had the opportunity of knowing that fact well, since his mother-in-law had been governess to the children of the King of France." Whereupon the Duke "rang for his breakfast" and Damont, carrying away his box, left the Tuileries dismayed. He could not understand how it was that a lock of hair which, with his

have diverted the result of my steps. I abstain from denouncing it openly and shall content myself with the contempt it ought to inspire, in the hope that, at last, the truth will succeed in becoming known." Archives of the Prefecture of Police.

own eyes, he had seen cut from the Dauphin's head, could belong to another child.[1] He had the explanation of this riddle a few days later. Telling his brother-in-law Roussiale of his discomfiture, the latter "pointed out to him that the hair might indeed be that of the child who died in the Temple" and "that the child he, Damont, had seen was a substituted child . . ." an idea which had never occurred to Damont and which he indignantly rejected.[2]

Thus, of all the persons who were at the Temple from the 8th to the 10th of June, 1795, only two, Pelletan and Damont, showed in a tangible manner, their belief in the Royal personality of the deceased. The family of the Bourbons strove to destroy their illusions and the Government, in like manner, ousted the zealous persons who flattered themselves that they could elucidate the riddle of the Temple. After having officially appealed, not only to the individuals whose names had been reported to it but also to "all those who might be discovered," it imposed silence on the witnesses who came forward. Two examples will suffice to show the manner in which this was done. The mason Barelle—that member of the Commune who had taken a liking to the Dauphin, who called him "his good friend"—was still living in 1817. Hearing that they were preparing to try a pretended son of Louis XVI, he appealed to the Rouen magistrates and took the liberty of pointing out to them "that they had not gone to the fountain head to enlighten their understanding in a procedure which absorbed all minds."—"Eye-witnesses, municipal officers who accompanied the Dauphin until the 11th of Thermidor exist," he wrote. . . . "Their confrontation might throw some light on so deli-

[1] *National Archives*, F[7] 6808.

[2] Damont's direct descent was perpetuated to the present day. It was represented, a few years ago, by Louis Victor Damont, born on November 15, 1840, and by August Antoine Damont born on September 9th, 1851, at Belleville. It would be interesting to know whether the little box ornamented with *fleur de lys* has been preserved in the family of the Commissioner of the Temple.

cate a subject" . . . and their deposition "would be more sure and more veracious than the various narratives which each writes after his own fashion. . . ." The opinion was judicious; Barelle had certainly something to relate. Decazes rejected the proposal, under the pretext that such a letter "resembled more a demand for assistance than a sincere offer of testimony." [1]

He also refused the very romantic attestation of a woman named Françoise Desperez, a peasant of the Vendée who, in the days of "the great war," served as an agent between the various leaders of the insurrection. She had been entrusted with important missions by Charette, Scepeaux, Trotté and others, who had often sent her to Paris. Since the return of the Bourbons, she had settled down in the capital and was living at the Hôtel des *Trois Maillets*, in the Rue Montorgeuil, on a pension granted her by the King as a reward for her services.[2] Now, this old *chouanne* related to anyone who would listen to her that, on the occasion of one of her journeys to Paris, in June, 1795, one of the Royalist leaders made an appointment with her "at the corner of a street not far from the Temple." Waiting there was a carriage, onto which she mounted, and shortly afterwards "they brought her the Dauphin, whom she immediately dressed as a girl and took to Fontenai, where she handed him to Charette. . . ." This version is a little too similar to that of the romance *Le Cimetière de la Madeleine* to permit us to accept it, without possible control, seriously. What astonishes one is the tone of sincerity with which the good woman related the adventure. She produced an impression even on the police agents charged to impose silence on her.[3] The *Vendéenne*, not-

[1] *National Archives*, BB[18] 979.

[2] In 1817 François Desprez was more than sixty years of age. The narrative of her warlike exploits had been printed in a rather insignificant pamphlet, a copy of which is in the Bibliotheque Nationale.

[3] "This spinster's narrative seems worthy of the greatest interest and the natural simplicity with which she adds a multitude of de-

withstanding threats, undertook the journey to Rouen, was followed there by Decazes' police, but nevertheless put herself in relations with the followers. But she did not succeed, it is believed, in entering into communication with the Pretender. They made a search at her house and she was sent far out of the town under strict supervision. These blunders on the part of the authorities produced an effect absolutely contrary to the result anticipated, and in relating them a determined opponent of the thesis of an escape wrote: "Does Louis XVIII, then, believe it possible that the Royal descendant was snatched from prison? It is certain that he acts *as though he believed it.*"

Rid of the woman Desprez, Decazes came up against a much more redoubtable obstacle. On June 7th, 1816, a secret agent submitted to His Excellency "the idea of seeing at the *Hospital des Petites Maisons* if the wife of the infamous Simon still existed. . . . This woman went to the Temple incessantly, and was in a position to see and hear everything." The agent was wrong on one point. The woman Simon, being a widow, could never have been an inmate of the Petites Maisons, an establishment reserved for old couples; it was at the Incurables that she had been in hospital for the past twenty years. After the 9th of Thermidor, her husband having died on the scaffold, she had tasted prison life, but released after a month [1] had returned to her lodging in the Cordeliers, of which one year of the lease had been paid in advance. She had become very timid. Devoid of resources (the

tails gives it still greater importance in her mouth" (*National Archives,* F⁷, 6979.) Françoise gave recitals of her narrative even at the Château of the Tuileries, where she often visited Baronne Hue, and at the house of the mother of the latter, these ladies "firmly believing in the possibility of the Dauphin's existence, but regarding the hope of his re-establishment as very difficult, as the King does not wish in any manner to throw light on the mystery which envelopes the prisoner of Rouen." (The same file.)

[1] *National Archives,* F⁷ 6806.

sale of Simon's wardrobe had produced but 70 *livres*),[1] she had had to dispose of the three shares in the Lafarge Tontine which constituted the whole of the savings of the household. She was, moreover, greatly enfeebled by attacks of asthma and subject to vomiting which exhausted her. To complete her ill-luck, she was obliged in April, 1795, to leave her lodging, as it was required to be included in the annex of the School of Surgery. She found shelter in a neighbouring house, but, overcome by poverty, decided to implore the pity of the Government and, thanks to the support of Dr. Naudin, who had attended her at the Temple and had never abandoned her, she was admitted, on April 12th, 1796, to the Hôspital des Incurables of the Rue de Sèvres.[2]

The hospital sheltered four hundred and forty inmates, free to go out at certain hours of the day. Those whose wardrobe was presentable dressed as they liked; but the majority wore the uniform dress given out at the steward's office, consisting of a skirt and bodice of grey molleton, a linen fichu, and a black tulle cap over a band of white batiste.[3] At this time the woman Simon entered the hospital, none of her companions or the nurses were aware of her past; but, doubtless, as long as the Republic lasted, they did not dare to question her on the subject of her recollections of the Royal prison. She herself, although she liked to talk, must have shown herself prudently discreet. Then, with time, things changed. The nurses were replaced by nuns of Saint Vincent de Paul,[4] the spirit of the house was modified, and, although the events of the Terror were already very old-fashioned, people began to "look askance" at the woman who had been the wife of the legendary cobbler. There

[1]Archives of the Seine. State property administration, 126.

[2]Now the Laënnec Hospital.

[3]Tesson. *Hospices de Paris.* Liancourt. *Visite des hospices* and *Rapport sur les hospices, year XI.*

[4]From 1810 the lay staff seems to have completely disappeared from the Incurables. At least that is the date indicated in certain depositions to be found later.

is no place where stories of martyred children cause so much emotion, anger and indignation as in a hospital of old women who have not been or are no longer mothers.

Indignant at the censorious countenances and reprobatory allusions, the woman Simon let out her secret. She had taken great care of her little Prince, her Charles; she had exposed herself to save him; for he was not dead. On the day she removed from the Temple they had carried away little Capet in a cart filled with linen and put another child in his place in the prison. The confession having escaped her lips, the woman Simon repeated it to every comer; she spoke of nothing else. Was this gossip or boasting? Was it prompted by a need to rehabilitate herself and escape the reproaches of her companions? Perhaps so. This is a point which it would be very important to decide, and we are assisted therein by numerous testimonies, which it is impossible to reject; those of the venerable Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, who, from 1810 to 1819, that is to say the whole of the time of the woman Simon's sojourn, were attached to the hospital and were in daily relations with the former jailoress of the Dauphin. These testimonies were taken down later in the presence of the Lady Superior of the Community by the Abbés Mathieu and André. The latter, who became Apostolic Protonotary, published a methodical course of canonical law and a dictionary of civil and ecclesiastical law,[1] which does not indicate a superficial mind easy to deceive and inclined to act thoughtlessly. The nuns examined were four in number: Sister Lucie Jonnis, Sister Euphrasie Benoît, Sister Catherine Mauliot and Sister Marianne Scribes. Their narratives agree regarding the confidences of the cobbler's widow. On January 19th, 1794, they had brought to the Temple, for the Simons' removal, a vehicle containing "a wicker work hamper with a double bottom, a pasteboard horse and several toys," intended for the young Prince. From the

[1]Henri Loiseleur. *Le Temps,* April, 1884.

pasteboard horse they took out the child substituted for the Dauphin and enveloped the latter in a bundle of soiled linen which they loaded on to the vehicle with the hamper. . . . When going out the guardians wished to examine the cart but Simon flew into a passion and hustled them, shouting that it was his dirty linen, and so they let him pass. "She did not know, however, to what place the little rescued boy had been taken; but she was convinced that he was living and would one day wear the crown."—"You are young, you are," she said to Sister Lucie; "you will see him on the throne, but I, I am old, I shall not see him. . . ."

The declarations of the woman Simon remained for a long time unknown. When they were published they considerably embarrassed certain historians or certain pretenders, whose thesis, based for a long time past on other data, was weakened by these inopportune revelations. They save themselves by declaring that the inmate of the Incurables was insane, made stupid by the abuse of alcohol, and that no reliance should be placed on her divagations. It is important then, again, to point out, in the narrative of the Sisters, their unanimous attestation that the woman Simon was neither insane, nor imbecile, nor a lunatic; "that she possessed good sense and a good heart; that she was clean and had never been seen drunk; that she did not believe in dreams, was sincere, frank, and of good faith"; that she took communion at least five or six times a year"; and finally that "nobody had influenced her, because before 1814, she never saw anybody; yet she had never erred or varied in her statements." [1]

The Sisters were not alone in receiving the confidences of "Mère Simon"; she unbosomed herself willingly, and from before the Restoration it was a secret to nobody at the Incurables that the Dauphin's former jailoress attested she

[1]The declarations of the nuns, bearing the signatures of the Abbés Mathieu and André, have been reproduced in *La Restoration convaincue d'usurpation,* by M. Suvigny.

had saved the Prince and "suffered no contradiction thereon." The declaration of Dr. Rémusat is one of the most precious since it comes from a savant whose laborious quietude was manifestly but litle troubled by historical riddles. He has related [1] that, in 1811, when a house-pupil of the Incurables, he heard one of the inmates complain of the régime of the hospital. "Ah! if my children were only here," she moaned, "they would not leave me without assistance." When he rebuked her, in a tone of comforting remonstrance, she said: "Oh, you don't know of what children I am speaking. I mean my little Bourbons, whom I love with all my heart."—"Your little Bourbons!"—"Yes, I was the *gouvernante* of the children of Louis XVI."—"But the Dauphin is dead?"—"No, he is not." And then, continues the doctor, "she related to me that the Dauphin had been abducted on January 19th, 1794. I am not quite certain whether it was in a bundle of linen or otherwise. I put other questions to her but that was all I learnt. I descended and asked the chief medical officer who the woman was and was told that she was the widow of the jailor of the Temple." As we see, already in the days of the Empire the abduction of January 19th, 1794, was common talk at the Incurables. The inmates being authorised to go into the town, the story was noised abroad and it is not astonishing that in 1816 a secret agent heard an echo of it in the district and that, having transmitted it to his hierarchic superiors, it reached the ears of the Minister.

Still living! The widow of the cobbler Simon! The best informed witness of the peripetias of the tragedy of the Temple! Such a discovery was important. . . . Yet it did not produce any agreeable sensation in the *entourage* of the Royal family, for the very simple reason that it had been known for a long time past and had been prudently hidden.

[1] Dr. Rémusat's deposition was published by the *Gazette des Tribunaux* on November 3rd, 1834. It appeared in the *Journal des Débats* and the *Temps* in almost identical words.

A few days after her arrival in Paris the Duchesse d'Angoulême undertook to visit all the hospitals and charitable institutions of the capital. On Tuesday, December 13th, 1814, at one o'clock in the afternoon, she called at the Incurables in the Rue de Sèvres, accompanied by Comte de Pastoret and Vicomte de Montmorency, a member of the general council of hospitals. *L'ami de la Religion et du Roi* gives a report of that visit.[1] The same nuns whose declarations are summarised above agree in testifying that, on the arrival of Madame, the woman Simon, in accordance with "orders given," was locked up in a private room called the Capharnaüm and not let out until after the Princess's departure. Simon "was in a great fury."—"What a misfortune!" she cried. "I had a great secret to communicate to her!" The proceeding was fully justified, for it would have been unbecoming to expose the daughter of Louis XVI to so moving an encounter. But some time afterwards the Duchesse returned to the Incurables without being announced and dressed very simply in order to preserve her incognito. She drew near to the woman Simon, engaged her in conversation, and listened, as so many others had done, to the confidences of her brother's former jailoress. The woman, as one may well imagine, did not stint her words and attested that "her Charles" had come to see her "in 1802." Madame, hiding her emotion, showed herself incredulous: "From the Tower of the Temple until 1802," she said, "is a long time! How were you able to recognise him?"—"Madame," replied Mère Simon, "I recognise you quite well, notwithstanding your disguise, although I have not seen you for very much longer. . . . You are Madame Marie Thérèse. . . ." The Duchesse d'Angoulême turned on her heels and disappeared. This anecdote has all the characteristics of being apocryphal and we should have to put it down to fancy if we did not possess the "officially taken" declaration of the woman

[1]Vol. III, No. 70, p. 288.

Simon herself, a declaration asserting that she received a visit at the Incurables from Madame, and if we had not also the testimony of the nobleman who accompanied the Princess when she took that compromising step. The Comte de Montmaur, her "ambassador" to the prisoner of Rouen, made, in fact, to the latter the following confidence overheard by the doorkeeper Libois: "The Duchesse d'Angoulême had such a presentiment herself and went to the Rue de Sèvres, with a lady of honour and an officer, to see the woman Simon there. It was he, the Comte de Montmaur, who was that officer." [1]

It is proved, therefore, that the Court was already aware of the woman Simon's existence when a police agent revealed the fact to it. Why, then, did they delay so long in questioning her? Because they wished to put the matter off as long as possible. But the pilgrimage to the Incurables, attracting an ever increasing number of devotees daily,[2] the Minister of Police decided that they would impose silence on the old chatterbox, a prudent but very regrettable decision, for it deprived history of the most precious of all testimonies, that of the last witness of what happened at the Tower on January 19th, 1794, the date at which began, never more to cease, "the mystery of the Temple."

The examination took place on November 16th, 1816.[3] "A person came to the Incurables and took away the woman Simon, who remained part of the day absent." They took her to the Ministry of Police. It would have been very easy to have heard her entire confession: all that was necessary was to inspire confidence in her, to appear to have faith in her gossip. . . . But, instead

[1] Archives of the Clerk of the Court of Rouen. See Saint-Leger's *Louis XVII dit Charles de Navarre,* p. 156, for the text of the declaration: "They—Madame's envoys—remained with Charles from two and a half to three hours," said Libois. "I came and went during that time. I heard . . ." etc.

[2] "A doctor who came, *like so many others,* to pay his tribute to curiosity. . . ." *National Archives,* F[7] 6806.

[3] Monday, the 18th, according to another document in the same file.

of that, they rebuked and contradicted her! Her opening was promising. She declared that when she left the Tower of the Temple, the son of Louis XVI was in good health. The child's features were so engraved on her heart that she would recognise him if ever he appeared to her again. At the bottom of the left (*sic*) jaw he had an ineffaceable scar resulting from the bite of a white rabbit the Prince was rearing when he lived at the Tuileries. She was absolutely convinced that the Dauphin did not die in the Tower of the Temple, as was reported in those days, and this conviction was so intimate that nothing could dissuade her from it. . . ." Well started, they had only to let her continue to speak. But suddenly —did Decazes preside at the examination? [1]—they pressed her to explain, asked her what could have suggested to her so subversive an opinion "regarding an event the whole of the circumstances of which had been so minutely ascertained?" Whereupon she immediately became distrustful, began to retreat and take fright. Instead of speaking clearly, as she had done for so many years past, she had recourse to vague allusions, to a hamper of linen she had been passing and into which they might have introduced a child, to a remark of Dr. Desault, to a cousin of hers, a doorkeeper at the Place Vendôme, who had given her news of the escaped Prince. . . . The functionaries before whom the trembling old woman appeared rebuked and lectured her harshly, observing with very good reason, that all this was improbable and "had no consistence except through her credulity, kept alive by the absurd news formerly in circulation." They frightened her and to such an extent that she began to protest "that she had always desired the return of the Bourbons and that everybody at the Incurables was not "of the same opinion"; she guaranteed her discretion even in regard to her room-

[1]The widow Simon was questioned, not in an office but in a saloon, which must have been sumptuous, since she thought she was at the Tuileries. (The same file, report of August 2nd, 1817.) It was doubtless the Minister's room.

mates; she was inspired only by the desire to see her wishes realised. . . . Then she signed these mutilated declarations, so dissimilar from the divulgations she usually made. They dismissed her with the order to say nothing in the future under pain of the severest punishment.[1]

When she returned to the hospital she was terrified. "I can't say anything more. . . . I can't say anything more," she murmured. "My life is at stake!" The sisters noticed that "since that time she was sad" and concluded from this "that they had sought to intimidate her." In which they were right, and such was the unanimous opinion of those who were acquainted with this new obstruction. The rumour of it reached Rouen, from which place Branzon wrote to the Duc de Trevise that they had "closed the mouth" of the woman Simon.

Charles de Navarre's partisans were sufficiently powerful not to accept this stifling of the affair. They applied —obstinate but naïve—to M. M.——, the well-known counsel whom the cautious Government had hastened to supply to the pseudo-Dauphin, and who followed M. Decazes' instructions in everything. Now, M. M. —— was unable to refuse the followers the satisfaction of questioning the jailoress of the Temple, so three of them called at the Incurables and had a fairly long conversation with the old inmate, a conversation all the details of which were, a few days later, reported to the Minister of Police. Less confused than on the occasion of her first examination, she was more loquacious. She began by attesting that when she left the Temple the Dauphin was full of strength and had no symptom of the illness from which it was said he suffered. She had no doubt whatever that he had been abducted, for she herself had seen a rachitic and deformed child leave the school of surgery, and who, in a hamper loaded on a vehicle with dirty linen, was taken to the Temple, where he was to replace the little Prince.

[1] *National Archives*, F⁷ 6806.

She had declared all this, she said, at a *sort of examination* she had undergone a few months before . . . but "she knew many other more serious and decisive things about which she would speak only when before the Court," certain, moreover, "of being able to recognise the prisoner of Rouen and be recognised by him if he were really Louis XVII." [1]

Later, the woman Simon was to speak again—at the time of her death. On June 10th, 1819, when the hospital chaplain drew near to her bed to administer to her, Sister Augustine, kneeling, asked the dying woman "if there were nothing which troubled her."—"I shall always say what I have said," replied the cobbler's widow; which the nun interpreted as follows:—"In the presence of the sacraments and death she wished to confess the testimony which she had never ceased to render to the Dauphin's escape and to his existence." [2]

One may differ in opinion on the subject of the woman Simon's declarations; set one's mind only on the "official" deposition, certainly weakened and perhaps multilated by the police functionaries, or rely, in preference, upon what she said when speaking without fear and without dissimulation before visitors and the nuns of the Incurables, as on the occasion of the last solemn attestation; but one must agree in recognising that for the trial so slowly and cautiously prepared at Rouen she was the obligatory witness. The only survivor of that period of captivity in the Temple before whom no doubt could arise concerning the identity of the Royal child, she was neither insane, nor a drunkard, nor a person who talked non-

[1] *National Archieves,* F[7] 6806.

[2] Sister Vincent, the granddaughter of Pauline de Tourzel, collected the same traditions from certain sisters of her order. See *Revue de Paris,* September 1st, 1904.

sense. However, supposing she were in her dotage, that would soon have been seen. She alone was able, by questioning her regarding certain private details of former days, to confound the impostor from whom the judicial authorities had been unsuccessfully trying to obtain a confession for the past two years. Yet the Government was opposed to her being confronted with the Pretender! It was not so much that they feared a very improbable recognition, but that they *did not wish* those serious and decisive revelations which the old woman, instructed by her "sort of examination" had promised to make only in the presence of magistrates, to come out. This is again proof that the Restoration demanded silence and feared the light. We possess a still more striking one. In his perplexity, the Attorney-General of Rouen saw the day of the trial approach not without anxiety, for he knew that Charles de Navarre was a man "who would carry audacity and impudence to the utmost limit." To cut the pretensions of this lying pseudo-Dauphin short nothing could equal the irrefutable demonstration of the death of the true Dauphin, so he put the matter before the Minister. "Do there not exist positive proofs, sure and authentic documents certifying the death and burial of Mgr. the Dauphin? To destroy all prejudice and quiet all minds, would it not be a good thing that these documents should appear for, indeed, if it is formally and legally proved that Mgr. le Dauphin is dead and was buried, no living man can be Mgr. le Dauphin." [1] The magistrate saw clearly and attached such great importance to this demonstration that, not having received a reply to his first request, he took the liberty of insisting, demanding the documents which he had asked to be sent as indispensable. The Minister at last replied: "The communication of the documents which establish the death of the Dauphin being of a nature to give them *a disagreeable publicity*, it is desirable that the magistrates should

[1] *National Archives*, BB 18, Document 86.

dispense with them." [1] A wretched and almost miserable defeat, equivalent to a confession. No, the Government did not possess sure and authentic documents establishing the death and burial of the son of Louis XVI.

As to Charles de Navarre, the former Phelippeaux, or Mathurin Bruneau, he revealed himself throughout the trial, which opened before the Correctional Tribunal on February 11th, 1818, to be the most active adversary of his own cause and thus made the task of the King's Attorney an easy one. Instead of the "Dauphin" whom people expected, they saw in the dock a furious lout, "insulting the president and the public prosecutor, his guards, the witnesses and the entire court, sneering, feverish, agitated and brutal with intentional vulgarity and feigned audacity." His followers did not recognise in this lout the "badly modelled but cunning" Prince they had adulated at Bicêtre, a "Prince" without instruction it is true, but redeeming his defects in education by a prepossessing familiarity, a delicate good nature, a certain loftiness, and sometimes a "courtly air," enabling him to converse for several hours without displeasing them such noblemen as M. de Montmaur or M. de la Tour d'Auvergne. Did he hope by inveighing against the Tribunal to be sent before a jurisdiction more worthy of his pretensions? Had they intentionally made him intoxicated, as has been alleged, by mixing with his food some exciting substance, or had he become tipsy of his own accord in order "to screw himself up to pitch?" It matters little. In truth, his case collapsed. At the close of the sitting his "followers" slunk away, shamefaced amidst the laughter of simple spectators who had been amused by the blackguardly remarks and evasive answers of the man who had been held up as "the hope of the lilies" and the "the delivering angel of bruised France." Bruneau was condemned to five years' imprisonment, increased by two years for contempt of court. At the end of his term of

[1] The same file, Document 85.

imprisonment he was to be placed "at the disposal of the Government." [1]

But already interest was no longer centered on the condemned man; but on the "secrets" of the trial, on the suspected long intrigues and on the fear inspired in the Restoration by this wretched puppet and by the terribly anxious problem raised by his demonstration. It was learnt, owing to bitter discussions among counsels, that before the sitting their word of honour had been obtained not to utter a word relating either to the events of the Temple or to "the so-called escape of the son of Louis XVI." The spy M——, who, in his exordium, speaking of the child martyr, ventured a most hazy allusion to those "who had spread the rumour of his death," was called to order by the president, requested to sit down and be silent. The Restoration would not tolerate a piece of testimony, a phrase or a word permitting a discussion over the reality of an event of which it refused to furnish proofs. How many sincere Royalists would have been happy and relieved to be delivered of a tormenting doubt! The authorities would not consent to do it. Why? Was it because they were unable? It was from that time that "the Louis XVII question" dates and it was the government of Louis XVIII which unconsciously raised it.

Thus was the door opened wide to all impostors. We know with what fecundity they multiplied. Nothing was easier and more tempting than to pretend to be a person from whom credulous folk demanded merely a few distant childish recollections, which might permissibly be uncontrollable and effaced. Neither special knowledge nor documentation of any kind was necessary. A slightly aquiline nose and a few appropriately used anecdotes taken

[1]He died on April 26th, 1822, at the prison of Mont. St. Michel.

from Cléry's journal—that was more than was required to impose on simple people. False Napoleons have been excessively rare, because the part would have necessitated certain uncommon aptitudes. Better not run the risk of having to submit to the test of presiding at a council of state or gaining a pitched battle. On the other hand, pretenders to the personality of the son of Louis XVI have been numerous. La Sicotière formerly drew up a very incomplete list. They have been encountered in the majority of the provinces of France and in several foreign countries; they have been seen in England, at Uzes, at St. Nazaire, in Denmark, in Anjou, in Canada, in Auvergne, in the Republic of Columbia, at Lyons, in the Séchelles Isles, and in Alsace. . . . A few of them have recruited followers; others appeared only to disappear immediately. The naming of these pretenders would be tedious, although it would be rash to state that certain of their traces, hardly visible, would not lead to some interesting track. We shall say nothing here of the two most famous of the pretenders, Baron de Richemont and Naundorff. Their causes are still discussed, magisterially attacked and defended with passion.[1] Our object here has been to treat merely the question of the *escape* without aspiring to launch out into the psychological fogs of the question of identity. Now, the chances of elucidating the problem of the abduction from the Temple ended with the trial of Mathurin Bruneau, since at that time, when so many witnesses were still living and all of them ready to speak, the Courts, foolishly inspired, only succeeded in rendering the obscurity still deeper. If it were absolutely necessary to find a conclusion to the long statement of documents and testimonies which is here con-

[1]To know Richemont's thesis one must read *Mémoires d'un contemporain que le revolution fit orphelin eu 1793.* . . . Paris, 1846. The bibliography of the "Naundorff affair" is very considerable. Our advice is to read, for and against, the remarkable work by Henri Provins (M. H. Foulon de Vaulx), *Le dernier roi legitime de France,* 2 vols., and the learned studies of M. G. de Manteyer, *La pétition Naundorff au Senat,* 1 vol. in 8 vo.

cluded, it would be that the supposition of the subtraction of the Dauphin by Chaumette, with the complicity of Simon and his wife, on the night of January 19th, 1794, accords better than any other with the known circumstances of the captivity in the Temple. What can have become of the Royal child? Perhaps he died in the deep retreat where, awaiting the opportunity of using him, his saviour hid him, a saviour who himself died before he had revealed or profited by his combination. If the child lived, perhaps, without support, without advice, without a name, without any proof of his august origin, without other followers than casual ones, did he try to awaken fortuitous recognition and devotion? Without attributing to Hervagault's history an importance up to now unjustified, it assuredly proves that such a supposition is probable and that a similar attempt was destined to certain failure.

In truth, and although it may be pitiful, to conclude so long a narrative with these words: We do not know. The discovery of the Temple registers, "mislaid" for more than a hundred years, would, perhaps, throw some light on the question. Barras' *Mémoire justificatifs*, which have been promised us, would be convincing if authenticated in an indisputable manner, although we should not know through him whether the child taken from the prison by the future Director was or was not the son of Louis XVI. Barras may have been deceived on that point, may have detected the fraud and perpetuated it to make it the weapon of his rancour and the stake of his underhand dealings. All that searchers whose resolution is not discouraged by this Penelope-like enquiry can obtain to-day are a few statements of detail, a few fortunate sets-off, resulting in the elimination of errors and the destruction of legends, but not serving as a historical base for a fresh conception of this disconcerting subject. Such, for instance, are the investigations which, on several occasions, have been made with the object of dragging from

the soil of the Sainte-Marguerite cemetery, overflowing with corpses, the secret it has guarded for a hundred and twenty-five years.

In November, 1846, the Abbé Haumet, Curé of Sainte-Marguerite, a man well acquainted with the traditions of his parish, seized the pretext of building a shed against the transept of his church to make excavations on the spot where the grave digger Bétrancourt, declared he had buried the Dauphin's body after withdrawing it from the common grave. Digging was carried out at night and a few blows with a pickaxe brought to light, at the exact place formerly indicated by Bétrancourt, a coffin—of lead! which was carried to the presbytery and opened in the presence of a few priests and several doctors convoked by M. Haumet. At the first glance, those present were struck by the strange disproportion between the arms, legs and trunk of the skeleton, the body being that of a child, whilst the members appeared to belong to one of a much more advanced age.[1] But, on looking at the brain-pan of the skull, sawed in two above the level of the orbits, and at a few remnants of reddish golden hair which seemed to be still adhering, they had no longer any doubt that they were in the presence of the remains of the child on whom the autopsy was made at the Temple, and Drs. Milcent and Récamier, assisted by their *confrères* Tessier and Davasse, examined it attentively. Their report shows that these bones were very probably those of a male "subject," but presented "abnormal peculiarities." —"The ribs and clavicles are certainly those of a very young subject," write Drs. Milcent and Récamier. "The head and bones of the trunk appear to indicate a more advanced age—about twelve years; whilst the members and teeth are those of an adult of fifteen to eighteen years." The conclusions were uncertain; they remain disturbing and are formulated as follows: "It appears

[1]Recollections of the Abbé Bossuet, witness of the exhumation. L. Lambeau. *Le cimetière Sainte Marguerite,* p. 183 and following page.

demonstrated that these bones are those of the child confined in the Temple and whose autopsy was made by Drs. Dumangin, Pelletan, Lassus and Jeanroy . . . but it is absolutely impossible that this skeleton could have been that of a child of ten years and a few months; it can only have belonged to a young boy of fifteen to sixteen." [1]

Forty-eight years after the exhumation of 1846, the question not having advanced a step despite repeated and meritorious efforts, a fresh enquiry was undertaken at the request of Maître Laguerre. The soil of Sainte-Marguerite was again turned and, at the spot where the Abbé Haumet had deposited them, the bones, enclosed by him in an oak box, bearing on one of its sides the inscription L. . . . XVII, were brought to light. . . . For a few days they were exposed to the pious gaze of visitors and the investigation of savants. Both one and the other came in large numbers. Specialists, including Drs. Backer,[2] Bilhaut,[3] Magitot,[4] and Manouvrier,[5] decided that they, indeed, had before them the skeleton already exhumed in 1846. They recognised the skull "sawed in two by a very expert hand"; the curvature of the ribs, "the lack of development of the thoracic cage denoting a certain degree of rachitis"; they found a "lock," twelve centimetres long, of curly hair "of a reddish golden" colour and extremely fine; and from an attentive examination of the skull, the vertebræ, tibias, femurs and teeth, it resulted that the skeleton was that of a boy of sixteen to eighteen—perhaps more—and who had reached a height of 1 m. 60 c.[6]

And we remember . . . that the son, the true son of

[1] *La question Louis XVII et la cimetière Sainte Marguerite* by G. Milcent. Extracted from the *Bulletin de la Société du d'mulation du Bourbonnais*, 1904.

[2] Director of the *Revue antisepsic.*

[3] Children's surgeon at the International Hospital.

[4] Member of the Academy of Medicine.

[5] Professor at the School of Anthropology.

[6] The average stature in Paris for boys of sixteen years is 1 m. 58, for those of 19 years 1 m. 63. *Louis XVII au cimetière Ste-Marguerite* enquiry made by Dr. Félix de Backer with several photographs.

the tailor Hervagault was born four years before the Dauphin . . . that, however, when he was arrested at Châlons in 1798 he did not appear, according to the official description, "to exceed the age of thirteen years of age" instead of the seventeen he had in reality . . . if he was Hervagault. We remember that coffin of 45 c. in length ordered on the 10th of June, 1795, by the director of the funeral, Voisin, and this body of 1 m. 60 c. it had to contain! . . . We remember the report of the autopsy, in which four eminent practitioners testify that "the body which was presented to them was that of a child about ten"—whose skeleton, fifty years later, presented all the characteristics of a much more advanced age. . . . We remember that the grave digger Bétrancourt, when withdrawing the coffin from the Temple from the common "trench," in order to place it in a private grave, might easily have made a mistake as to the coffin; but this skull, sawed by an expert hand," excludes all idea of error or confusion, unless by a diabolical combination of circumstances, two bodies of children on whom autopsies had been performed were brought that night to the cemetery. . . . We also remember that this same Bétrancourt, after having buried deeply the coffin of the Dauphin along the church wall, may, as a precaution, have placed on it an old lead coffin filled with bones chosen at leisure in the charnel house. In 1846, after a few blows with a pickaxe, this first coffin is discovered, and the searchers proceed no further . . . so that the little dead boy of the Temple may still—perhaps—be where the grave digger placed him, "to the left of the church door, at the same side as the altar of the communion, right against the foundation wall."—In the presence of these long tibias and disproportionate members, we remember the vision of that commissioner, mounting guard at the Temple in the last days of the captivity, who was astonished to note the great stature of the prisoner seated on his bed, and who thought what it would have been if he had been on his feet."—In

the presence of this diagnostic of a "certain degree of rachitis," arrived at after the examination of the bones in 1894, we remember that "rachitic and deformed" child whom the woman Simon said she had seen leave the School of Surgery and whom they took to the Temple where he was to replace the Dauphin. . . .

In the history of this sovereign without subjects, an enigmatic history even beyond the tomb, everything totters and collapses as soon as we flatter ourselves that we have laid a course or erected the frail scaffolding of an argument. The shade of the poor persecuted king takes its revenge by perpetuating the obscurity of the shadows with which men have wished to envelop his life; it claims, in expiation, the indefinite homage of our perplexities; despite our efforts to escape from its intercourse, it reminds us of its existence, imposes itself upon us and will not allow itself to be forgotten. To efface the nightmare, our fathers demolished the sinister Tower; for more than a century not a single stone of it has existed. The old dungeon having disappeared, a weeping willow grew on its site, and for nearly a hundred years its sorrowful branches trembled on that prophetic spot. The tree also was cut down. Then someone—someone who did not know of the tragic legend, most certainly a careless functionary —took at hazard from the city depositary a statue, warehoused there with so many others. They have placed it there, without any symbolic idea in view, without any other preconceived intention than that of "filling a space," of ornamenting a scrap of lawn . . . and behold the little plaintive shade is evoked again, claiming the perennity of our recollections. This statue of the Square du Temple is a figure of Diogenes, advancing in the dark, raising his lantern, and, in the obscurity, "seeking a man."

THE END

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